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Volume 16 NOVEMBER, 1909 Number 1

The Sagamore

Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass.

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In Memoriam

Richard Everett Brown

November 16, 1892 August 26, 1909

THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River—Winthrop's Journal

VOLUME XVI NOVEMBER, 1909 NUMBER 1

Editorials

SLOWLY but surely, as fate itself, the great wheel of life has completed another revolution and has brought us back to the place where we enter anew the beaten trail onward and upward. The way may be rough and difficult, but it ever approaches the great goa', success. Again we see familiar faces, sit at familiar desks, read from familiar books. Again the Sagamore opens its pages by heartily welcoming one and all to the work and play of another year.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

It is our first pleasure to greet the three new teachers, Miss Fisher, Miss Gambrill, and Mr. Chisholm. We feel sure that the pupils will gladly co-operate with them and cause them to feel at home in their new surroundings. We rejoice to have with us again, after a year's absence, Miss Bailey and Mr. Packard.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The freshman class is to be congratulated on its appearance and numbers. The delightful reception tendered them by the class of 1912 has done much to establish a feeling of good fellowship between the newcomers and the upper classmen.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

It is with great sorrow that in this, our first issue, we chronicle the death of one of our friends and schoolmates, Richard E. Brown. His death, which was the result of an accident when he was riding on his bicycle, was a great shock to all his friends.

In behalf of the school, the Sagamore extends its deepest sympathy to the bereaved parents.

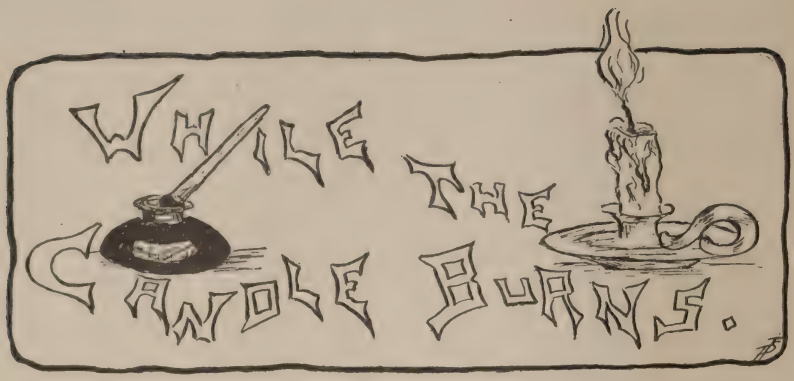
"The men who try to do something and fail are infinitely better than those who try nothing and succeed."

* * *

The time has come when Brookline High puts another football team upon the gridiron. The prospects of the Red and Blue in the coming fight for the Championship honors are exceedingly bright. The spirit of 1908 is still burning fiercely. We all remember how last year Captain Willitts' team went down to defeat in the last game with Newton. Those who saw the game will not soon forget it. It was a splendid battle, and our fellows fought as men who do not know the word "defeat." The spirit and enthusiasm in the Brookline stands knew no bounds as they saw their team, with the score 4 to 0 against them, carry the ball straight down the field in a series of fierce line plunges and two brilliant forward passes. Then, at Newton's very goal line, came that one last attempt, a forward pass which failed. It was a glorious defeat. But this year let us have a glorious victory! Let the school help turning out and cheering for their team. Here's success to Mr. Carrell, Captain O'Hearn, and the boys who are out to strike the orange and black flag. Remember, fellows, "Never say die."

* * *

All summer the old Sagamore has roved about in the deep, silent forests. He has hunted and fished, gathering pelts and food for his winter lodge. Once again, as the time comes for hard work, he rises to meet his many white brothers and sisters, and, holding out his hand from his buffalo robe, he says, "How!"



The Blonde Gypsy

Meadowfield, August 4th.

DEAR old Bob:—

Well, here I am at Meadowfield, and what the dickens I ever came for is more than I can imagine. Jack Langmede recommended this place as a nice spot for a vacation, but what he could find here to do, I don't see. Anyway, you know, he was on his honeymoon. I suppose one would think a desert lovely if one were just married to a pretty girl. She is pretty, too, by Jove, don't you think so? Wish I'd met Betty Langmede first.

If I could only get hold of Tom I'd get out of here on the next train, but he's expecting to join me in a few days and so it's up to me to stay here till he comes. Why a fellow wants to be a traveling man is more than I can understand. Most likely Tom's in Cincinnati or Halifax this minute, but how are his friends to know? Well, I'm here and I suppose I've got to make the best of it for three days more till he arrives and probably a day longer till he gets his money's worth.

Did you ever feel like an elephant in a bird cage? Well, just go for a two weeks' vacation to a little, one-horse town, where the only hotel—yes, hotel—is a private house where the owner takes boarders because she "likes the sociability of it"; where your room

is directly back of the front parlor, separated only by portieres; where there is nothing between the rickety old piano and your bed but a thin partition; and where all the village lads and lassies congregate at night and keep you awake by playing dirges and "Comin' Through the Rye"; where—but that's enough. I might mention the lovely lake where Jack told me I could go in bathing. I don't believe he looked at it the whole time he was here. If he had, he would have seen that it is scarcely large enough for one person to get in without its overflowing. I'd as soon use it for a foot-bath. I *will* say there are some delightful walks through the woods, but who wants to run into a lot of school-marms out hunting birds? I haven't met a soul at my hotel (sounds grand, doesn't it?) but school-teachers and ministers—very elevating, but—

Your engineering camp must be ten times better than this forsaken place, or so I should imagine from your glowing descriptions of it. At least you have something to do out there, even though it is work, but here there's not a blooming thing a fellow can do, though I suppose I might get out and weed the garden, if I were energetic enough.

I got tired of looking at the puddle and trying to imagine it a real, live lake, with fish in it that one might catch without waiting all day for one to make a person's acquaintance; so I thought I'd vent my wrath on you. You don't mind, do you? Anyway, you don't have to read this if you don't want to.

I've been here one solitary day, but not a thing has happened, except the arrival of the daily train, bringing one more to be added to the minister's brigade. I'm getting cramped sitting under this apple—no, maple tree (I'm getting to know a lot about the country), with only my knee to write on. Guess I'll stop.

Yours really in haste,

DICK.

Meadowfield, August 6th.

Dear Bob:—

You didn't expect another letter from me so soon, did you? The fact is, I didn't have anything else to do, and I knew you'd be

tickled to death to hear from me. Nothing like being frank with your old friends, is there, old man?

My landlady has a daughter. The daughter has red hair. The daughter is large and plump. She waits on table. Today, or was it yesterday? she made eyes, yes, eyes! at me when I was eating my breakfast of baked beans. I think she likes me since I am young and come from the city. Nothing serious with me, I assure you. Her mother likes me, too, for she cooks dishes especially for me. The daughter informed me yesterday that a band of gypsies had camped just outside of the village. I wonder if she didn't want me to buy her a basket or a bunch of sweet-grass.

Yesterday I went to church, but when I had had an hour of the sermon, I was seized with a violent fit of coughing and was obliged to leave.

Moral: Never go to country churches.

This morning I was out walking and I ran plumb into the gypsy encampment. Quite a good-sized camp, too. They were putting up tents and making fires and getting the place ready for habitation. At one side was a group of dark-haired girls arranging baskets on a stand and when they saw me they began to talk and call in a queer language. One fierce-looking old fellow approached me and asked in broken English what I wanted. I could think of nothing else, so I told him I wanted my fortune told. With that he was all graciousness, and bowed me into a tent where I beheld a remarkably pretty girl seated on the ground with a pack of dirty cards spread out around her. She lifted her eyes, and I saw that they were blue; and I saw, too, that she had mighty pretty light hair, entirely different from that of the girls I had seen outside.

The villanous-looking man went away and I thought with horror of this little thing living among such people as this. I really don't know what she told me for I was taking in all the details, her dark, tanned skin and little red lips, the rings in her ears, and, finally, the picturesque gypsy costume of many colors. If I were an artist I think I should like to paint her. She spoke English with a

slight, but scarcely noticeable accent. I was distinctly sorry when she had finished and I had no further excuse to stay in the tent.

I guess you think I'm sentimental, but you ought to be jealous, for I'll bet there are no pretty girls out there in Colorado to tell your fortune.

Tom comes tomorrow. I can't say when I'll return to the city till I see him.

With the soft pedal, as ever,

DICK RANDOLPH.

Meadowfield, August 9th.

Dear old Pal:—

Something doing after all in this little town. I'm beginning to sit up and take notice.

Tom didn't come, after all. He's a lemon! I suppose, though, if he had come he would have wanted to go straight back to the city, but strange to say, I don't want to go. The fact is, I'm afraid I'm in love—not with Maudie, the landlady's daughter, nor with any of the school-teachers, but with the gypsy girl. To begin at the beginning:

Tuesday I went to the gypsy camp again and I saw my fortune-teller at a distance only, but it suddenly struck me that there was something familiar about her. She certainly is pretty. I can't imagine where I've seen her before. She seemed strangely out of place there in that crowd of rough-looking men and women. One of them was scolding her, and I'd like to have given the ugly brute a piece of my mind. I bought a pink basket of one of the dark-haired girls and took it home to Maude—I thought it would go well with her hair.

Yesterday I saw the blonde gypsy again. I was out walking in the woods, and I saw her picking up sticks not far away. She saw me and gave me such a pleased smile that I felt like a happy schoolboy. I asked her about the gypsy life, and if she liked it. I could see that she didn't enjoy the roving, out-of-door life, though she pretended she did. Then I asked her if she really was a gypsy—

she seems so entirely different from the others. She was quite surprised and told me she had always lived with this band, and that her father and mother are both dead. Just then our conversation was cut short, for we heard a rustling in the bushes. She seemed to be frightened and begged me to go away quickly. I wouldn't until she'd promised to meet me there again the next day. Her name is Marguerita, by the way.

Well, today I went to meet my Gypsy girl and she never came. Instead, the villanous-looking fellow whom I had seen ill-treating her was there to meet me; and I confess my heart sank, for he didn't look as if he wanted any good of me. He had evidently heard our conversation of yesterday for he told me I was to keep still about the girl and not try to see her. He said it was none of my business who she was and that if I did her any harm I would suffer for it. I confess that I was frightened, not for myself, but for Marguerita, for I saw that now they would not let her go out alone, and would probably treat her worse than ever. I am convinced that she hasn't seen very good treatment at their hands, for only the day before I had noticed red marks on one of her hands as though the skin had been cut by a fine lash.

I came back and tried to think over the gypsy's strange words and wonder how I was to get to her to help her.

After lunch a couple of girls came to sell baskets. I went out, thinking to get a word with one of them and find out how my little friend was faring, but so many people were around that I thought better of my intention. One of the girls persisted in selling me a basket, and although I didn't want the thing, I bought it to satisfy her. I found it was of more use than I had thought, for inside was a note which I read with some excitement. It said: "Will you help me? I will try to be at the same place in the woods tomorrow night about nine. The girl who sold you this is my friend and will help me to get away. Can I trust you? M." Imagine my joy! Will tomorrow evening never come? In the meantime I have a night and a day to while away, and I thought the best thing I

could do was to write you and tell you all about it. I know, old fellow, you're interested in all my doings as I am in yours away out there in Colorado.

Don't work too hard, and write soon to your old room-mate and chum, DICK RANDOLPH.

New York, November 1st.

Dear Bobby:—

Well, old man, it's been some time since I wrote you, and a lot of things have happened in the meantime. Of course you've heard that I am married, and I know you can't imagine to whom, after all those letters I wrote you when I was in Meadowfield.

I'll have to go back, let's see, three months and tell you all that has happened.

You remember I was to meet the gypsy girl in the woods at nine o'clock, do you not? Well, that night I was there long before the time set and after waiting hours, so it seemed to me, I beheld my little friend creeping stealthily along through the trees, carrying a small bundle in her hands and appearing to be greatly excited.

"Oh!" she cried, stretching out her hand, "If you will only help me to get away from these people, from this horrible place. They want me to marry Pietro, the man who met you here yesterday. He wouldn't let me come, and if he finds I've gone, he'll, he'll ki-kill me, he-he'd do anything. Oh!" and she broke down, poor little girl. Well, I took her to my lodging-house and there we managed to hide her, thanks to Maud and her mother, whom I'll bless to the end of my days. The gypsies ransacked the town, and of course I had to be careful of my life for a few days. Finally, they pulled up stakes and got out and I was never so thankful to see the last of anyone as I was of them.

A few days after that Marguerita and I were married in the little country church. This time I didn't make excuses to get away. Tom arrived from his extended business trip and he was best man. I'd have given anything to have had you there, Bob. I didn't care a hang what the folks at home would say about my marriage.

Dick Randolph was twenty-six years old and of sound mind and able to take care of himself, I thought.

I took Marguerita back to the city, and Mother was a corker, as I knew she would be, when she saw what a dandy, sensible girl I'd chosen, not to mention pretty, charming, lovely—but I could go on forever.

Then the strangest thing happened. Last month we took a house in the city and our first callers were Jack and Betty Langmede whom I hadn't seen since their wedding, the only time I'd ever seen Betty. When she came into the room I looked at her and then I looked at my wife, and of all the living images! She was Marguerita's double. Then it all came out, and of all the fairy stories you ever read, this, in our own lives, beats them all hollow. It seems that Betty had had a twin sister, who, when not more than two years old, had been kidnapped, and not a trace had ever been found of her. Without a doubt Betty and my wife were sisters. Well, you can imagine the happiness there was. I had to telephone to all the relatives, and for awhile things were pretty lively.

Well, that is the whole story. Now I am wondering if you are not a trifle anxious to see my gypsy girl. Why don't you take a trip east this winter? Let your old prospecting go and come on and visit me and my blonde gypsy.

Yours as ever,

Dick.

F. F., '10.

NEWS NOTES

On Monday, Oct. 14, the class of 1913 held their first meeting for the election of officers. They elected J. Marshall Head president, and adjourned the meeting until the following Wednesday. On that date Mildred Atwood was elected vice-president, Dorothy Rhodes, secretary, and Lawrence Pond, treasurer.

The elections and politics of the second class passed without a hitch, though two meetings were required to complete the very momentous business. The results were, as expected, a clean sweep for the Republican party, the following officers being returned: president, Eric Stone; vice-president, Eleanor Driscoll; treasurer, Cyril Jones; secretary, Marion Mills.

This year, as well as every other, has brought its changes in our faculty. Mr. Packard has returned to resume his work in the physics department, so successfully managed by Mr. Joslyn last year; and Miss Bailey has re-entered the German department, which Miss Adams has vacated in order to go abroad. We gladly welcome these old friends back again, as we do the advent of several new ones.

Mr. Chisholm, lately principal of the Medfield High School, joins our commercial and history departments.

Miss Gambrill, formerly in charge of the French department of the Danielson High School, Connecticut, continues in the same department among us.

Miss Fisher will join the English department, coming to us from the Belcher Grammar School in Milton, where she had charge of the ninth grade.

The Seniors were the first to hold a class meeting. The following officers were elected: Alan Hay, president; Carolyn Burdett, vice-president; Francis O'Hearn, treasurer; Vera MacDonald, secretary.

The officers of the third class were chosen as follows: Bryant Hawes, president; Hilda Vallandigham, vice-president; John A. Kilmer, treasurer; Frances Hall, secretary.

After three or more years of strenuous work for the privilege of entering the front door the Seniors have received a hard blow. Mr. Hitchcock announced that this privilege would now be reserved for teachers and visitors only. 1910 bore it bravely, however, and are now on the road to recovery.

At a meeting of Le Circle Gaulois last June the following officers were elected:—president, Alan Hay; vice-president, Rosalind Winchester; secretary, Jean Christie; treasurer, Hugh Knowlton. Mr. Brooks was unanimously elected faculty member.

On the 29th of September the club held a meeting and elected Edwin Smith treasurer in the place of Hugh Knowlton, who has left Brookline High and now attends the Hotchkiss School, Lakeville, Conn.

We are glad to welcome to our midst once more Miss Bailey and Mr. Packard, who spent last year abroad. Miss Bailey traveled through Germany, France and Russia, and we all hope she has remembered many interesting things to tell us. Mr. and Mrs. Packard made a more extensive tour, stopping in London, Berlin, Munich, Rome, Florence, Venice, Switzerland, and in innumerable other places. Surely after such a long, and we can safely say enjoyable, trip we may expect to hear from Mr. Packard some Friday morning soon.

The Mandolin Club has issued a call for new members. At its first meeting about eighteen candidates appeared. Alan Hay takes Ben Robert's place as leader and Cyril Jones is manager. We all hope that they will have as great a success as their predecessors.

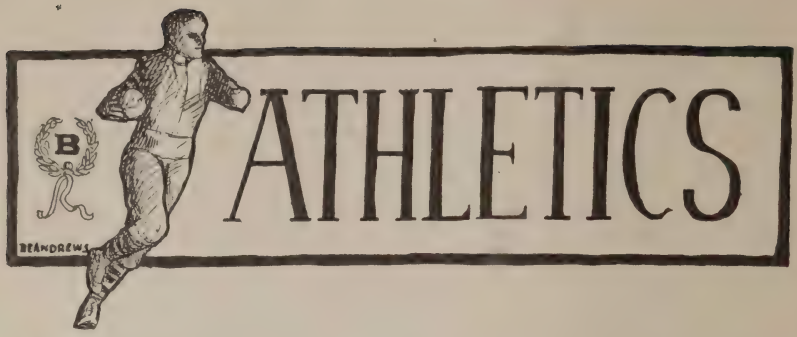
The Harvard Club of Boston has established five scholarships of $200 to be awarded annually to five deserving graduates of public high or Latin schools within twenty miles of Boston. These scholarships are for candidates for the degree of A.B. or S.B. and are for the first year only. Anyone desiring to be a candidate should send in an application before May 1st. For further information apply to The Harvard Alumni Association, 50 State street, Boston.

Mrs. Lucy I. Topliff, formerly the head of the English department in B. H. S., has sent out announcements stating that she is prepared to lecture on literary subjects and saunterings through New England.

Owing to the tendency toward expansion recently exhibited by the school it has been found necessary to convert the old boys' locker room into a recitation room, known as No. 26.

An improvement of note shortly to be observed in the boys' gymnasium classes is their adoption of a regular uniform, similar to that worn by boys of the Municipal classes.

On account of the great number of boys who have recently been wending their scholastic way by the aid of crutches and slings, the passer-by who mistook us for a hospital squad, instead of a company of athletes, can readily be forgiven.



Again the football season is with us, and it is with greater determination than ever before that we go out to battle for the Preparatory League Championship.

To win this, the team must have the backing and support of the whole school, and at the present time the chances for success seem to be very bright.

In reply to Captain O'Hearn's call for candidates on Tuesday, September fourteenth, about forty fellows reported in Room 15. Both O'Hearn and Coach Carrell spoke, outlining their policies for the season; and on the following day practice was begun.

The schedule for the league games is as follows:—

Brookline *vs.* Cambridge Latin, Nov. 5.

Brookline *vs.* Newton, Nov. 12.

Brookline *vs.* Newton, Nov. 25.

BROOKLINE *vs.* ROXBURY LATIN.

In the first game of the season, on Thursday, September thirtieth, Brookline defeated Roxbury Latin with a score of 5-0. The game, which was played on Grigg's Field, was fairly well attended.

During the first half, Roxbury continually kept the ball in Brookline's territory, and when the half ended the ball was but a few yards from the goal. In the second half, however, Brookline took the offensive, and towards the end, Henderson, recovering a partially blocked kick, ran twenty yards for a touchdown, thus making the only score of the game.

BROOKLINE *vs.* SALEM.

At the new Salem High School Athletic Grounds, Brookline succeeded in defeating Salem on Saturday, October second, to the tune of 6-0. The game was remarkable in that, during the first half, Salem made three touchdowns, none of which was allowed by the officials. In the second half, Brookline secured a touchdown as the result of a long run by Barney O'Hearn, and this was followed by a successful goal, giving Brookline her six points and the game.

BROOKLINE *vs.* QUINCY.

On October fifth, Brookline, having journeyed to Quincy, lost the game to the home team on a forfeit. During the early part of the game the contest was very even, the most sensational play being a fifty-yard run by F. O'Hearn. In the second half, a dispute arose over a forward pass by Quincy which resulted in a touchdown for Brookline. The officials decided against Brookline's team, which withdrew from the game, making the result 1-0 in favor of Quincy. The game was rendered more unfortunate because of an accident to Harry Mason which will prevent his playing further this year.

BROOKLINE *vs.* VOLKMANN.

Brookline scored her third victory of the season on October eighth by defeating Volkmann 11-0. The game which was played on Volkmann's Field was interesting, but was marred by much fumbling. Brookline's first touchdown came as a result of straight rushes in the first half; the second one was made by J. O'Hearn who took advantage of a punt fumbled by Volkmann to make the final score.

BROOKLINE *vs.* POMFRET.

On October 12, Brookline was defeated 12-0 by Pomfret. Tired after their long journey, our boys were in no condition to do themselves justice, and as a result the heavier Pomfret team scored two touchdowns in the first half. In the second half, Brookline rallied,

and prevented Pomfret from increasing her score, but was unable to score herself, although the ball was once within Pomfret's 5-yard line.

BROOKLINE *vs.* WALTHAM.

Although on October 16th Brookline was defeated by Waltham 18-0, there was a firm conviction in the minds of those who saw the game that the score does not show the respective merits of the two teams. Two of Waltham's touchdowns were gained after long runs, and the third was secured only after two plays were tried in which Waltham gained but a few inches. In the second half, Waltham was not only unable to score, but was unable to gain ground consistently, while four times Brookline got the ball near enough to try for a goal from field. O'Hearn's kicks missed only by inches, and those who witnessed the game felt well repaid for their journey. For Waltham, Stankard played the best game; while for Brookline, if one fellow played better than another, Dexter's work was most praiseworthy. The team as a whole played extremely well and reflected great credit on Mr. Carrell.

CROSS-COUNTRY.

On Wednesday, September fifteenth, about ten fellows reported to Captain Chandler in response to his call for Cross-Country candidates. The team is now practising three times a week, and, although handicapped by the loss of Whitney and Brady of last year's team, expects to make a good showing in the Journal Cross-Country Race which will take place on November twenty-sixth.

SOPHOMORE-FRESHMAN TRACK MEET.

On Wednesday, October 6th, a dual track meet was held by the Sophomore and Freshmen classes, which was won by the Sophomore team. The competition was keen, and great interest was evinced by both the participants and the spectators. Nowell of the Freshman class was the chief point-winner, scoring firsts in the

hurdles and half-mile and a second in the high jump. A summary of points is given below.

TABLE OF POINTS.

	1912	1913
45-yd. high hurdles	3	6
Half mile	3	6
100-yd. dash	8	1
Shotput	9	0
High jump	6	3
Broad jump	8	1
Pole vault	9	0
Total	46	17

Alumni Notes

'00. The marriage of Edward Wendell Morse and Miss Madeleine Hawes took place recently at Sears Chapel, Longwood.

'00. Charles L. Chandler is now assistant consul at Buenos Ayres.

'01. The engagement is announced of Miss Marion Hay and Mr. Arthur B. Hitchcock.

'05. "Ted" Defriez was married recently to Miss Grace Lawrence Croll at Manchester. "Ted" is of the Harvard class of '09.

'06. "Sully" Sargent has been moved from stroke to bow in the Harvard shell.

'06. Malcolm Price spent last summer at draughting in Sagamore, Mass.

'06. "Don" Williamson and Arthur Truette were also working last summer. They were operating pea-hulling machinery in New York state.

'06. Charles Robinson was working with the Charles River Basin commission during the vacation months.

Ex-'07. Miss Lucy Collins' engagement to Mr. Warren Whicher has been announced.

'07. Seligman, our former sprinter, has been spending his summer working in the "Daily West" Copper mine in Nevada.

'07. George Kenney and Gordon Glazier have both been doing newspaper work during the summer. George has been on the *Christian Science Monitor* and Gordon on the *Herald*.

'07. "Don" Stevens is another of these summer workers. "Don" was a telephone operator in Worthington, Massachusetts.

'08. "Kid" Kellogg played in the recent Harvard-Williams game at the stadium.

'08. Miss Kathleen Page is to hold the Assemblies this year at Gardner Hall, formerly conducted by Miss Bouvé.

Ex-'08. "Fred" Wesner has left Amherst and is in the automobile business in New York City.

'08. Carl Funk has been working in an architect's office during the summer.

'09. Clara Davies is studying music at the New England Conservatory of Music.

'09. Gordon Gallert, Moses Carr, and Gerard Driscoll are out for the Harvard freshman football team.

'09. Elsie Gillies is studying at Miss Pierce's Shorthand School.

'09. Franz A. Niccolls, Jr., is going out for the freshman crew at Cornell.

'09. Ellen Horgan is attending the Bryant and Stratton Commercial School.

'09. Our friend Pogue is working for Lord and Taylor in New York City.

'09. Helen Sullivan enters Simmons this year.

'09. "Harry" Dunbar is out for the freshman track team at Harvard. "Harry" is making good at the high jump.

'09. Julia Kelly is studying this year at Comer's Commercial School.

'09. "Jimmy" Willets is out for the Amherst freshman football team.

From IV. Science Papers. "Most grasshoppers die in the fall, but some of them, which haven't quite reached their full growth, instead of dying stay in an intoxicated mood until spring."

"Grasshoppers live in Sonny fields."

There certainly is a lot of caning going on around school.

The present Freshman Class is remarkable in many ways (especially so in their own eyes) but lo! there is a person among their number so tall as to be requested to recite sitting down.

Mr. P—d. "Don't tell me that you can divide nothing by nothing and get something. You can't do anything with nothings and get anything." And the class agreed with him perfectly.

III. English. "People who use 'ain't' ain't educated."

III. Mechanical Drawing. "In the centre of this space draw a circle three inches square."

Heard in a study-period. "Put your seats on the naming list."

Who is the man
Who gets all the offices?
Alan Hay—that's he!

How about the applause when O'Hearn was elected treasurer of the Senior Class? Well! It was a pretty lively meeting, anyhow.

Miss D—o—l—s in I. English. "Due feet are feet that ought to do."

Heard in the corridor. "He didn't know anything but that I proposed to him!" We weren't aware that this was leap year.

IV. Algebra. "If a person had only ten cents, and gave away ten cents he would have no cents (sense) at all.

A second-hand clothing store has been opened. Specialty, gymnasium suits. Apply at door opposite Assembly Hall.

Lo! We have a Rube in our midst. During an exciting moment up in the chemistry lab. M-t-c-f was heard to shout, "Blow out the gas."

Mad dog! Mad dog! Some one overheard a pupil in II. English say he *liked* "Carlyle's Essay on Burns."

Great drowning accident! Rats drowned by the hundred on the way to school the last rainy day! Girls thought to be responsible.

III. History. "Which way do the hills flow in Southern England?" Of course a land-slide was meant.

Political Science. "What are the duties of Town Clerk?"
"Oh! He issues licenses for marriages, deaths and births."

Anybody seen Bickford, where is he?

I. Greek. "Who are the fortunate ones!"
"The dead."
That depends which side of the fence one is on.

Did anyone ever hear a member of I. English A remark: "Well, the notes said . . . ?" Ask the instructor (but then she doesn't believe in notes, anyway).

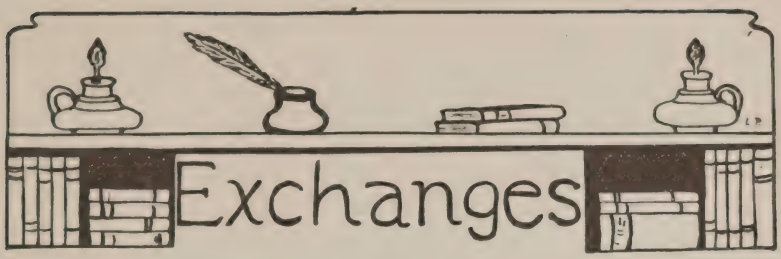
Mr. B.—"Now what would six thousand, seven thousand and eight thousand be?"
Young Epicurean—"Six mille, sept mille, et *oat* mille!"

IV. History A has an Adventist among its number. Interrupting a dissertation on the Mycenæan Age, she announced that the hour had come!

Though totally unknown to the general public, the brightest boys in the world are to be found in second History B, where J–hnst–n recently asserted that "Magellan sailed southward along the coast of Africa, turning westward around Cape Cod!"

In IV. French A. Miss D—"The European women over here go out in the rāin because they consider it beneficial to the complexion."

Miss R—, with a beaming and apparently guileless smile—"Yes, what a *good* thing for some of us to do!"



For the exchange editor the year has scarcely begun. At this early date, few of us are blessed with anything more recent than June issues, and it seems a little late in the day to comment on these magazines, especially since the respective boards are things of the past with no means of retaliation. But the June publications as a general thing were a great improvement over other numbers. Each board put forth its best effort and the results were intensely interesting.

Probably more or less advice to exchange editors will appear with the first publications, for we all like to get the first word,—instead of the proverbial last. But there is one danger in an exchange column. It is too apt to become a medium for the expression of the editor's most cutting sarcasm. If another paper criticizes your magazine a little harshly, the natural thing to do is to hit back a little harder. And few of us make very much of an effort to restrain human nature, which results in—well, we all know what. We do not claim that we have been free from this fault; in fact, we imagine we can hear some one remarking, "People who live in glass houses—" However, this is the exchange editor's January first, and the best resolution any of us can make is to try to judge each paper irrespective of what that paper may have said of us—for justice is the first essential in an exchange column.

There is one magazine that we can't pass by without a word—the Totem from far away Alaska. The magazine is an annual publication, but even then it contains *one hundred and five* pages of

reading matter, an enviable record. We, who are rather dazed by such figures, try to content ourselves with believing that we will have quality, if not quantity; but it's a fortunate magazine that can have both. We congratulate you, Totem.

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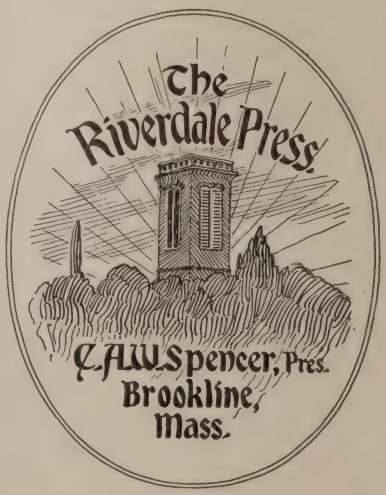

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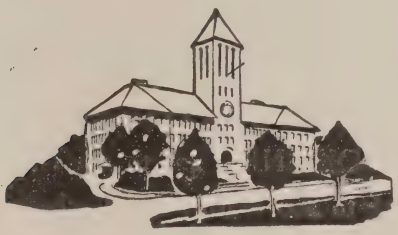

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River—Winthrop's Journal

VOLUME XVI DECEMBER, 1909 NUMBER 2

Editorials

WELL, the football season is over. Again we must "wait until next fall." Our fellows played a magnificent game, but they lost; and right here comes a point for consideration. Year after year we have sent a team up to Newton, and every year that team has failed to bring back victory. The popular saying is "hard luck." It is time that this saying should be cut out. It's up to us to beat Newton, to work with that one idea in mind, and to stop talking about hard luck when we lose.

And another thing—fellows who are out for any team ought to be more conscientious about training. For heaven's sake, is there any boy in the Brookline High School who is so weak that he can't stop smoking for the few weeks he is playing football or working for some other team? It is well known that some of our football men deliberately broke training during the season; a most disgraceful proceeding. For the sake of our coach, Mr. Carrell, whom we all admire, every fellow should keep training when he asks it. Certainly he has done enough for us that we should consider his wishes in this respect. It was his unceasing efforts that hammered an inexperienced squad into a football team noted for its speed and spirit. Never did he spare himself, mind or body, in perfecting his work.

Now, fellows, it's up to you who are coming out for the track team to do more than run around the track a few times a day. You must take care of yourselves, eat properly, cut out tobacco, and get plenty of sleep. Show your sand and co-operate with Mr. Carrell to turn out a winning track team.

Now, to leave athletics for a while. There is another school institution which deserves the support of the students, the Debating Club. We all need training in that greatest of arts, talking. The pen, it is said, is mightier than the sword; but the human tongue, properly trained and educated, is more powerful than either of these. Arguments and verbal struggles come up daily in our lives, and we must often sadly realize our deficiency in power to convince, and ability to express our thoughts. The weekly debates are not only helpful, but extremely interesting, and it would be to the advantage of every boy in school to attend. Don't think for a minute that the Debating Club is too mild a sport. The majority of the regular attendants are our school's athletes, and it is rarely that Mr. Carrell is not an interested listener. Turn out, fellows, the Club deserves and needs your support.

The Man From Maine

"MR. PEIRCE!"

"Sir?"

"You're wanted at the office immediately."

I scribbled a few more figures in my big ledger, laid down my pen, and slid off my stool. One or two of the clerks looked up from their work as I made my way through them, and Johnny Morse grinned and wished me luck.

Mr. Leroy Albert Briggs, president of the Wyoming National Bank, was busily writing at his huge mahogany desk when I entered the sacred precincts of his luxuriously furnished office. As my foot touched the heavy green carpet he wheeled about in his swivel chair and surveyed me over his gold-rimmed eyeglasses.

"Ah, Mr. Peirce, won't you be seated," he exclaimed cheerily, waving his hand toward a big leather upholstered chair.

I took the seat assigned and waited for my chief to speak. The latter, after carefully placing his silver pen on the rack, shoved his hands into his trousers pockets, displaying a broad expanse of immaculate white vest, and began.

"Let's see, Mr. Peirce, you are how old?"

"Twenty-five last month, sir."

"Twenty-five, ahem, very good—I believe there's luck in odd numbers. Well, Mr. Peirce, I have a little bit of business which I'd like to talk over with you for a few minutes."

I ventured a respectful, "Yes, sir."

"You see the Tennessee Second National, which you probably know is run by my brother, is in a rather risky position. There's a small bit of a panic down there, and their cash is running low. To save themselves from failing up, the management has telegraphed me, asking for the loan of twenty thousand dollars in gold to back their notes. They have warned me not to send the money by express or train, because the mail train has been held up and

robbed twice in the last week. Now I've decided that the safest way will be to have some young man carry the gold in a common suit case and, well—what do you say?"

I was rather startled at this sudden question and hesitated a little.

"I know," said he, "it's a rather responsible trust for a young man, but if you succeed, I can promise you'll not regret the undertaking."

Of course it ended by my saying I would escort those pretty little gold eagles to the Tennessee Bank, and at half-past four that afternoon I received my precious cargo neatly packed in a suit case. When I passed Johnny again he looked more than interested. "Where you goin', off on a vacation?"

"Yep," said I, "but it'll be a short one."

I descended the gray stone steps of the bank and crossed the busy street. The suit case was heavy and I felt glad that most of the trip would be by train. Somehow, too, I felt that every person I met could look through that case and see those rolls of gold coin.

The 5.10 train out of the Grand Union pulled out just on time, and I confess I felt relieved to feel the car move. Somehow that suit case was getting on my nerves.

When the conductor came along, I was delighted to find that he was an old friend of mine. He stopped to chat a while, and the talk turned to the recent hold-ups.

"Yes," he said, "and the worst of the thing is, they have a confederate on the train they are going to rifle, whose job is to locate the cash either on private individuals or in the baggage car. It doesn't take 'em a minute to collect the goods when they're once aboard."

As my friend passed on I couldn't help thinking of the saying of the old Jew, "Mein Gott, vat a system!"

Instinctively I found myself looking about me to find the "confederate." My nerves troubled me and I tried to find amusement in a magazine I had with me. I was always very fond of reading and it wasn't long before I was all wrapped up in a sketch by Jack

London. Suddenly I was aware of someone standing beside me and I looked up, probably with a start.

"Pardon me, but is the seat beside you engaged?"

I replied in the negative and made room for him. For a while he was silent, but I felt that' he was going to say something if I would give him an opening. I was a trifle lonesome so I turned to him."

"Going far?" I asked.

"No, just across the line."

For a while we talked pleasantly on the topics of the day, then slowly the talk drifted to our respective life histories and homes. In answer to a question of his about where I was brought up, I started on a topic on which I always loved to talk, the little town of Castine, Maine. A man can always wax eloquent on a subject next his heart, and I think that my little native town lost nothing by my telling. As I talked, I realized that my man was leaning over and looking straight at me. His lips moved and his whole being seemed animated. I stopped talking.

"Maine?" he whispered, "Maine? Why, man, I was born in Maine, and what's more I was born in Castine. Ah, it's God's country, that state." His head drooped a little and he was silent. Perhaps he was thinking of the little old settlement many hundred miles away, the evergreens and gray weather-beaten rocks overlooking the blue waters of the Reach. Suddenly he straightened up and faced me again, holding out his hand. I took it, wondering, and received a grip of iron.

"Man, friend," he said, "I don't know who you are, you don't know me, but listen to what I say. This train stops at Hillside Junction in about five minutes. You get off at Hillside Junction. I—I never went back on a man from Maine."

He dropped my hand, rose, and walked out of the car. My brain was in a whirl. What did the man mean? who or what was he? I laughed nervously, "Pshaw, he's a lunatic! I can't get off the train."

I tried to forget the incident but for the life of me I could not. Always I saw the tense face of a man, his lips moving determinedly, felt the grip of his hand.

The locomotive bell rang, its loud harsh clang bringing me partly out of my trance; the brakes were set and the train slowed down. "Hillside Junction, Hillside Junction." The words acted on me like magic. I hardly know just how it happened, but a minute later I saw my train disappear about a curve, I, standing suit case in hand, on the station platform.

The next train brought me to my destination three hours and a quarter late. I relieved myself of my precious burden at the Tennessee Bank and went out to find a hotel.

Next morning at breakfast I opened my paper and ran my eye over the front sheet and took in the headlines. "Harry Thaw thought to be insane." "Merger will probably be put through." "Train on Wyoming R. R. Robbed." I felt my heart jump and I read the underlying column.

"Yesterday the 5.10 train out of the Wyoming Grand Union Station was held up in the woods between Hillside Junction and Stillwater—"

That was enough. Again I saw that tense face, and I heard that hoarse whisper, "I never went back on a man from Maine."

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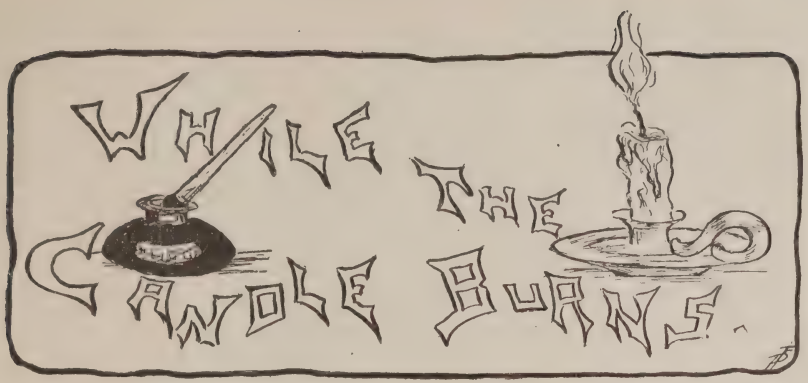


A Tested Recipe

IF, perchance, in your strolls along wharves or on riverbanks you have noticed the various motor-craft skimming about, you have thought to yourself, "How superior one must feel to drive one of those boats on a calm day, while the sailboats all around are helpless." I thought so once myself—till I had had experience.

To make a thorough failure of a trip of this sort, you must, in the first place, be one of those irascible fellows who will foolishly fly into a rage at the slightest opportunity. This, with ignorance of your engine, will usually suffice. Assuming that you have these necessary qualities I will further explain how to complete your destruction. First, invite a number of friends, both ladies and gentlemen, to take a quiet little trip with you, being sure that the gentlemen are of that cynical type which may be found most anywhere. Next, carefully omit to think anything about your gasolene tank; but, instead, litter the boat with all kinds of edibles, the more indigestible the better. Being thus equipped, you may set forth upon your voyage.

After proceeding a few miles (say five) from the wharf, the engine will begin to act queerly, its explosions growing more and more faint and far apart. You stop the engine and begin tinker-

ing. You can't imagine what is the trouble, but as you feel the gaze of the assembled company upon you, you feel that you must do something, and you begin hurriedly to turn and shift everything you can think of. After you have become thoroughly heated and exasperated, one of the gentlemen will suggest in a non-committal tone that you are slowly but surely drifting onto shore. The ladies will all shriek in unison, and you will rush forward to throw out the anchor. Here you must entirely forget the presence of the edibles and, hastily stepping into the squash pie, fall forward and firmly plant both outstretched hands in the custard pudding. You must now mutter sweet nothings under your breath as you sit amidst the ruin, while the ladies glower at you. Along towards sunset a rescuer will arrive, and he may come in any kind of a craft, the smaller and leakier the better.

On the return home, this individual will persistently enquire the cause of your breakdown, and upon your finally recalling the emptiness of the gasolene tank, your guests will smile knowingly and make remarks in an undertone about some person's memories.

The failure of your voyage being thus complete, you walk slowly home with your hands thrust deep in your pockets; the moon grins down at you, and the big bullfrog in the neighboring swamp croaks out, "Never again! never again!"

W. M. S., '11.

My Autobiography

I AM told that when I first saw the light of day I immediately began to let society know I was on the map. I was noted for doing marvelous things even when a baby; for instance, instead of howling when I felt a sharp pain in the middle of my back, I would calmly crawl up to somebody and have the offending safety pin removed. I would then bow politely and say, *a la mode d'un professeur de français*, "*Merci, monsieur!*"

But to go on, as I am wasting too much time on my phenomenal babyhood. I got into trousers, had my curls clipped, discharged

my nursemaid, and started into business for myself. My methods would have put an honest, self-respecting highwayman to shame. Someone had given me a bank. Everybody that crossed the threshold was immediately accosted by me and my treasure-box; and as I was beginning to get husky, they dared not pass me without contributing. Once somebody gave me a brass nickel, which, in a rage, I heated to a white heat and gave to the first blind beggar I saw.

I must have committed a crime of some sort, I think, for they shortly bundled me off to school to the tune of dejected wailings. I had to read, "See the cat," "Where is the dog?" I was the head of my class in simplified spelling; such words as "k-a-t."

At home I was noted for being a good little boy, and it was told that I never developed a dangerous appetite for jam. A few intimate friends had a different opinion, I believe. When I reached what was considered the age of discretion I was given a bicycle. After several times rubbing my face in the dirt, with the spokes of the wheels adhering tenaciously to my pedal extremities, I got the hang of the machine and got along fairly well.

At the age of eleven I went to camp. I could not tell all my adventures here, for this is an autobiography not an "autolie-ography."

To be brief, many years ago, in the moth-eaten past, I graduated from the Lawrence School, and I am now struggling for my life in the class of '13 in the B. H. S.

R. T. Y., '13.

His Wedded Wife

"I WONDER," drawled Aghmedagha, between the gurgles of his well-attended nargala, "why the sahibs allow their soulless women to be so lazy and insolent. I have even seen an unbeliever eat at the same table with his wife. Here is another marvel. Today I took my cucumbers to market. I had to walk, as my ass was touched by the evil eye of an owl. I ordered my

strongest wife to attend me and carry the basket. When I reached the stream at the foot of the castle, I mounted the woman's back and managed to ride across the muddy torrent without wetting my feet. My wife—that one, you know—is quite tall, mashallah (praise be). At that moment I saw a woman unbeliever riding with one leg, as is their custom, and a rooster on her head. The slope from there is steep, you remember, and roughened by the rainy season. I therefore chose to ride up. Would you believe it! That infidel woman dashed up to me and with eyes darting gehenna fire, demanded:

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself to make your wife carry you?"

I was dumbfounded at these strange words, and I said to her: "Pray, hanum, if my own wife doesn't carry me, *whose* wife shall?"

J. O. C., '10.

"Out of the Mouths of Babes"

BOBBY, the little boy next door, was certainly making a lot of noise. In fact, his screaming finally got on my nerves so much that I could not practise—I had been working for an hour on a difficult piece by Bach which perhaps accounts for my unusual irritability. At last I got up and went to the door. Children who are so inconsiderate of other people as Bobby should be politely requested to refrain from shouting at the top of their lungs. I opened the door, and was about to begin my lecture when something happened which made me change my mind.

Down the street came a man whose slow, uncertain gait was typical of one who is completely discouraged. His expression was sullen, almost desperate, and its hard bitterness made him appear much older than he probably was. Bobby saw him, also, and looked at him with a grin. I held my breath. Was that *enfant terrible* going to make fun of him?

Ah, Bobby, I apologize!

The child laughed and tossed his ball gayly to this wreck of humanity, who smiled good-naturedly and threw it back. Then he walked on more briskly, unconsciously straightening his shoulders and raising his face in which beamed new hopes. I closed the door. Bobby should get no lecture on that day.

S. T. G., '10.

A Sequel to "Gareth and Lynette"

But when the summer of that year had passed
And Gareth left King Arthur and his court
To visit home and Bellicent once more
Before he started on his greatest quest
The one in which no knight had yet success
But many a one had tried,—to find the Holy Grail
His mind was burdened with solicitude.
His heart was heavy and he heaved a sigh
As walking through a shady lane alone,
While deep in thought, thus with himself he spoke:
"Must I give up the one I won and love?
No, not for Lancelot on the Seneschal.
No; by all that's true she shall be mine—
Or Gareth shall lay down his sword and die."
Just then on looking 'round he saw a maid
Who through some bushes by the road had come.
Forthwith he recognized the very one—
His Lyonors! the idol of his heart.
Now over his face a radiant gleam appeared,
And in her eyes a light so visible
That useless is the question asked by some,
"Was noble Gareth married to Lynette,
Or did the faithful knight wed Lyonors?"
So here at last we see how fate had willed
And now all doubts may ever be at rest.

C. W. S.

Part of a Letter Found on Harvard Street

Dear ————:

Here I am at ——, and such a queer place as it is. So countrified! The sort of town one often reads of in books.

There are three public buildings here—a church, a library and a hall. The hall is actually fitted out with a stage, dressing-rooms and curtain, on which is painted a most wonderful picture of the good ship *Constitution*. But I will confess to you, before I had gazed at that picture three minutes, I had a vivid feeling of seasickness. For the poor ship was standing at a most unnatural angle and waves mountain-high were dashing wildly against it.

In the village are three stores, a grocery, a general store and a dry-goods store. The last is also the post-office—quite a business centre, perhaps you will say.

Of the three, I think the general store the most interesting. Outwardly, it is very similar to an ordinary dwelling-house, with the exception of two plate glass windows, one on either side of the door. The interior consists of two rooms. But the contents of these rooms! Pray, don't ask a full, minute description, for that is nearly impossible. Such a medley of nails, cigars, Uneeda Biscuits, lollypops, paints, brooms, onions, and what not! On one shelf rests a camera, covered with the dust of ages, peacefully spending its old age among fishing-hooks and lines. On another shelf across the store, one sees a bottle of "Sloan's Liniment," a never-failing remedy for all ills of man or beast, nestling close to a package of "Maple Flakes." In the midst of all this confusion is a phonograph, which condescends to play a tune for the sum of five cents.

But I must not leave out the proprietress. I really don't know her exact height, but anyway she is not very tall and is nearly as broad as tall. That probably suggests that she is rather stout. Her hair is dark, but very thickly mixed with gray. She has gray eyes, and her nose,—I am afraid I will have to leave her nose indefinite, for I don't know its classification. From her mouth no pearly teeth gleam, for she lacks that adornment.

Her attire is always of the same fashion although the color may sometimes vary. It consists of either a red or blue kimono-like waist, a blue skirt showing several inches of white stocking in front, and queer black cloth shoes. Upon her head is the ever-present khaki beach-hat, very rumpled looking and not over clean. Thus she appears, and she is in perfect harmony with the background of the picture, her store.

Here ends the description ends, for the rest of the letter is missing.

Faf., '10.

Evening

THE flickering blaze of an open fire reveals an old lady, seated in a rocking chair. The light shines softly on her gray hair. Her dress, too, is of gray, save where the glow from the fire tinges it with red. The black shadow on the floor behind her chair dances and wavers as the flames leap up. Her eyes gaze thoughtfully into the fire; and once in a while, a sad smile flits across her face. Gradually her head sinks lower and lower; and at last she slips gently into that land where everything is light and fresh and young.

M. A. B., '10.

The Crime

Who killed the North Pole?
I, said Captain Cook,
By hook and by crook
I killed the North Pole.

Who saw it die?
I, said Captain Peary,
All cold and weary
I saw it die.

Who caught its blood?
I, said the Arctic Club,
And there's the rub,
I caught its blood.

Who'll dig its grave?
We, said the Science men,
With our mighty pen
We'll dig its grave!

Berk Barry.

NEWS NOTES

The Friday morning talks in Shailer Hall have now begun. This year members of the faculty, instead of speakers from outside, will address the school. Mr. Packard, the first called on to entertain us, was most cordially received. He spoke upon the European schools, especially those of England, impressing us with their fine spirit in athletics as well as in work. Let us all show Mr. Packard that the preparatory schools of England are not the only schools which heartily support their athletic teams.

On Friday the twelfth, Mr. Miller, of the Manual Training department, gave us the second of a series of talks by different teachers, on "Good Taste in the House." Mr. Miller dwelt more particularly upon the various kinds of furniture,—the good and the bad,—telling us always to keep in mind that furniture is primarily for use, not merely for ornament, though the best combines both beauty and utility, a fact which few persons seem to recognize.

By reason of his experience in this line, Mr. Miller was able to tell us in a most interesting manner, a great deal about the making of tables, chairs, pianos, doors and other forms of woodwork: how the wood is cured, how it is put together, and how the veneer is laid on; while with his frequent illustrative anecdotes he made a subject which might have been a trifle dry not a little entertaining, and one of great benefit to us all.

The Senior class has already begun to think of class day. On November 2d, they held a meeting and elected their class-day

officers as follows: Philip Russell, orator; Sylvia Goulston, poet; Edwin Smith, historian; Arthur Jacobs, prophet; Madeline Crandell, prophetess; Robert Emerson, odist.

Elsie Pike, Allen Dexter, and Francis O'Hearn are on the class committee.

On Thursday, November 4th, Miss Weir gave an interesting lecture on the correct and incorrect way to furnish a house, or "The Incongruities of the Modern Household." She illustrated her lecture with rugs, tapestry and pictures borrowed from one of the department stores of Boston.

The Sophomores' annual reception to the Freshmen, which was held Friday, the 19th, was a very successful affair and thoroughly enjoyed by all who participated. The managing committee is heartily congratulated. The program was excellently planned and executed. The Sophomore President opened the reception with a graceful speech which was followed by a very clever and witty one from Mr. Hitchcock. The Mandolin Club then played with their usual skill two selections which were enthusiastically received. The Sophomores had obtained the services of Mr. Prescott, a ventriloquist, who caused much amusement and not a little wonder by varied exhibitions of his art. Following this number, there was dancing, which was greatly enjoyed since, through the good work of the "floaters," there was no lack of partners. The class of '13 now feels quite at home, thanks to the cordiality and graciousness of their reception.

At an entertainment given at Beacon Hall, in October, Brookline High was well represented. A play called "Eureka," or "A Rain Storm in Three Drizzles," was the principal number on the program. Four High School boys took parts in the piece: Francis A. Wyman, Wallace Taylor, Francis Capper and Charles Wyman.

Francis Wyman was business manager; Arthur Jacobs was stage manager (Arthur is now quite an expert in this line), with Marshall Head as his assistant.

At a meeting of the Brookline High School Athletic Association, Harry B. Collins was elected President.

Preparations for the Senior Social and the Dramatics are now on foot.

The Debating Club held a mass meeting Thursday, November 4, for the purpose of holding elections and formally opening the year's work.

About fifty members were present, and addresses were given by several ex-members and members of the faculty. Letters were read from Louis Keegan, '09, and "Chick" Floyd, '09, who were unable to be present. After the meeting, officers were elected as follows: vice-president, Eric Stone; secretary, Albert Pollard; rhetorical committee, Phillip Russell, Edwin Smith and Fred Hunter. With such an auspicious start it is expected that the club will experience one of the best years in its history.

Interclass football was much more prominent this fall than heretofore, except in the Junior class, where the boys slept on quietly, as usual.

The Rifle Club which was formed last year has grown considerably in prosperity and numbers, until it bids fair to become one of the most active organizations of its kind in the country. Mrs. Eugene P. Carver has very kindly allowed the club the use of the very excellent range it enjoyed last year, and sporting companies are offering further inducements in the shape of cups and trophies for competition. It is expected that some thirty members will qualify for Junior marksman's medals during the present month, a splendid showing. The club ended last year, holding the title of Schoolboy Champions of New England, and have only lost one match since starting. What's wrong with keeping up the good work?

H-nt-r is no misogynist for when it was advocated that Milton, as self-centered, ought not to have married, Fr-d startled the class by answering, "But he *had* to marry someone, didn't he?"

H-y, the shining light in Latin, remarked, "The river flew by the town."

"There are plenty of translations of Virgil, and *everybody* reads those."

The mystery is solved! The excellence of -rs-l's Latin marks will no longer stagger the class.

Quotation from a III. Class theme—"This fine stone structure is built of red brick!"

Heard in I. English A.

"Charles I. put his block-er-er- his head on the block. (Question: Was he a block-head?)"

Oh say! did you hear about the "Flood" in Room 11?

The students in I. Latin and III. French A are remarkable for their mind-reading qualities.

I. English—"There were carts which gave theatrical performances! that is, the carts didn't, but——"

Does the Athletic Editor like bananas! Well, ah reckon!

The oriental form of salutation, namely rubbing noses, is being brought into style in III. German A by Miss F-x-n.

Ain't it awful, Mabel! The Freshman President still sticks to his bottle.

Persons desiring nicknames and *noms des plumes* should apply to Miss ———, Room 13.

Quotation from a speech made at the Sophomore Reception—"Now we will all come forward, then pass away, and meet below."

We wonder why Miss B— asked P-tt-r if he drank milk.

Miss R— in a study period—"Remember that the bell has rung and that in reality Mr. H— is the bell." We have always known that our head master was a star, but never before that he was a bell(e).

The new expression for M. Y. O. B. is "I'm going to set a hen."

II. Latin—"And he talked from the shore with his hands."

Someone remarked the other day that the long and short of the case was A-i- in long trousers!

Cruelty in III. Latin A. Dr. R— told Miss M-n-s to take the "i" out of the Gauls.

Miss K.—"What is the difference between secular and regular clergy?"
Bright Pupil—"One of them is connected with the church."

Miss W.—"What two lines equal?"
Answer—"H O and -er-er O G."

In a III. Math. Division there is a "Wright" and a "Rote," but no "Written."

Discussing Sir Roger de Coverly Papers—"What was the occupation of the other member of the Club?"

"Oh! he was a sort of a fusser."

Even the Romans were very disrespectful, and alluded to their fathers as "The old man."

IV. Latin A. Talk about Gymnastic Stunts, how is this? "He followed himself."

III. French A. Miss R— told H-w- the other day not to sit on his neck.

Miss S.—"What is old-fashioned hospitality?"

Young Epicurian—"To give every one a good feed."

We have a new Latin grammarian in our midst. Sw-tt astonished III. Latin A by calmly speaking of the "Second Prehistoric" conjugation.

Alumni Notes

'02. We regret to announce the recent death of Dr. George Morrison, who was a victim of typhoid fever.

'03. Dana Sylvester is a member of the law firm that organized the Automobile Legal Association.

'05. Gladys Wells is vice-president of the Junior Class at Radcliffe.

'05. Miss Helen Dunbar, who recently graduated from Smith, is living at home, studying music.

'05. Miss Evelyn Aldrich, daughter of Superintendent Aldrich, is teaching German in Chicago.

'05. 'Gene Allen has been acting as referee at many football games lately.

'05. Miss Annie M. Whitmore has announced her engagement to Mr. George B. Caldwell.

'06. "Sully" Sargent has become a member of the athletic advisory board at Harvard.

'07. "Don" Stevens is editor-in-chief of the "Technique."

'07. Wellesley Seligman is on the committee for class pipes at Tech.

'07. Miss Beatrice Babcock is visiting her brother "Will," who is stationed at present in the Philippines.

'07. Miss Charlotte Hudnut has left Wellesley on account of ill-health.

'08. Miss Constance Homer's engagement to Mr. Richard Crocker has been announced.

'08. "Kid" Kellogg played the whole of the last half for Williams in the recent Amherst-Williams game.

'08. Mary Clark held a delightful coming-out party on the af ernoon of November 29th at the home of Mrs. Washburn, 5 Druce street, Brookline.

'09. Samuel Breck has made the freshman tug-of-war team at Tech.

'09. Harry Thompson is out for the Tech Glee Club.

'09. Our friend "Butsey" is a permanent member of the Mandolin Club at Tech.

'09. "Bill" Mattson ran on his class relay team in the recent Tech games. Brookline is not lacking in her contribution to the freshman class at Tech, as Breck, Bryant, Mattson, Rudolf and Thompson have entered this year, all of whom have been received into the Brookline Club.

'09. Carl Barnet is a member of the freshman debating club at Harvard.

09. Edward Feeley has entered the freshman class at Tufts, and is taking the B. S. course. "Ed." has made the Zeta Psi fraternity and played at half-back in the freshman-sophomore game.

'09. Louis Keegan is also at Tufts taking the A. B. course. Louis is keeping up his music at college and has accepted a position as organist at St. Mary's Church, Ayer. He was chosen as speaker for the recent freshman banquet, but his duties as organist prevented his attending. He has written a farce to be presented at the Senior social.

'09. "Peter" Carr made the only touchdown for the Harvard freshmen in the game with Worcester Academy. He also played at right-end for the victors in the Harvard-Yale freshmen game.

'09. "Jim" Willets played at right guard throughout the entire Yale-Amherst game, and also on the Amherst-Williams game.

Ex-'09. "Pete" Fletcher was the star in the recent Andover-Exeter game. He was by far the best punter on either team, and has been elected Andover's captain for next year.

'09. Ellery Rogers is out for the Harvard swimming team.

'09. Dana Burdett is studying railroading at Springfield.

'09. Ethel MacMillan has entered a convent, as we expected she would.

'09. Gwendolyn Moore and Virginia Slagle have entered Smith this fall.

'09. "Chick" Floyd is selling leather.

'09. Bouvé is selling shoes made from "Chick's" leather.

Brookline is well represented at Andover this year, as the three Brady brothers and Francis Hann have entered this fall.

ATHLETICS

BROOKLINE *vs.* CAMBRIDGE LATIN.

In the first league game of the season, our boys defeated Cambridge Latin 5–0, in a hard-fought contest on Griggs' Field. Barney O'Hearn opened the game with a fine kick to Cambridge. Failing to gain, our opponents were obliged to surrender the ball on their 25-yard line. On the second play, however, Brookline fumbled, and it was again Cambridge's ball. Cambridge was penalized for offside play, and, failing to gain ground, punted. After a few direct rushes, the ball was given to O'Hearn, who made twenty yards in two tries around end, and then Brookline was held by Cambridge, the ball going to our opponents on their 15-yard line. Cambridge punted out of danger, and Brookline, on the next play, executed a forward pass which netted thirty yards gain. O'Hearn gained ten yards around left end, and another forward pass was tried, the ball going to Cambridge. Our opponents punted, and after ten yards had been gained by Brookline, the half ended.

Both teams returned to play with redoubled interest, and Brookline, receiving the kickoff, returned the ball twenty-five yards. Then a forward-pass was tried, the ball going to Cambridge, who in turn brought the ball to our two-yard line by the same play. Here Brookline held Cambridge splendidly, and secured the ball on downs. After two tries through centre, a forward pass was attempted which, however, went to Cambridge, who carried the ball to our ten-yard line and was again held for downs. O'Hearn

punted out of danger for Brookline and then came the most sensational play of the game. Cambridge attempted a forward pass, and Mason, catching the ball, ran ninety yards to the end of the field; but as he was thrown in trying to stretch the ball over the line, he fumbled. The ball was given to Cambridge and was put in play on the twenty-five yard line. Brookline soon got the ball, however, and O'Hearn tried for a goal from field. The ball hit one of the uprights and bounced back, where it was recovered by Cambridge. They punted at once, and then came the successful play for Brookline. From the twenty-yard-line, "Kid" Mason passed the ball back to "Barney" O'Hearn, who made a twenty-five-yard forward pass to Hammer, who was waiting on the one-yard line, and who carried the ball over the line for a touchdown. O'Hearn failed to kick the goal, and the score was 5–0.

Brookline kicked off again and Cambridge ran the ball back ten yards before the game was brought to a close. The line up was as follows:—

BROOKLINE.	CAMBRIDGE LATIN.
Hammer, l. e.	r. e., Does.
Sprague, Sawyer, Harry Mason, l. t.	r. t., Coleman.
Priest, Henderson, l. g.	r. g., Stevens.
Dexter, c.	c., Grunberg.
Kimball, r. g.	l. g., Harriman.
Rowan, r. t.	l. t., Bool.
J. O'Hearn, r. e.	l. e., Davis.
Haven Mason, q. b.	q. b., Duvey
F. O'Hearn, l. h. b.	r. h. b., Peterson.
Emerson, r. h. b.	l. h. b., Grant.
Hubbard, Head, f. b.	f. b., Hannigan.

Final score—B. H. S., 5; C. L. S., 0. Touchdown—Hammer. Referee—Hapgood. Umpire—Allen. Linesmen—Jacobs and Johnson. Time—20-minute halves.

BROOKLINE *vs.* ST. JOHN'S PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

Saturday, October 30, on Griggs' Field, Brookline suffered a decisive defeat at the hands of the St. John's Preparatory School of Danvers. Unable to withstand the powerful rushes of their heavier and faster opponents, Brookline put up a game fight, but was beaten by four touchdowns and one field goal. The game was featured by several long runs through a broken field; but for the most part these were made by St. John's men. With the score 26–0 in their favor, the game was brought to a close.

BROOKLINE *vs.* NATICK.

On October 22d, Natick was defeated by Brookline 12–0, at Griggs' Field. The game was fairly close and interesting, and the first half ended with the score but 6–0 in Brookline's favor. Towards the middle of the second half however, Barney O'Hearn got the ball, and ran about sixty yards for the final touchdown, which he followed immediately by kicking a successful goal. At no time during the game was Brookline's goal seriously threatened.

BROOKLINE *vs.* NEWTON.

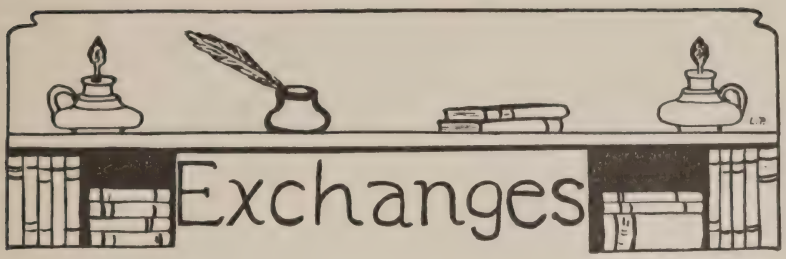
The second league game of this season, with Newton, was played on Claflin Field, Thursday, November 11th. Newton kicked off to Brookline, who ran the ball back twenty yards. After two more plays, the ball was passed to O'Hearn, who fumbled, and Hopkins of Newton, almost before those in the stands realized what was happening, had seized the ball and, running sixty yards, had placed it squarely behind the goal posts. Newton kicked the goal, and with the score 6-0 against them, our boys kicked off again to Newton. Not being able to gain, Newton punted, and after three tries Brookline lost the ball on downs. Again, after two plays, Newton punted and Mason ran the ball back ten yards. An onside kick was next tried, and the ball was recovered by Newton who punted at once. Mason returned the ball fifteen

yards, and a moment later five yards was gained around left end. The ball was then on the twenty-five-yard line, and O'Hearn tried a goal from field. The ball fell short, and was recovered by Newton, who advanced it fifteen yards. Newton then punted, and a moment later, Brookline returned the kick. After successfully executing one forward pass, Newton lost the ball, and when we had made a short gain, the half ended.

In the second half, Brookline kicked to Newton, and the real battle commenced. Failing to gain ground, Newton punted, and after two plays, Brookline returned the compliment. Once again Newton was forced to punt, and then Brookline, by steady rushing, brought the ball to the 5-yard line where they were held for downs. Newton punted to Mason, and again, this time by a forward pass, the ball was carried to the 10-yard line. Here there was nobody in the Brookline back-field able to carry the ball on appreciable distance, and after reaching the 5-yard line, we lost the ball to Newton, who at once punted out of danger. Brookline soon lost the ball on a forward pass, and Newton, unable to find a weak spot in Brookline's line punted. After several plays, Brookline was obliged to punt. Newton then made a fine onside kick which gained twenty-five yards. A moment later they were thrown for a loss of fifteen yards. At this point, they punted, and Brookline, trying a forward pass, lost the ball to Newton on their 15-yard line. After Newton had reached our 5-yard line, however, Brookline exhibited its remarkable defensive ability by holding Newton for no gain. Then O'Hearn, behind his own goal line, made a splendid kick to Newton, and Jack O'Hearn dropped the man in his tracks. At this point, the whistle blew for the end of what was one of the hardest games of the year. Too much credit cannot be given to our boys for their splendid all-around playing, and all loyal Brookline followers look forward with the greatest anticipation and confidence to the final game, which is to be played on Thanksgiving morning. The line-up for the game was as follows:—

NEWTON	BROOKLINE.
Clancy, l. e.	r. e., J. O'Hearn.
Marshall, l. t.	r. t., Rowan.
Noonan, l. g.	r. g., Kimball.
Hopkins, c.	c., Dexter.
Taylor, r. g.	l. g., Henderson.
Weaver, r. t.	l. t., Nowell.
Gallagher, Forte, r. e.	l. e., Capper.
Barbour, q. b.	q. b., Haven Mason.
Ryder, l. h. b.	r. h. b., F. O'Hearn, Harry Mason, McGrath.
Osborne, r. h. b.	l. h. b., Emerson.
Allen, f. b.	f. b., F. O'Hearn, Head.

Score—B. H. S., 0; N. H. S., 6. Touchdown—Hopkins. Goal from touchdown—Barbour. Umpire—Hoey. Referee—Hallahan. Field Judge—McCormick. Linesmen—Kimball and Wood. Time—20-minute halves.



The Sagamore is glad to acknowledge the following exchanges which have been received in the past month: Advocate, Artisan, Bostonia, Bulletin (2) (Montclair High School), Bulletin (3) (Harvard University), Courier, Daisy, Gazette (2), Graphite, Herald, Imp, Jabberwock, Minute Man, Orange, Radiator, Red and Gray, Register, Review (Cambridge), Review (Newton), Sphinx, Student, Southern Workman (2), Trinity Tripod (5), Vexillum.

In looking through our first exchanges, we find the same old faults that seem to be prevalent at least at the start of each year. Here are a few of the oft-repeated criticisms. Perhaps you won't agree with us in all respects—well, of course we all have a right to our own opinions and in the exchange column, we simply give you ours.

Don't continue stories from page five, say to page thirteen, when there seems to be no plausible reason for not printing them all together.

Don't print stories at all which are so long they have to be given your readers piecemeal.

Don't mix departments indiscriminately with editorials, athletics, stories and exchanges all muddled together till the reader's head swims.

In like manner, don't intersperse advertisements anywhere a department needs a little filling out. In one exchange we find an undertaker's advertisement immediately following an account of a football game. However appropriate this may have seemed to the editors, it is calculated to give the reader a slight shock.

Our compliments to the Jabberwock. The reduction in the size of your paper has given you a cover more nearly worthy of the contents.

The October number of the Artisan is a well-edited, interesting magazine. Everything comes under some departmental head so that the reader is not at a loss to know whether he is reading a story or an editorial.

Saugus High School Advocate. We are glad to welcome you among the number of our new exchanges. We would merely suggest that you read through the little list of "don'ts," and if you can use any of the hints, well, "A word to the wise—"

There is a story in the Red and Gray for October in which we could discover no very coherent line of thought. The story does not join on well, which is rather a pity, as it starts out well. We also notice all the jokes are taken from exchanges; a page of "locals" is much more to the point in a school paper. Perhaps they are not as interesting to your exchanges, but then, we don't publish school papers for our exchanges.

The Orange from the White Plains High School, New York, comes to us this year for the first time. In most school papers there is a dearth of good stories, but in the October number of the Orange, there are two rather clever sketches. "A Touching Tale" is particularly good, because the author has dared to end it in defiance of the conventional, over-worked ending where "everyone lives happily ever after."

But speaking of good stories, the Cambridge Review puts us all in an exceedingly remote background. "When Greek meets Greek" holds the reader's interest throughout, and in the "Letters from a Roman" we have, instead of the commonplace, laborious wit, a story that is really funny. It is something we think you can't help laughing over, and we hope to see the letters continued indefinitely.

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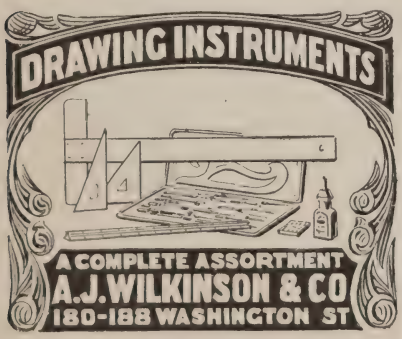

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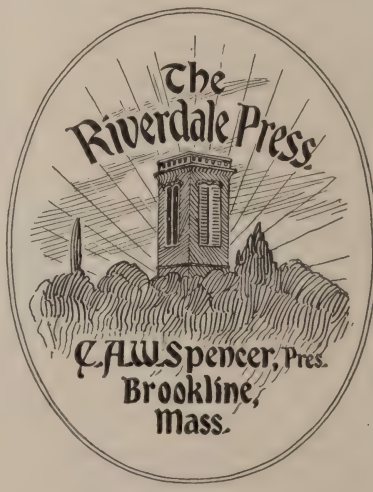

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River—Winthrop's Journal

VOLUME XVI JANUARY, 1910 NUMBER 3

Editorials

ONCE again Father Time turns his old glass over and the sands of a new year fall slowly in an ever increasing heap. Already four months have slipped away, and the year 1909 is no more. Now it becomes a question of what the new year will bring—success or failure. We all hope for the former; but we must do more than hope, we must work. And how shall we work? Shall we study mechanically, learn parrot-fashion, memorize rules of dead languages because we must, because we are striving for good marks? No, there is something lacking in this kind of preparation, something which robs it of all its real value. We should not work like the ignorant slave who toils from fear, but we must find pleasure in our labors, learn to like and be interested in our studies. What are marks, in reality, but a record of a pupil's apparent standing in a certain subject. Do they tell what a pupil is really capable of, or what he has gained which will help him in his career in the greater school beyond? If we, in our school days, can learn to like to work, if we can learn to realize our growth in power and to develop and expand that power, then we may have a weapon with which to fight the battles of the world.

Now comes the time when we unearth our skates from the old attic, dig down into our jeans for two bits, the price of sharpening, and test the old hockey stick. Yes, it will stand a few more whacks.

Now, all of you fellows, turn out for the hockey team and use that hockey to good effect. Perhaps you'll get a chance to use it

on a Newton man. Oh, what bliss! "It cannot was!" But nonsense aside, turn out and play the game; play it clean and hard; play for the sake of the game, but play to win.

Boys and girls of the Brookline High School, BE HOSPITABLE! During the last few years our school has acquired a reputation of which we cannot be proud. People say that all the pupils go in cliques and form many distinct groups; that anyone not in one of these social regiments is a mere camp follower with no chance for friendships. Of course it is perfectly natural for persons of the same temperament to group together—it is the case everywhere; but it seems a pity to carry this on to the detriment of hospitality.

A new comer in the school finds himself in difficult circumstances. We all know the advantage of "getting in right," but unless a person has remarkable personality or an abundance of nerve he has but little chance of "getting in right." We must make allowances for people's peculiarities—perhaps we have some of our own—and if a stranger comes to our school with new ways and manners we should not ignore him on account of them. It may be simply the difference between the north and the south, the east and the west. Let us make it our duty to hunt out the new comers to our school and give them a hearty welcome and a fair chance to make good. What we like in this school is a square deal. Let's give it to others.

A Wayside Comedy

BEHOLD yonder, standing with majestic grace, my lord, the Camel, dignified, deliberate, distant. Does any one accost him? Vain effort! His royal majesty scorns intercourse with the ants of this dim spot. He deigns not even cast his weighty eyes in downward glance upon us. This is he who walks the earth, yet hides his lofty head among the clouds and converses with the stars of heaven. His lot is cast among the immortal sages. Wisdom flows in his heart like a mighty river. He is the proud philosopher. Those blinking eagle eyes pierce the truth of æons. Never was wisdom so personified.

Behold yonder the foolish donkey. He frisks about with boyish glee. Does he think of the mighty heavens and the rollings of the spheres? Never! He says, "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die." Those long ears are stretched to catch every gossip of this earth. That tail salutes every passer-by. The mean dogs run along at his side and exchange the time of day with him. Yet such are the workings of blind Fate that my lord the camel is entrusted to our humble donkey, and, tied behind his tail, is forced to follow his every step. This is the comical sight that is witnessed on every roadway. Such is Kismet!

J. O. C., '10.

A Side Talk to Shoppers

IF you desire a few side-lights illuminating the road to success in your selection of a hat, first of all, assume your sweetest smile, and most winning manner. Approach fearlessly the haughty "saleslady" gowned in rustling silk, princess, à la sheath, and ask to see some moderately priced hats. Be not discomposed if she views you coldly from head to foot, as you say the word "moderately." When she exhibits to you creations beflowered, beruffled, befeathered, beribboned, adorned with huge buckles set with brilliants, interwoven with sparkling ribbons of silver and gold, combinations of the Merry Widow, Continental, Sailor, Neapolitan and Colonial styles, and, last but not least, of "moderate cost," only fifteen or twenty dollars, do not appear disconcerted in the least, — ask serenely to see something er — er — perhaps — er a—a—little more—er—simple.

When the saleswoman, returning, laden with a new and completely overwhelming array, selects for you one chef-d'œuvre, swathed in rolls and rolls of brilliant purple velvet, adorned at regular intervals with realistic pink roses, and remarks disdainfully, "Perhaps you'd care to try this on, madam, one of our most popular styles, simple and reasonable, only $9.50," look most pleased and expectant, and answer, "Why, yes, I would."

When she says, "The effect is stunning," and you mentally agree, then suddenly, come to the realization that perhaps the hat would not harmonize with your Sunday-go-to-meeting gown of old rose. Thanking the saleslady sweetly for her trouble, tell her that perhaps you had better try one other place you have in mind before you decide definitely, and—er—could she give you her number in case you returned. Bowing yourself out as rapidly and gracefully as possible, depart homeward to trim over your last year's hat.

R. A., '11.

Straight from the Gods

"Ah! fors' è lui che l'anima
S'olingo nè tumulti
Godea souvente pingere."

THE melodious strains filled the house. Giuseppe and Constantino listened enraptured. They had each paid the watchman fifty cents to let them climb the fire-escape to the top balcony and thus hear their beloved La Traviata. Their thoughts went back to the time when, two years before, they had last listened to that wonderful aria in the beautiful palace of song at Milan.

Suddenly a hand fell none too gently on Giuseppe's shoulder and an authoritative voice demanded:

"Here, you two, what are you doing here?"

They turned to confront an irate officer.

"How in thunder did you get here? Come — out you go!"

A sweet and childlike smile overspread Giuseppe's face and with a vague little shrug he answered:

"No understan', no speaka da Englis'."

"Come — clear out;" and disregarding their beautiful assumption of innocence, they were hustled down a side staircase that led into a rather unfrequented part of the foyer. Just as, downcast and sorrowful, they were about to be ejected by the officer they were stopped by a lady and her escort.

"Who have you here, officer?"

"A couple of Dagoes, sir, who slipped in."

"Poor men! What were you doing here?" asked the lady.

"Ah! Signora, we lika da music and we gotta no mon'." She turned, tears in her eyes, to her companion and spoke a few words in a low voice. Giuseppe and Constantino gazed at her, fascinated.

The light gleamed on the yellow satin of her gown, on the pearls 'round her neck, and on her black hair, parted Madonna-like. She was very beautiful.

"Pick-pockets, most likely," said the man.

She gave him a reproachful glance, and drawing a long, slim silken purse out of her cloak slipped its contents into Giuseppe's hand. Smiling at the bewildered officer and now radiant Italians, she turned away. The two Italians watched her till she was out of sight, calling on the Virgin to bless "the most gracious of Signoras."

The beginning of the next act found Giuseppe and Constantino proudly seated at the back of one of the balconies — awaiting the re-appearance of their beloved Diva. Ah! it would be something to think of tomorrow!

M. O'S., '13.

In Anticipation

She stood among the Debating men
  Who met to give her "nay,"
Her "yeas" were clearly in her head
  And her smile was bright and gay:
Oh! I never saw a girl who seemed
  So bound to have her "say"!

M. O'S., '13.

A Man Without—

Breathes there a youth but what with dread
Hath to his quaking self thus said:
"This is my school, my alma mater,
My bugbear, prison, educator.
The inmates of this building neat
Do in my head much knowledge beat.
My soul revolts such doings dire.
It seeks each day to rise the higher
Into the realms of situation
Uncursed by loathsome education."

If thou art one in this estate
Change thou thy views before too late,
Be moved by precept, force, petition,
To see a crime in thy condition.
Or else cast off thy clever looks;
Away from work, burn all thy books,
Then go thy way with empty mind
And herd with others of thy kind.

G. H., '11.

A June Bride.

ONE day last summer, announcements were sent around requesting our presence that evening at the wedding of Mehitable Maude and Mr. Johnny Cake, at the camp of one of the girls. We did not know who the participants in the ceremony were to be and we could hardly control our curiosity. It was an ideal night for a wedding, for as we approached the camp, the full moon was rising over the lake and everything yielded to its romantic influence. The broad piazza around the house was prettily decorated with Japanese lanterns and flowers. Some one struck up

the Wedding March inside, and the bride and groom appeared in the doorway. Shrieks of laughter greeted them, for we recognized the bride as Jimmy, a tall, lanky fellow with hair suspiciously near red. His Titian locks were covered now by a bridal veil of pink mosquito netting which trailed on the floor; and a wreath of daisies crowned it. His gown was most amazingly contrived — we dared not guess of what. A dashing bow of pink ribbon was tied under his chin and in his hand he carried a bouquet of wild flowers. The groom reached about to his shoulder, but an antique stove-pipe hat made up the difference in height. Behind them walked a blushing flower girl strewing flowers, her extremely masculine face hidden beneath a broad-brimmed hat trimmed with enormous red roses. The rest of the bridal party was likewise extravagantly garbed, the parson having a small goatee attached to his chin and wearing green goggles.

The ceremony was performed with great solemnity, though their voices were sometimes choked with emotion, the gist of it being that Mehitable promised to take care of Johnny and toil for him all her days. After it a lot of the fellows rushed up to kiss the bride and Jimmy all but fainted.

Then the wedding gifts were opened, which displayed the good taste and originality of the givers. Incidentally, the bride received a corncob pipe and a razor, but a dainty lace handkerchief removed her slight embarrassment. Various kinds of vegetables were thrown in for them to begin housekeeping on, and some farsighted person donated a rattle. After this the bride suddenly disappeared, for there was to be dancing on the broad piazza and Jimmy was in great demand by the girls.

The Time I Resisted Temptation

"He that resisteth temptation shall be richly rewarded."

I HAD heard the above proverb quoted many times, when I was a very small boy, and made up my mind that some day when I should be tempted by "the dewvel" to have "a party all of my own" with mother's jam for refreshments, I would, as I had been taught by grandmother, lift up my arms, roll up my eyes and solemnly say, "Depart from me, ye cursed tempter."

The day of temptation came, for it was sure to come at least once a week. I stole into the pantry after the kitchen had been vacated by the maid, and pulled up the high chair which had supported me in many attacks on "mother's jam." I was perched upon it, spoon in hand, ready to begin my raid, when, like a thunderbolt, "He that resisteth temptation" came upon me. I remembered my often repeated resolution, and not stopping to dismount from my elevated position, I lifted up my arms, rolled up my eyes and shouted, "Depart from me, ye cursed tempter," and if he did not hear me it was not my fault, for the maid who was up stairs did. She came running down, and thinking she had me in the act, loudly exclaimed, "I've kot ye, I've kot ye, you r-r-rascle." I was too thunderstruck to speak, but when my mother, who, hearing the maid's exclamations, arrived on the scene, I was also several times slipper-struck. Those were the "rich rewards" that I received (one after the other) for resisting temptation.

P. U., '13.

NEWS NOTES

On Friday morning, Dec. 10, the school enjoyed a very great treat. Dr. Roberts, who was to have given a talk in pursuance of the series we are enjoying from the faculty, defaulted, and provided as substitute, Mr. Stuart Moncur of Glasgow, Scotland, who sang several Scotch and English songs which took the audience by storm. The first one was "A Love Song of Araby," which was followed in triumphant succession by "The March of the Cameron Men," "The Soul's Awakening," "Annie Laurie," "Bonnie Wee Thing," and "Sally in Our Ally," an admirable program ably carried out. Mr. Moncur was accompanied by Mrs. Harris. May they bring us joy again in the near future.

At the December meeting of the Brookline Historical Society Miss Mary P. Frye, formerly of the English department of Brookline High, gave a most interesting talk upon her experiences and recollections as a Brookline teacher.

Tuesday, November 30, a mass meeting of the girls was held, at which it was decided that a Girls' Debating Club should be formed. A committee of five, consisting of a representative from each class, was appointed as follows: Monica O'Shea, '13; Eleanor Allen, '12; Rachael Albee, '11; Caroline Burdett, '10; and Miss Knowles, the faculty member, to draw up a constitution. Mary Morris, '12, was elected clerk. The meeting was then adjourned. It is to be wondered at that in a school so large as ours such a commendable step has never been taken before. Surely nothing

could be of greater advantage to the girls than such an organization and every girl should do her best to support the club by actively taking part in the meetings.

A second mass meeting of the girls was called on December 9 to bring up for approval the constitution of the Debating Club drawn up by the committee. Caroline Burdett presided as chairman. As each section of the constitution was read it was presented for ratification. Several amendments were prepared, which made it necessary for the meeting to be adjourned without electing the officers for the year. There were about seventy-five present, but considering the number of girls in the school it seems that the attendance should have been greater. Now, girls, you must make this organization one which Brookline High School can be proud of. You can do it.

Mr. and Mrs. William Snow are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter who is to be called Isabella Cushing.

The ΛΚΓ Sorority gave their annual dance at the Riverdale Casino on December the twenty-third. The matrons were Mrs. J. M. Head, Mrs. H. W. Mason and Mrs. W. J. McDonald. Under the management of the Misses Elsie Pike, Claire Stephenson and Cherry Head, the party turned out to be a great success. From eight to eight-thirty a reception was held, after which there was dancing until one. The most popular features of the dance, and about the prettiest, were the moon-dances, an enlarged sorority pin over the fireplace making a delightful moon. The hall was most effectively decorated with palms; and the club's color, lavender, was everywhere predominant. Everybody had a most enjoyable time.

Miss Stone gave the third of the series of talks on "The House Beautiful" Friday, December third. Her subject being "Pictures, their Character, Framing and Hanging." Her treatment of the subject was most interesting and suggestive. "We should," she

said, "remember that our pictures and books reveal our personality quite as much as do our associates; that a picture should be chosen for its real value as a work of art, not merely for what it represents." The lecture was illustrated by various pictures, and good and bad forms of hanging them. This was the last of a series of very instructive and interesting lectures.

The Tau Beta Beta Society is to give a concert and Folk Dances at Jordan Hall, on the afternoon of January 22d and the evening of January 24th, for the Scholarship Fund. The dances are to be accompanied by thirty members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The dancing is under the direction of Miss Elizabeth Burchenal of the Playground Association of America. Application blanks for tickets may be obtained from Edith Faxon.

As the tumbling team which was organized last year was such a success, and such a benefit to the boys, Mr. Carrell has decided to carry on the same work this year. The team meets in the gymnasium regularly Tuesdays and Thursdays at three o'clock and all boys are urged to join.

On Friday afternoon, December 10, Le Circle Gaulois gave a stereopticon lecture on France, Paris particularly, to which the Sophomore French class was most cordially invited. The president, Alan Hay, after a word of address, presented Mr. Brooks, who by the aid of the stereopticon views, explained the points of interest in Paris. The lecture was most interesting, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all those present.

The debate on the question, "Resolved that owing to prevailing conditions in New York city, the city government should establish model tenements at public expense," which took place on Thursday, Nov. 18, resulted in the victory of the affirmative, Talbot and Barnet, over Hussey and Wyman. The negative was so well supported that it won the decision of the house. The rebuttal was taken for the affirmative by Talbot, for the negative by Wyman. Page, Smith and Sawtell formed a judicial committee, while Mr. Chisholm criticized ably on the delivery and argu-

ments. Speakers from the floor were Pollard, Johnson, Russell, Hunter and Smith.

After having rested Thanksgiving Day, the Debating Club reassembled Thursday, Dec. 2, to discuss the question, "Resolved: That the abolishment of the so-called army canteen was inadvisable." The affirmative, upheld by Dow and Wright, won the decision of both house and judge, though Chandler and Brainard fought a good fight. Mr. Hitchcock officiated as judge, Miss Lewis as critic, and speakers from the floor were Pollard, Russell, Sawtell, Barnet and Johnson.

The fire drill, which took place the first Monday of December, emptied the main building of about 475 pupils in a little under 70 seconds. It is a treat to see the Freshmen hurry.

On Wednesday afternoon, November 27, the Domestic Science room in the Brookline High School was the scene of the prettiest Hallowe'en tea ever held there. This was given to girls from the Junior and Senior classes as a recompense for their sewing during the afternoon on linen to be used in the Domestic Science Department.

The room, as well as the table was very beautifully decorated with autumn leaves. In the centre of the table was placed a huge, smiling pumpkin, with a face which was glowing with light which came from within. Around this were placed four candles, the shades of which were artistically designed by Miss Stone of the Art Department. Miss Pease supplied handsome moths and butterflies, which added much beauty to the color scheme. Tastefully arranged on the table were sandwiches, cakes and candies, all of which were enjoyed by each one. The Sophomore girls furnished these dainties. Miss Alice Dusossoit poured chocolate and several other girls served it.

Mr. Brooks added to the pleasure of the occasion, also Miss Lyden, who came in during the afternoon and gave her assistance in the good cause. All who were there enjoyed the afternoon and extend their most heartfelt thanks to all who contributed to their pleasure, especially to Miss Smith under whose supervision all plans were executed.

Monday, December 6th, the third meeting in regard to the Girls' Debating Club was held. The constitution that has been adopted was read, and the election of officers ensued. They are as follows: president, Silvia Goulston; vice-president, Rachael Albee; secretary-treasurer, Ann Page. Caroline Burdett, Irma Waterhouse and Hilda Vallandigham were elected to form the rhetorical committee.

The annual "Senior Social" was held on Friday evening, December tenth. Everybody had a most enjoyable time and the affair was a great success. The committee was as follows: Irma Waterhouse, chairman; Helen Brooks, Rosalind Winchester, Harry B. Collins and Arthur Jacobs. Surely a great deal of praise is due to them. The opening number on the program was a piano solo by Marjorie Parker, then followed selections from "The Three Twins" by the Mandolin Club; Silvia Goulston next entertained the audience with a monologue entitled "Keeping a Seat at the Benefit." After this came one number by the Senior Trio. Last but not least on the program was "His Father's Champion," a farce in one act by J. Louis Keegen of the class of 1909. The place was in the drawing room of Mr. Millard's Home, the time, present. The cast was made up as follows:

Mrs. Millard ..... Irma Waterhouse
Mr. Millard ..... Francis Wyman
Helen, daughter of Mr. Millard ..... Madeline Crandell
John, son of Mr. Millard ..... James Kelley
Fire Chief ..... James McGrath
Water Inspector ..... John C. Metcalf
Policeman ..... Francis O'Hearn
Drug Clerk ..... Arthur Jacobs

Rosalind Winchester and Gladys Brown were prompters.

The players did exceedingly well and were heartily applauded. After the play was over the hall was cleared and there was dancing until twelve o'clock.

Mr. C.—is using the newest slang. His latest is "What do you know about that!"

In a III. French Division they translate "he went off with long steps" as "he raised his large feet."

Marvellous! "Irving used to watch a school of fish jump around the boat."

In IV. French—D stands for encouragement.

To whose feather-brain did the feather Miss R— picked up in Room 18 belong?

Mr. C. has referred to a *square* million. Of course it isn't tainted.

Seen on the black-board. "In whose reign did the Hundred Years' War take place?" He must have been a Methuselah!

III. Latin. Take the "hen" out of prehendo.

People say that thirteen is an unlucky number. If so, we are sorry for the boy who is *thirteen*, sits in the *thirteenth* seat in Room 13 and is in the class of '13.

Can any one understand this? "Please explain No. 14 of the examples of the day we had last night."

Heard in the corridor: "Cook has been up North so long, he can't do anything but '*blubber*.'"

French Teacher—"Do you know what 'our sisters' is in French?
Pupil—"No, sir (nos sœurs).
Teacher—"Quite right."

Finding B. M. on a Contour Map of Oregon, one of the girls asked if that meant "Boston and Maine."

Gem from III. Latin.
"Supplement of the Gods" (See the Math. instructor for definition of supplement)

French Instructor—"When does the past participle conjugated with *avoir* agree with anything?"
Miss Morris—"When it is conjugated with *etre*!"

Dr. R— wishes to be informed "where 'under the earth' it is."

There seems to have been a "clinic" started in the Boys' Debating Club, as one of the judges speaks of "dividing a speaker into three parts."

Dr. R—objects to the phase "on the march" when one man is meant.

"The dying man made a dash for life."

Dr. R—, announcing no lesson for the succeeding day: "The lesson for tomorrow isn't."

Dean, translating in III. French—"Capi entoura la bataille de Dorce," Capi surrounded Dorce.

III. History—"Who introduced Christianity into Ireland?"
Bright Answer—"St. Patrick."

Aeroplanes, considered new, must really have been invented at the time of Richard III. In III. History, they say, "He *flew* to the tower of London."

Mr. H—"If you don't mind, please open the door before going out."

To satisfy our logical minds, Dr. R— will now have to prove to us that he equals his substitute; as the rule goes. "If *equals* be substituted for *equals*, et cetera."

From III. Class Theme.—"In build he is tall and storky."

Mr. C—Priest, draw an obtuse angle."
Priest draws an acute angle.
Mr. C—"Priest is the *obtuse* figure."

Quotation from theme on Gray's Elegy. "—and the sheep are lowing as they wind their way."

A sentence from a III. English theme: "The head is quite around."

The following is a message received from "*A Debater-to-be.*" "He laughs best who laughs last, boys, and you had your laugh in the Hall."

In a recent Debate Dow and Chandler were the only ones that were able to give us the exact intoxicating qualities of fifteen cents' worth of beer, and even they disagreed.

Robinson, purchasing cartridges at the rifle club, with pained expression: "Think of all this good money going off in smoke."

Heard in II. Math B. (very advanced) "Draw a tangent to circle BOC on side C."

"Bisect line AB in the middle."

Alumni Notes

'96. Edward E. Bugbee, assistant professor of mining and metallurgy at Technology and head of the department of assaying, has been elected an honorary member of the Brookline High School Club of Technology.

'01. Miss Marion Hay was in the cast of "Man and Superman" recently given by the Amateurs, a dramatic club of Brookline.

'04. Marjorie Henry has been given a coming-out party at her home on Clark road.

'05. 'Gene Allen refereed our Thanksgiving game with Newton.

'06. "Sully" Sargent of this year's senior class at Harvard, is a candidate for Marshal.

'06. The Tech Hockey team starts this season captained by "Bill" O'Hearn, our former star, who is playing at forward.

Ex-'06. An honor for old Brookline! Maurice Blake is a promising candidate for the Rhodes Scholarship. He was manager of this year's football team at Dartmouth and graduates the coming spring.

'07. George Kenney is vice-president and managing editor of the Technology Press Association.

'07. "Don" Stevens, editor-in-chief of this year's Technique has the year book under way and the critics agree that it will surpass all past issues.

'07. Lloyd C. Cooley is vice-president of the Junior Class at M. I. T. and is athletic editor of Technique.

'08. Marjorie Rudolf has just been presented to society. She was given a reception at the Tuileries, Commonwealth avenue.

'08. Helen Canning was in the cast of an Idler play given recently at Radcliffe.

'08. Wellesley Seligman, history editor of Technique has resigned his post as sporting editor to enter active newspaper work on the staff of the Technology Press Association. He has been persuaded by Tech's coach, Kanaly, to come out for the track team

after a lapse of nearly a year. Seligman is one of the crack sprinters of the New England Intercollegiate League.

'08. Hazel Henry has been given a coming out party with her sister, Marjorie.

Ex-'08. Marguerite Moore is also to join the list of this year's debutantes.

'09. "Butsey" Bryant is not resting on his laurels. He is now playing 'cello with the Technology orchestra.

'09. "Ben" Roberts has made the Harvard Mandolin Club. "Ben" played with the club in all its concerts, among them the joint concert given by Harvard and Dartmouth and that in which Harvard and Yale participated.

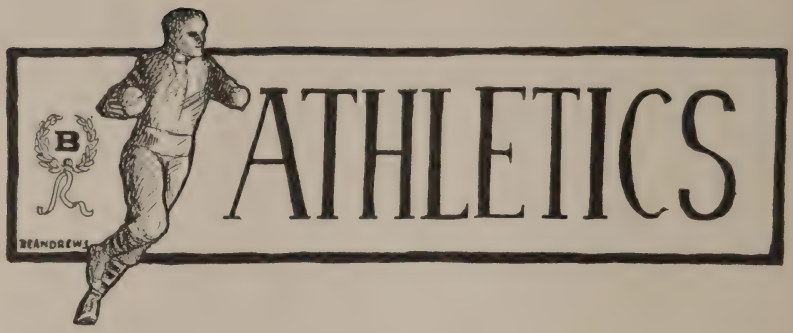
'09. Gwendolyn Moore was given a reception with her sister Marguerite by Mrs. Moore, her mother.

Ex-'10. Burnelle Hawkins has been elected captain of Brown and Nichols football team for next year.

Ex-'10. Hugh Knowlton is attending the Hotchkiss school this year.

Ex-'10. "Gag" Whitney has given up running for the banking business.

Ex-'11. "Tom" Furness has entered Dr. Sanford's school in Connecticut.



FOOTBALL.

Once more has our team come back from Newton leaving the championship in the hands of the enemy. We have two causes for satisfaction, however; for in the final game of the season we held Newton to a 0-0 score, and in both games, although not victors, we outplayed our opponents in all points of the game.

We had a splendid team, no one can deny that; one which fought to the very last; one which developed from a green, inexperienced lot of fellows into a team that made the strongest team around Boston work hard for a victory. Therefore, let us not bewail our misfortunes. Let us, instead, give a rousing cheer for the team; for those fellows who did not make the team but who worked hard for it; and for Mr. Carrell, who slaved night and day to bring us victory, who, although injured, still pluckily worked on, and who, ever cheerful, set an inspiring example for the fellows to imitate. Finally, let us never say die. Let us just wait until next year—and then work!

Now for the game itself, which was played on Claflin Field, Newton, on November 27. Brookline started off with a good kick, and the Newton men, after a few short rushes, found that they were unable to gain, so they punted. Brookline caught the kick and ran the ball back well. Then we began a steady advance towards Newton's goal line. On went the ball steadily until it finally rested on Newton's 5-yard line. Then the ball was seen

suddenly to bound into the air. It landed under a dozen pairs of arms, and when it was recovered, it was in a Newton player's hands, and Brookline's chance to score was lost. Newton at once punted out of danger, and it was again Brookline's ball. We soon lost it, however, and an exchange of punts followed. Once more it was Brookline's ball in the middle of the field. At this point the whistle blew for the end of the first half, and both teams left the field.

After the intermission, the contestants returned to the fray with a fixed determineation to score. The defence of each proved too strong for the other, however, and the ball kept alternating from one side to the other. After kicks and forward passes of all kinds had been tried, the game ended with the ball near the middle of the field, neither side having worked within the opponent's thirty-yard line.

The following was the line up:

NEWTON.	BROOKLINE.
Flanagan, l. e.	r. e. Capper.
Marshall, l. t.	r. t. Rowan.
Noonan, l. g.	r. g. Kimball.
Hopkins, c.	c. Dexter.
Taylor, r. g.	l. g. Henderson.
Weaver, r. t.	l. t. Nowell.
Vinal, r. e.	l. e. Hammer.
Barber, q. b.	q. b. Mason.
Allen, f. b.	f. b. Head, Schroeder, F. O'Hearn.
Osborne, l. h. b.	r. h. b. Emerson, McGrath.
Ryder, r. h. b.	l. h. b. J. O'Hearn.

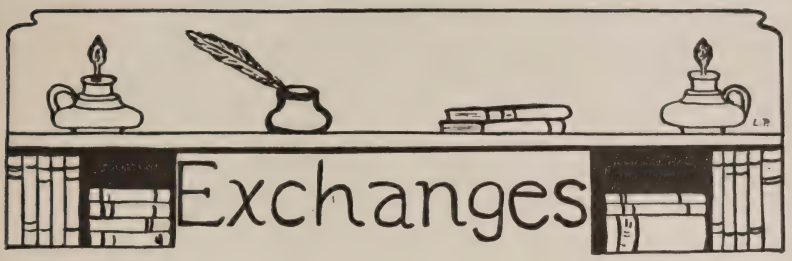
Field Judge — McCormick; Referee—Martin; Umpire—Allen; Linesmen, Wood and Stone. Time—20-minute halves.

TUMBLING

From the number of fellows who reported for the first meeting of the Tumbling Team, it seems as though this is a branch of sport which is destined to become very popular at Brookline. Over thirty fellows have already signified their intention of joining, and probably more will be added later. There is plenty of good material in the school, and there is no reason why we should not have as good a team as that of last year. A captain has not yet been elected, but the team has already had many meetings under the direction of Mr. Carrell.

CROSS–COUNTRY

On November 26th, the Journal Cross-Country Run was held, starting at Tech Field, in Brookline, going up to the Larz Anderson estate, and finishing at the field after running one lap on the cinder track. The Brookline team, consisting of Stone, Capper, Wyman and Kennedy, won third place, which was a very creditable performance. Capper secured ninth place, Stone, eleventh, and Wyman and Kennedy, thirty-ninth and fortieth places respectively in a field of over one hundred starters.



The Sagamore acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following: Bulletin, Courier, Daisy, Echo, Gazette, Graphite, Herald, Jabberwock, John Marshall Record, Imp, Keramos, Ledger, Register, Review, Southern Workman (2), Student, Trinity Tripod (5), Vexillum.

The editor would like to inquire, purely as a matter of personal curiosity, if there is a strike on among the exchange editors. The editor really feels very much disturbed by the disquieting thought that he may be working overtime. He is sure that the injustice of it will appeal: if his poor overworked companions in misery take this little vacation in which to allow their thoughts to simmer, think with what unparalleled brilliancy they will burst forth next month to dazzle and overpower his poor efforts.

The purport of all this is simply, that after a certain amount of hunting through magazines for the over-rested, much-abbreviated exchange column, it is a little discouraging to find, that as far as any trace of that department go, the editor might be dead, though in a few cases, by the generous contribution of two criticisms, we are made aware that there are still feeble symptoms of life.

Keramos, we are glad to welcome you, and hope we may see you regularly. But why do you put your exchange column on the very last page, separated from the rest of the reading matter by three pages of advertisements? It looks like a division between the sheep and the goats. The page is well edited, but—it is not an

exchange column. Read through the exchange columns of a few other school papers. You perhaps do not understand the meaning or aim of such a column. Do not cut out that page, but give it a different name. Also, the editor confesses shameful ignorance on an essential point, when he read: "Keramos, East Liverpool," it conveyed no enlightenment to his geographical mind. Whether East Liverpool is California, Maine, or Florida, was a matter of speculation. It was only by a hunt through the "ads" that he learned that East Liverpool was located in Ohio. However good this may be for your readers' geography, for their peace of mind publish the name of the state.

The Ledger, as a monthly institution, reflects great credit upon the enterprise of its editors. Every department is worked up at a length which argues no small labor for the editors. You are to be congratulated, Ledger, on maintaining a quality worthy of the quantity.

"The Mystery of the Blue Bed" is interesting and well written, Vexillum, but somehow it doesn't sound quite like you. As far as we can remember, it is the first time you have ever evinced any fondness for the blood and thunder species. The story is a little gruesome and unpleasant, though interesting, and we should have been more impressed by the appropriateness had we found it in the "Popular" magazine rather than in a school paper. "A Country Hotel in Norway" not only succeeds in being an excellent description but (*mirabile dictu*) it very emphatically keeps you from going to sleep.

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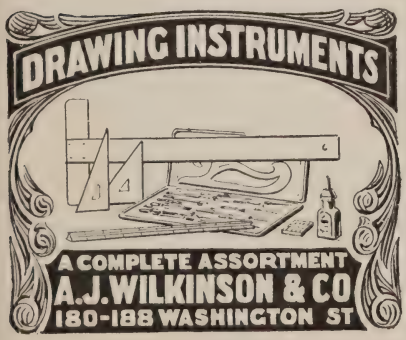

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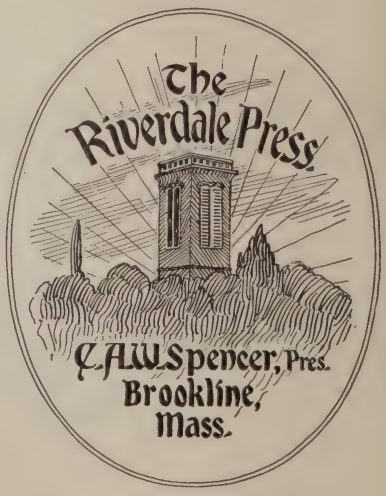

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River—Winthrop's Journal

VOLUME XVI FEBRUARY, 1910 NUMBER 4

Editorials

In a few days the Brookline High School will lose the services of one of its most sincere and honored assistants. After twenty-five years of teaching in the High School, Miss Anna Marilla Johnson is about to retire. It seems that at this time a little sketch of Miss Johnson's splendid teaching career would not be amiss.

She was born in Springfield, Massachusetts, and was graduated from Whitestown Seminary, Whitesboro, N. Y., and from Vassar College. In the latter institution her Latin Salutatory secured her election to the time-honored "Phi Beta Kappa." After some experience in private school teaching, she became an assistant in the High School at Burlington, Vermont, but, fearing an increase of daily hours, she resigned at the end of her second year. After studying English and Anglo-Saxon under Professor Corson of Cornell University, she received the degree of A. M. Since December 4, 1884, Miss Johnson has been connected with our High School, and in all these twenty-five years she has never voluntarily absented herself from school because of ill-health, except year before last, when a throat trouble kept her at home several days. During this time of service she has taken classes in Latin, Greek, German, English and Science; but of late her work has been limited to English and German, or English alone. At one time, at the request of the Principal, she gave an Extension-Course running through several years. The strain and exhaustion of this work, in addition to ordinary tasks, proved too much for her physical powers, and she was granted a half year's leave of absence. She profited by

this time to visit England, Scotland, Wales, France, Switzerland and Germany. Michaelmas term she spent reading in an Oxford library.

Think of the changes which she has seen in our school in the last quarter of a century. She has watched their pupils grow up and marry; and in turn she has taught their children. Where her old pupils are concerned her mind is a veritable information bureau. She remembers everyone, and marks the progress of each with a quiet, sweet pride.

At present she is a member of the Harvard Church, its "Religious Education Society," the "Association of Collegiate Alumnæ," the "New England Language Association," and various kindred bodies.

We shall all miss her, pupils and faculty alike, and even Room 9, if it could speak, would join us in wishing her, from the bottom of our hearts, happiness and peace for the rest of her days.

There is a very true old saying, "A place for everything, and everything in its place." In High School there is one room where we should see that our conduct is all that it should be—Shailer Hall. We all understand that talking during the assembly hour is forbidden and should not exist—there is no need to discuss that; but in the matter of applauding a speaker comes a case for special criticism. We all like to hear and participate in a general hearty applause, the kind that makes the windows rattle. That is all right; but some few, presumably lower classmen, carry their enthusiasm to too great an extent, and so far forget themselves as to stamp on the floor; while others maliciously add a few spattering hand claps after the applause has died away. These things detract from our reputation. They are signs of ill breeding and are not in place in the Brookline High School. Come on, fellows, cut it out!

Little brothers generally dislike to wear "big brother's" cast-off clothes, but it's a safe wager that Jack O'Hearn doesn't mind stepping into Barney's shoes.

Well, readers, how did you survive the mid-years? Pretty tough weren't they? But cheer up, "The worst is yet to come." Finals in June!

Has every one seen the new writer press down in the Typewriting Room?

Free lunch for track squad. Oh, you hobos!

Don't kill the poor editor, pity him.

Track!

Our little "Jake" is quite a man,
He manages the stage.
Now "ain't he coy" and diffident!
Oh, yes—he's quite the rage.

And what is this we now perceive
Come gaily down the street?
Is it a haberdasher's ad
Or something good to eat?
Aw! Its only D-ck P-ce.

Hear those Newton bleachers shout
Here's the Masons—now look out!
Between the two they made a stew
Of Gallagher and Donahue.
Next!

A Study in Superstition

AS Harcourt left his apartments, a brisk November wind greeted him, and he paused a minute to fill his lungs with its bracing freshness, at the same time glancing up and down the street to see if perchance a fareless "taxi" might be threading its way through the mass of traffic which moved steadily along to right and left of him. But a thorough look failing to reveal one, he drew his watch from his pocket and, seeing that it still lacked some time before his dinner appointment, determined to walk the distance intervening between his own apartments and the home of Mrs. Travis. He buttoned his fur coat tightly about him and started off at a brisk pace, tapping the concrete firmly with his stick at every other step.

Powerfully built and handsome, the very picture of care-free and contented luxury, he was a man to attract attention even in the cosmopolitan throng of a London thoroughfare; and several passers-by paused to glance after him as he passed beneath the glare of the bright arc-lights which lined the sidewalk.

In truth, if Leonard Harcourt had not presented a contented and satisfied mien, he might well be adjudged an altogether peculiarly ungrateful man, for his course of life, remarkably free from obstructions, had always run smoothly. From his earliest years he had been showered with affection and privileges, whose influence might have been particularly baneful had not the boy's character been such as to withstand their enervating effect. His father had been an upright and brilliant business man, and the son seemed to have combined in his nature the paternal firmness and reliability with the mother's gentler qualities.

Now, his twenty-eighth year found him established in luxurious bachelor's quarters in the fashionable section of London, possessing the *entré* to the most exclusive clubs in the city, and held a general favorite in social circles where his entertaining repartee and gen-

eral knowledge had early given him a place of distinction among his fellows.

On this particular November evening Harcourt was experiencing a sense of elation a little more marked perhaps than usual. A dinner party at the Travis's could be nothing but delightful to a person of his discrimination, not merely because of the edibles,—for it was not alone the prospect of a delicious progression of daintily served courses which caused Harcourt to walk along in such high spirits,—but more because of the thought of meeting again, after a rather long continental sojourn, his own particular clique of friends who had gradually drifted towards each other into bonds of mutual friendship from among their many acquaintance.

First on the list, reckoning by right of age, was Colonel Compton, a retired army officer, who had faithfully served his country for more than thirty years under the torrid sun of the Indian Peninsula. The Colonel was a bachelor of fifty; but his white hair and bronzed face would easily have admitted of a half score more years being added to his age. His stock of stories and the sound sense which twenty years of the hardest sort of life could not fail to have drilled into him had always assured him a welcome place at the table and in the billiard-room.

Lord and Lady Adams came next, a young couple, each owning to about thirty years, very jolly and delightfully interested in each other. Genial Mrs. Travis and her daughter Betty completed the small coterie.

Harcourt found himself the last to arrive; thus he had a chance to greet all his friends again together. After a few minutes of the usual inquiries and answers incidental to a reunion, the party filed to the dining-room, Harcourt as guest of honor leading in the hostess. At the table he was forced to assume the major part of the conversation, relating the various haps and mishaps of his wanderings. Everyone seemed so interested in his homecoming, and their greetings had been so effusive, that he felt more and more strongly impressed with the fact that life was decidedly worth living. So, the dinner passed in general elation, with the never-failing anecdote from the Colonel for one of the agreeable features.

The dessert concluded, the ladies were about to retire and leave the men to their enjoyment of coffee, cigarettes and chartreuse, when Mrs. Travis with a rustle of silken skirts arose from her place, paused a moment, and then, favoring Harcourt with one of her most charming smiles, remarked that she had considered it the right and fitting thing to present him with something beyond mere words to express to him her pleasure at his return.

"I assure you, Leonard," she said, "it was no easy task. I wanted to find you something strange and bizarre, you know, so that you would be sure to think of me when you saw it. At last I found it. It is nothing less than a genuine Chinese idol looted from some Buddhist temple. But don't think that this is an ordinary god," she added. "He is really a most extraordinary one I assure you, for he is nothing less than a god of bad luck. So bad, in fact, that the clerk seemed positively relieved to have it out of the shop. Therefore, Mr. Broad-Minded Decrier of Mere Superstition," she finished, "accept this little gift, and may it always prove a symbol of the truth of your ideas. James, his godship."

A butler approached the table, supporting on his hand a silver tray, on which reposed a small oblong box. Amid an interested silence he passed to where Harcourt sat, and set his burden on the table.

Smiling genially, Harcourt arose. Assuming an important air as though about to carve a roast, he slowly and impressively broke the fastenings of the box. Gingerly clearing away a mass of tissue paper, he reached in, and drew forth before the eyes of his attentive audience small, squat Chinese idol.

The silence, religiously preserved until now, was broken suddenly by a startling exclamation from the Colonel, who had half risen from his seat and was leanning across the table as though fascinated by what he saw. Something almost akin to terror in Compton's face lingered for an instant, then was quickly displaced by his usual unruffled countenance.

"Why, Colonel," murmured Mrs. Travis, in a lone of surprise, not without a shade of anxiety.

"I—I really must apologize," said Compton, recovering his composure with an effort. "I did not mean to startle you, but the truth is, I thought I had seen this singular object before under quite different circumstances. I see I was mistaken. It is just such an idol as can be bought in any number of curio-shops by the over-credulous," the latter remark addressed with a slight twinkle of his eye towards Mrs. Travis.

Instinctively everyone felt that the Colonel was not entirely sincere in what he said; his explanation, in fact, seemed a trifle too overdone to be completely genuine. A slight air of uneasiness still pervaded the table, and no one ventured a remark in connection with Compton's words, until Mrs. Travis, rising aptly to the occasion, sought to break the gathering uncomfortable tension by her cheery manner.

"If you are all agreeable," she said, "we will retire to the billiard room, where Leonard will have a chance to defend his title of champion. Lord Adams has improved mightily in his game," she added to Harcourt, "you will have to work for it hard." Leonard bowed pleasantly, and taking advantage of the general exodus from the room, paused to examine his extraordinary gift.

The idol was of clay and was seated Turkish fashion. His large head entirely out of proportion to the rest of his body was distinguished particularly by a distorted mouth, which stretched the entire length of his face and was set in a hideous, unnatural grin.

As Harcourt completed his scrutiny he was aware of the Colonel whispering in his ear in sharp, incisive tones, "If I don't see you later, Harcourt, for God's sake get rid of that idol." The earnestness of his voice combined with his earlier attitude visibly angered Harcourt. He flushed as though about to make an annoyed retort, when, reflecting that the Colonel's warning had been whispered to him, he refrained from speaking, but set his mouth firmly in a way that caused a look of extreme dissatisfaction to pass across Compton's face.

The last to enter the billiard-room, bearing in his hand the clay idol already the cause of so much discomfiture, Harcourt set it down on the mantle and turned to select a cue.

"Now, my friends," he said, glancing a trifle disdainfully at the Colonel, "I am going to show you what little power a god of bad luck has." They all smiled appreciatively,—and to himself Harcourt reflected that he was really making a most tactful move in so dispelling the slight feeling of apprehension which had been awakened by the Colonel's disconcerting attitude.

Every line of his face indicting complete confidence in his success, he balanced his cue, leaned across the table, sent his ball rolling across the green cloth,—and failed to hit the second ball in a positively simple set-up which Lord Adams had left him. With a surprised laugh, he instinctively glanced at the Colonel, whose face had once more resumed an unnatural, set expression; and even Lord Adam's eye-brows raised themselves in a quizzical half-suspicious manner. Then Leonard made some inconsequent remark predicting better success in his next attempt, and failed for the second time to get his billiard.

The Colonel seemed to be working hard now to suppress emotions which were evidently clamoring for utterance, and Harcourt thought he could detect beads of perspiration on Compton's bald forehead. Anger took possession of him; he felt the warm blood surging to his temples. Chagrined at his incomprehensible failure and incensed at the Colonel's ridiculously agitated appearance, he lost his third shot; and as the game progressed, his failures continued to be more and more peculiarly manifold. The rest of the company watched in nervous silence, and the Colonel's brow darkened at Harcourt's every failure. Mrs. Travis at last came to the rescue of the situation by insisting that Lord Adams and Harcourt leave their unfinished billiard string, just as it stood, and come and play a few hands of bridge. Harcourt experienced an extreme dislike for yielding in the face of imminent defeat; but seeing it was the most diplomatic move to make, he replaced his cue in the rack and turned to accompany Lord Adams from the room.

"At a not very distant date, Ben," he warned him, "I intend to repay you in full this evening's game. I can't imagine what got into me tonight—unless it was the god after all," he said with a

laugh. But Adams's face echoed no answering smile, instead, he passed quickly ahead, leaving Harcourt to stare after him, an expression of amazement not unmixed with disgust crossing his face. With a somewhat disdainful shrug of his shoulders, he continued towards the drawing room; but he was intercepted almost at the threshold by Mrs. Travis, who drew him aside, her manner betraying evident anxiety.

"I am more than sorry, Leonard, that my foolish whim has been so disastrous. I see I have made a mistake, but—"

"Nonsense!" said Harcourt, a touch of asperity in his voice. "It is the most foolish proceeding I have ever witnessed. Why, the Colonel acts positively insane and Ben Adams is not much better. It was a very harmless thing to do, Isabel, and I certainly should not concern myself about it."

"But, Leonard," she said uncomfortably, "you see how put out everyone is about it. Now wouldn't it be rather a smooth way out of the embarrassment if you were to acknowledge jokingly that the god had ruined your game and request me to throw it away?"

Harcourt moved his lips as though about to pronounce assent to Mrs. Travis's proposal, and then shut them tight again in determination.

"I suppose you will think me foolishly headstrong, Isabel," he said apologetically, "but unless it is going to annoy you very much, I would rather let things go as they are. The idea of such a banal thing as superstition coming to disturb one of your dinner-parties is so positively ludicrous that I refuse to believe that all these people are going to acknowledge its presence."

Mrs. Travis smiled somewhat disapprovingly, he thought; but she conducted him without further words to the bridge-table, at which game, during the course of the evening, he achieved a success as pronounced as had been his failure at billiards. Little by little everybody's face cleared, the talk became jollier and less constrained, and matters progressed in the usual pleasant fashion of a Travis function. Only the Colonel's brow would occasionally cloud as though something disagreeable still oppressed his thoughts.

Faithful to his resolution, Harcourt bore under his arm when he left, the ugly idol, once more encased in its wooded box. As he wanted time for reflection on the various peculiar events of the evening, he determined to cover on foot, as before, the distance between the Travis house and his apartments. Besides, he felt an interested and rather amused curiosity as to what would be the nature of the communication which he felt sure the Colonel would endeavor to impart to him.

As he had expected, Compton joined him outside the house and elected to walk part of the distance with him. Harcourt felt a keen desire to criticize the Colonel then and there on his lack of reserve during the evening; but instead he thought it wiser to wait until Compton should tell him what he wished. The latter accepted the proffered cigarette and began to speak, his voice still having a peculiarly strained and anxious ring.

"Leonard," he said slowly, laying his hand impressively on the younger man's arm, "I do not doubt but what you will be inclined to smile at what I am going to tell you, but as I value your friendship, Leonard, I urge you with my heart and soul to get rid of that accursed idol without further delay. I am merely going to tell you a rather gruesome chain of events which have to do with an idol similar to yours."

He paused for a minute to note the effect of his words on his companion, but Harcourt's face remained inscrutable, expressing no indication of his mental state. Neither did he vouchsafe a reply; so, in a tone even more excited and fearful than before, the Colonel continued:—

"In '74, when I was stationed in the Punjab, a brother-in-arms of mine, one of the best friends, in fact, I have ever had, came into possession of a small Chinese idol exactly similar in appearance to yours and bearing the same evil repute. Three mornings later, his corpse was found horribly mutilated with knife wounds. He had been murdered by the natives while on picket duty."

"After that," he continued, his voice shaking now with emotion of a most violent nature, "another camp-mate took possession of

the thing; and the very next day he disappeared from among us as though spirited away by some unseen force. So far as is known he was never seen by human eyes again. Thus it went on until eight unfortunate owners of the idol had met their deaths, each one in a form more horrible and inexplicable than his predecessor. By this time the idol and its mysterious influence were the common talk and horror of the camp-fire. Finally, when the eighth good man had been sent to his doom by its devilish power, the hideous object was destroyed by common consent. Now," he said, throwing out his arms in a hopeless fashion, "you will want an explanation from me, a sane and logical theory as to the connection between the Chinese god and the horrible fate of its owners,—I have none to give. There may be none; or it may be some mysterious occult influence which the untrained occidental mind cannot grasp, some strange psychological phenomenon of the east, I do not know, but I implore you again, as you value my friendship, to throw away that miserable object before it works you harm."

He finished with shaking voice and waited for Harcourt's reply. The latter preserved the silence for a period which seemed interminable to the Colonel, whose every nervous breath betrayed his anxiety for the answer.

It came at length in cold, almost supercilious tones:—

"Why, do you know, Colonel," he said, "if it wasn't for your confounded serious manner, I should be disposed to laugh at you. You hint that I probably want a sensible theory to substantiate your horrible tale, and you are quite right. But of course there can be none; consequently, the whole agitation on your part is a mere joke. I most certainly intend to keep the idol, Colonel, and no words of yours can shake my resolve. If you will pardon my saying so, any further persuasion can only succeed in lowering considerably my opinion of your mental powers."

As Harcourt concluded, he could almost feel a wave of anger and resentment emanating from the man beside him. The Colonel said nothing for a fraction of a minute, but instinctively hastened his pace and struck the pavement firmly with his heel at each

stride; then suddenly assuming an even tone, as though the matter was of little importance to him, he replied:—

"I am sorry things have turned out this way, Harcourt," then, after a second, added in a voice which vibrated with feeling, "God grant that your obstinacy may bring you out on top. Good night."

. . . . . .

Arrived at his apartments, Harcourt set the idol down on a shelf in his bedroom with irritated force.

"Confound you," he muttered, "you're nothing but clay, a worthless jumble of clay, but you made the best friends I've got think you spoiled my billiard game; and you got me into a nasty quarrel with the man whose friendship I value the most of all. Confound you, I say—" but upon the mantle the god's satanic mouth still remained fixed in its mirthless grin, and until Harcourt had dropped off to sleep, he experienced a peculiar sensation which his most vigorous mental efforts failed to shake off; he felt that the Chinese god was looking at him wickedly, not from his two deep-set little eyes but with his hideously distorted mouth.

The next morning, a shadowy feeling of depression, a natural outcome of the previous evening's events possessed him; and the dreary atmosphere of a London fog without contributed to his discomfiture. He soon sought to banish all melancholy feelings, however, by reflecting that this very afternoon would find him in the full enjoyment of a house-party, far away from the morbid surroundings of a depressing fog, and where weird Chinese mockery would have no place.

Thus instilling as many pleasant and comforting thoughts as possible into the channels of his brain, he felt that when his breakfast was concluded his mind had completely regained its normal contented status. His after-breakfast smoke and perusal of the various morning journals was interrupted by a telephone call from his lawyer who requested an immediate interview on an important matter.

"Sorry, Mr. Steers," said Harcourt decidedly, "but I am going down to the country this morning, and it will be impossible for me to come, can't you—?"

"I am sorry, too, Mr. Harcourt," interrupted the voice on the other end of the wire, "for your country trip must yield precedence to your call on me. It is absolutely imperative." Harcourt grudgingly gave his consent and hung up the receiver in disgust.

"Unpack my things, will you, Groves," he called to the valet in the next room, "I won't be able to go till tomorrow."

All the morning and a greater part of the afternoon, Harcourt was closeted with his lawyer; and at four o'clock he returned to his apartments, the buoyancy gone from his step and the joy from his face. The last few hours had made him drawn and haggard, as though worn with the weight of some long-endured trouble.

During the evening he remained seated in his den, instead of resorting, as was his custom, to one or the other of his clubs; and when he retired that night, instinctively he undressed with his back to the mantle, that his eyes might not rest on his unfortunate possession.

When a restless night had passed into another day, Harcourt called his valet to him at breakfast and informed him that he intended to release him from further service.

"Ah no, Groves," he said, before the valet could reply, and answering apparently his look of amazement. "It is not that. You have discharged your duties to perfection. I cannot give my reasons—but you must leave." He finished abruptly in a broken voice, and the valet, who guessed at what was implied by his faltering speech and tone, nodded respectfully in silence.

Another session with his lawyer marked the major part of Harcourt's program that day. Part of his evening he spent in penning letters to sundry clubs, enclosing his dues to date, and requesting that his name be henceforth suspended from the list of club members in which it had been so regularly inscribed.

The third afternoon, after the ill-fated dinner at the Travis's, when the sunset glows were just beginning to penetrate the unlighted rooms of Harcourt's apartments, he returned jaded and pale, horribly like a grotesque waxen image of his former self. He sank noiselessly into a seat, from which after a minute he rose

slowly. Going to his bedroom, be rested his elbows on the back of a morris chair, his chin between his clenched hands, and fixed his eyes in dull fascination on the grinning idol who sat in a red haze of light reflected from the dying sun, which light appeared to Harcourt in his morbid imagination like a pool of blood.

"I wonder," he said in a voice which seemed to him peculiarly strained and husky, "I wonder if there's anything to you besides clay, my friend. You're beside me when I lose at billiards; you're with me when I quarrel with my best friend; you're in my house," he continued, raising his voice in unnatural excitement, "when I receive a summons from my lawyer, who tells me that through some unforeseen seesaw in stocks I am reduced to an income which a second-year bank clerk would scorn to receive. I wonder if there is anything to you beside clay."

He knew he was talking nonsense; he wondered vaguely if the blow he had received was driving him insane; he felt a dull stupor gradually stealing over his faculties, numbing, as it were, his powers of reasoning; he felt his head slowly leaning forward towards the mantle, his eyes steadily fixed on the god's sardonic mocking mouth; he was strangely conscious of the futility of his pitting himself against the malign influence controlled by that hideous creature, which he seemed to see dragging him down, down to some bottomless pit of fate.

"No, no," he cried fiercely, breaking with a tremendous effort from his lethargy, "you're nothing but clay, worthless, harmless, inoffensive clay. You have nothing to do with my troubles; but your devil's grin is driving me mad."

He seized the idol in both hands, and raising it above his head, dashed it to the floor. With a crash the clay broke into a thousand pieces. At the same time Harcourt caught hold of the chair as though about to faint, his eyes riveted on the mangled remains of the god of ill luck, from whose inside had burst a bright glittering cluster, a temple treasure of untold wealth; a heap of diamonds which lay shining up at him with multifold rays of hope.

For a second he remained there, staring; and then involuntarily

his laughter rang through the room. With jubilant steps he walked to the telephone and called a number—"Hello! is that you, Colonel? This is Harcourt. Come right over to the rooms, will you? I want to tell you a story about the best Chinese god you ever heard of—with a very deceptive smile," he added, with a chuckle.

E. S. S., '10.

"The Epicure"

Did you ever eat a section of a crocodile's tail?
Or a juicy piece of blubber from a tender sperm whale?
Have you ever had a portion of a pickaninny stew?
If not, the best of life is still away ahead of you.

Have you ever lunched with gusto on a tender monkey steak?
On cocoanuts and mushrooms, on tiger soup and hake?
Have you never boiled your better half into a wholesome brew?
If not the best of life is still away ahead of YOU.

Have you never filled a cavity with ladies' fingers sweet?
With nigger toes and missionaries, armadillo's feet?
Have you never had a bicep or a knuckle bone to chew?
Oh, then the best of life is still away ahead of YOU.

G. H., '11

NEWS NOTES

The subject of the debate before the House on Thursday, Dec. 16, read: "Resolved, that school and college athletics are conducted on a more sane and wholesome basis in England than in America," a subject near the hearts of all of us, and for that reason debated with much energy and interest. The affirmative speakers, Johnson and Kilmer, though probably sympathizers with the negative, did such justice to the subject that the decision was in doubt till the last minute. Schwarz and Clark, for the negative, pushed their arguments with a vim that was well backed up by speakers from the floor, of which there were an unusual number, Hunter, Pollard, Barnet, Hussey, Sawtelle and Russell participating. Miss Liden gave a very excellent criticism, and Mr. Chisholm, as judge, gave the decision to the negative, the House also voting that way. This debate was, perhaps, better handled than usual, the reason being probably that quoted above, the familiarity of the subject. Let's have some more like it.

On New Year's eve the Riverdale Casino was the scene of a most delightful dance given by the NÜ chapter of the ΓΔΨ. The matrons were Mrs. Edward J. Stewart, Mrs. Melvin Collins and Mrs. Murphy.

On New Year's day the rifle club held a match with the Alumni at 25 yards range. Each team consisted of four men, with a possible individual score of 500 and 2000 for a team total. The shots were fired in two positions, standing and prone. The Alumni

team had an intercollegiate aspect, the members representing Williams, Cornell, Technology and Harvard. The scores were as follows:—

Alumni.		B. H. S. Rifle Team.	
Nicolls	449	Capper	466
Carver	434	Haslam	457
Rudolf	437	Fessenden	453
Rand	440	Briggs	445
Total	1,760	Total	1,821

Cyril Jones has been elected captain of the Junior Class Track Team.

On Tuesday afternoon, January 4, the Girls' Debating Club made its debut. There were in all about sixty-five present, an attendance which was most encouraging to the debaters. After the minutes of the last meeting had been read and all business matters attended to, Mr. Hitchcock addressed the club and expressed his heartiest approval of the organization and wished it the best of success. Then a letter of congratulations and best wishes from Alan Hay, president of the boys' Debating Club, was read.

The subject for the day was: "*Resolved*, that written term examinations should be abolished." Eleanor Allen, '12, and Monica O'Shea, '13, upheld the affirmative against Jean Christie, '10, and Madeline Crandell, '10, the negative. For a first debate the girls certainly did extremely well. The speakers from the floor were Mary Morris, Rachel Albee, Elsie Pike, Helen Brooks, Hilda Vallandigham, and Irma Waterhouse. The critic was Miss Lewis. Miss Liden acted as judge, giving the decision to the negative. Then a vote of the house was taken, which quite agreed with the judge's decision.

The debate held on Thursday afternoon, January 6th, and

open to the public, was granted to have been one of the best of the season. While, on account of the unfavorable weather and walking, not as many girls were there as were expected to be, the unusual number of boys more than made up the deficiency.

The subject read: "Resolved, That the spread of Nihilism is an advance toward further privileges for the lower classes in Russia." The affirmative was upheld by Jones and Stone; Russell and Smith contested the negative, the debate thus taking an interclass form.

After business had been completed, Jones opened for the affirmative and proved that Nihilism cannot be stamped out, that the great mass of people in Russia have no voice in the government, that Nihilism is receiving the moral and material support of the other nations, and that it is affecting badly the Russian financial system and credit.

Russell then gave a brief history of Nihilism and showed how, every time it has caused revolts, it has met stronger resistance and oppression, how it is unjustified by present social and political conditions, and how it is injurious to the people. Stone replied for the affirmative, explaining how all peaceful reforms have failed, and that Russia of today must be treated as France of yesterday. The last speaker for the negative, Smith, proved how it is a small middle class in Russia which keeps Nihilism alive; and he showed how their aims might be better accomplished by other means. The debate being then thrown open to the House, a spirited discussion ensued between Hay, Barnet and Hunter, after which the rebuttal took place. The affirmative, represented by Stone, contented itself with citing instances and details in the struggle in which the Nihilists are participating, while Russell for the negative attacked the arguments and points offered by the affirmative. The critic, Miss Knowles, gave a criticism acknowledged by all to be one of the most able and beneficial ever offered the club. She found the most apparent faults to consist of the use of too involved sentences, and of too little explanation on the subject debated.

The judge, Mr. Case, though personally inclined to the affirmative, gave the decision to the negative on account of their greater aggressiveness and force in the delivery of the arguments. The vote of the house, though close, supported this decision. The debate proved a pleasure to all who heard it, and shows great progress from what the standard used to be. The absence of grammatical errors was remarkable; the language used was very clear, while the participants themselves showed good bearing and lack of attempt at undue emphasis.

The following members of the Rifle Club have qualified for the Junior National Marksman's Medal indoors. Some good scores have been made, which, if kept up, will help win the national championship in a month's time. A. Chandler, Capper, Haslam, Schwarz, Lyons, Pond, Briggs, W. Chandler, M. Crory, Van Bibber, Fessenden, F. Crory, Stevens, Nordell and Pollard are the contestants. Any more fellows wishing to enter will have to wake up, for development of recruits is over and the team must have all possible use of the range.

An interesting feature of the training of the track team this year is the calling out of the class teams at the same time, a scheme likely to be beneficial in many ways. While some hidden stars may be disclosed, it is a method likely to develop material for a very "scrappy" interclass meet. If the fellows will show the proper spirit Mr. Carrell will turn out a team that ought to keep the track banner where it now is, "the right thing in the right place."

The Dramatics are coming soon! All those who were here last year know what that means, and those who weren't, well—they had better come and find out. This year, under the supervision of Miss Hay and Mr. Brooks, William Gillette's play, "The Private Secretary," is to be given. This is a comedy in three acts, all of which are most amusing. Harold Cooley and Alan Hay of last year's cast are going to take two of the leading parts. Rehearsals are now in progress, as the play will be given the latter part of this month.

The following is an excerpt from a letter received recently from Thorndike Saville, who is living at Culebra, Canal Zone:—

Recently we have had quite exciting times here, owing to the steady rains which were general for nearly a week, causing a great flood in the Chagres River. On account of the damage which an unexpected rise in the river would do to the Canal excavation, four flood predicting stations are located at varying distances up the river. On the afternoon of November fifteenth notification was received from Vigia (the station farthest up the river) that the water was rising steadily. Reports were received from this station at intervals until the evening of the eighteenth, when the river had risen so high that the gauges were under water, and later the observer's house was flooded, the telephone put out of commission, and finally the man in charge forced to take to the hills for safety.

From the evening of the eighteenth to the morning of the nineteenth reports were received from Alhajuela (the next station down the river) that the water was still going up, and all movable machinery in the Canal liable to be damaged was moved to a place of safety. Early on the nineteenth the Alhajuela telephone connections were also broken, and from now on no more reports were received from up the river. The gauging station at Gamboa, on the banks of the Chagres, was, however, still giving results and continued to do so during the remainder of the flood. The crest, or highest level, of the flood passed during the afternoon on the nineteenth.

On the twentieth (fortunately for me, a Saturday), I went with the repair party to fix the Alhajuela telephone line. On passing over Culebra Cut at Bas Obispo, we found that the river had overflowed the dike at the entrance of the Cut and had completely flooded the work. Two steam shovels were almost entirely covered by the water, and several engines, drills, pumps, etc., were wholly invisible.

On the opposite side, the river had broken through a high bank and was flowing through the completed Canal for some four miles.

We pushed on to Gamboa, and there found that the river was

much too swift and full of debris to ascend. So we were forced to take to the trail, a very muddy and disagreeable path cut through the jungle along the telephone line. A short distance from Gamboa the trail crosses a creek which can ordinarily be easily forded, but now was some eight or ten feet deep, and quite impassable for heavily ladened men. Two natives were sent to swim to the other side, an axe was thrown across to them, and in about an hour they had very expertly felled a large cotton tree so that it lay between the banks and formed a very serviceable if not ornamental bridge. As we proceeded we could see along the path the marks of the water of the day before, some six feet above us. A native cayuga (canoe) could then easily have gone over the path on which we were walking. The break in the line was found some three or four miles further, where three poles had been washed away by the river.

The rain has not only delayed greatly the excavation on account of the large quantity of water in the Cut, but it has also, and this is much more serious, started several large slides. A section of the road near our house has slid away, carrying with it the water and sewer lines and the compressed air main which supplies power to the drills in the Cut. Several other much larger slides have also developed, one in the native village having necessitated the tearing down of the whole town before it should slide into the Cut.

Another disagreeable incident was that for three days no trains could cross the Isthmus, owing to the tracks having been washed away, and during that time we received practically no supplies. Moreover, for three consecutive days the thermometer remained sixty-nine and seventy-four, and this low temperature, added to the cold damp wind which blew continuously, forced us to keep all of our doors shut tight and the electric lights turned on all day, in order to keep warm. This doesn't sound much like nine degrees north of the equator, does it?

On November third and fourth I was in Panama helping the Panamanians celebrate the sixth anniversary of their Independence from Columbia. The streets were full of a noisy, boisterous,

reckless crowd, many of which were in masquerade costumes. Order was kept much better this year than on either of the two preceding years which I have witnessed, and it was correspondingly less interesting to me. I am sending you a poster of a bull fight, one of which was held on that day.

I expect that I have written a much too lengthy letter, but you may gain from it something of what our "goings on" down here are like. You may also see that I have really had a very busy month when you add school and studying, which take up a great deal of time, and horseback-riding, which takes up all the rest, to what I have already told you.

Yours very sincerely,

THORNDIKE SAVILLE.

Mistress — "Bridget, these are ewers; I hope you won't call them jugs any more."

Bridget—"Thanks, mum, sure, and is these cups mine, too?"

—*Ex.*

Mamma—"Willie, I wish you would run over and see how old Mrs. Brown is this morning."

Willie (five minutes later)—"Mrs. Brown says it's none of your business how old she is."—*Ex.*

A hobo dentist is touring in Ohio. His specialty is inserting teeth in pies.—*Ex.*

Beggar—"Kind sir, could you help a victim of the trusts? I am starving."

Gent—"How are the trusts responsible?"

Beggar—"They shut down de factory where me wife had a job."—*Ex.*

Miss S—"Oh, Captain, were you ever boarded by a pirate?"

Captain—"Yes, I spent several months at the summer resorts last year."—*Ex.*

King Harald's Daughter

The calm of a summer day
Over fair Norway lay,
When up the sparkling bay
A ship came sailing.
"Vikings!" Arose the cry,
"Cans't not their flag descry,
Black as it floats on high?"
Brave men were paling.

Larger the ship's form grew,
Close to the shore it drew,
Forth came the Viking crew,
Bright spear-points gleaming.
Led by their chieftain tall
Went they to Harald's hall,
Terror came over all,
Women were screaming.

Then spake King Harald loud,
Fearful, yet ever proud,
Calming the frightened crowd,
"Fathom I can't, sir,
Why, in this peaceful land
Cometh thy warlike band."
Then, stretching forth his hand,
The chief made answer—

"Though Viking's flag I fly
Only in peace come I,
To ask, and not defy,
Give me thy daughter.
Then, with her as my bride
Safe standing by my side,
Free as the gulls we'll ride
O'er the blue water!"

Wrath, like the thunder-sky,
Darkened King Harald's eye
Terrible was his cry,
"Oh, thou art clever,
Thinking to force a 'Yea'
Where I will give but 'Nay.'
Take thou my *land* today,
My *daughter*—never!"

The Viking, thus defied,
Never a word replied,
Forth in his wounded pride
They saw him going.
They saw the ship set sail,
Grow small, and seeming frail.
Time passed; the winter gale
O'er all was blowing.

Troubled the waters grew,
Down the fjord storm-winds blew,
No ship dared journey through,
    Such blasts were raging.
In the assembly-hall
Harald his chiefs did call,
And told this to them all,—
    (War he was waging).

"Word to me has been brought,
That Olaf leaves his fort,
And will attack the port
    Helpless without us.
Is no brave sailor here
Who will cast off his fear,
And warn them of danger near?
    Shall Olaf rout us?"

As they stood terrified—
"Sir King!" a firm voice cried,
The Viking approached his side;
    "Once didst thou slight me.
But for thy daughter's sake,
I will the voyage make;
Should good luck overtake,
    She will requite me."

"Sir," cried the King, "No land
Boasts of a braver band!
Winning—my daughter's hand!
    Go thou this hour!"
The chief rejoined his crew,
Away from the land they drew,
Slowly sailed out of view,
    In the storm's power.

Struggling on night and day,
Tossed by the wind and spray,
O'er the tempestuous way,
    E'er coming nearer;
Till, when death seemed at hand,
One of the valiant band
Sighted a strip of land,—
    Ne'er sight were dearer!

. . . . . .

The spring of another year
Made grass and flowers appear,
Chimes rang out sweet and clear,
    O'er the blue water;
Tears mixed with laughter gay,
As, down the sparkling bay,
The Viking sailed away,
    With the king's daughter.

D. H., '12.

Miss S— says that a man of Robert Burns's temperament generally *burns* himself out in his youth. Oh! Oh!!

Walker in III. German C.—"I can't do anything without my hair being combed."

Dr. R— adds to the list of gym stunts. He speaks of "sitting down in different directions."

What's that heard in the Debating Club about the first murder being committed by a young girl, the Chief of Police? We always blamed Cain.

Dean translating in III. French—" 'un peau de mouton'—a mutton skin."

I. English A.—Hay tells us that "Greatness is *isness*."

Miss F— to III. English—"Which is right, who or whom, and if so, why?"

Heard in II. Algebra—"Zero x equals zero twenty."

Recently in III. English—Miss Hastings asked if "tears were salt."

According to Dr. R— the latest thing in ladies' hair-dressing is *serpents* instead of *rats*.

I. French, Room 5—Mr. B—, a great lover of "bêtes" nearly resigned his position when he discovered one of Miss P—'s horntoads gazing admiringly at him.

Toasts are being proposed in III. German A.—"The cat drank the milk to him."

Heard from Miss Page in the Girls' Debating Club—"If the president be a lady it is customary to address *him* as 'Madam President.' "

Dr. R—, speaking of a man being hit on the head by a stone, says, "The stone and his face met."

Overheard—"If I am writing to a friend, I write 'Cher Ami'; but if I write to my grocer, I write 'Bon Ami.' "

Pupil—"Mardonius was killed in this battle. The fleet then went to—"
Miss M—"Well, where did Mardonius go next? Look up his record."

Extract from recitation in IV. English C.—"and after he died he kept right on singing!" With a harp accompaniment?

A glaring anachronism! "Cæsar kept the wires hot between Geneva and Rome!"

Alumni Notes

'04. Walter G. Carlisle has gone into business for himself. He is an electrical contractor in Boston.

'05. "Dick" Floyd has been playing full-back on his class team at Harvard during the past season. He also managed the Varsity Cross Country Team.

'05. Hazel Coyle was one of the committee in charge of the New Year's dance given by the Senior Class of the Faelten Pianoforte School.

'06. "Dick" Kimball has been elected captain of the Brookline Gymnasium Hockey Team.

'06. "Bill" O'Hearn is also playing on the Brookline Gymnasium seven. He participated in the game in which Dartmouth was defeated 5 to 2.

'06. "Don" Williamson has been elected to the Senior portfolio committee at Tech.

'06. Stanton Burnham is a member of the gymnasium team at Harvard.

'06. The engagement of Ralph Marshall and Mabel Cushing has recently been announced.

'07. In some cases Brookline seems not only to develop brains and muscle, but also appetites! Recently at the Technology Union, George Kenny devoured thirty eggs in twenty-two minutes on a bet. He followed this prodigious performance with three glasses of water, coffee and dessert. What a rushing business they must have done at the lunch counter when George was at High School!

'07. Charles Hann is on the committee for the Junior dance at Harvard. This committee is chosen from the most popular fellows of the class.

'07. St. Clair Wodell is the base soloist at the Baptist Church in Middleboro.

'07. Joyce Knowlton, after undergoing an operation for appendicitis, has returned to Smith College.

'08. Newton Stern was among those to receive prizes for scholarship at Harvard.

'08. "Joe" Kittredge is also an honor man at Cambridge for high standing in his studies.

'09. Franz Niccolls, our former crew captain, has broken all shooting records at Cornell. He shot 143 out of a possible 150.

Ex-'09. Eva Kellogg as violinist furnished the music at a recent meeting of the Melrose Highlands Woman's Club. Miss Kellogg has a record at the New England Conservatory of Music.

Ex-'10. Helena Stewart is attending the Curtis-Peabody School, Boston, where she is preparing for Wellesley.

Ex-'11. Harry Mcdewell has won his letters for football at Brown and Nichols' School.

Ex-'11. Bertha Nudd was recently married to Mr. Perkins of Bath, Maine.

Ex-'11. Hugh Knowlton at present attending Hotchkiss School, was a recent visitor in our midst.

Ex-'11. "Tom" Furness won a prize lately for a story published in the school paper at Dr. Sanford's School. He has also taken part in some dramatics at that institution and has been playing left tackle on the football team.

First Kid—"Does yer ma cut yer hair?"

Second Ditto—"A lady cut my hair? Nit! Look what happened to Samson!"

"Uncle George, we are studying synonyms in school, and I want to know the difference between 'cute' and 'sneaky.' "

"According to your mother, it is the difference between what you do and what Mrs. Jones' little boy does."

TRACK.

Immediately after the Christmas vacation Captain Chandler issued a call for track candidates. About thirty fellows responded, and the prospects for a successful season are good. The team practises in the gymnasium, and on two days a week the school has the use of the B. A. A. board track. A training table is to be started on January 31 and besides the regular schedule, which is given below, handicap events will be run off weekly.

But to defeat Newton and Cambridge Latin this winter is not going to be such an easy feat as most of the fellows seem to think. Brookline will have to fight her level best in order to secure the championship, and to do this the team must have the backing of everyone in the school.

Why don't more of you fellows come out and try for the team? You don't know whether or not you can run, jump, or put the shot until you try. Come out and show your school spirit, anyway. And, girls, you can help the team by attending every meet and making each fellow feel that the whole school believes in him and is willing to give him its most loyal support.

February 5. Lowell High School Dual Meet, 7.30 p. m., at Lowell.

February 11. Newton Freshman Dual Meet, 3 p. m., at Newton.

February 18 and 19. Triangular Meet, 8 p. m., at Newton.

———. Lawrence Light Guard Relay Race.
February 26. B. A. A. Interscholastic Meet, 3 p. m.

HOCKEY.

Owing to poor weather conditions, so far this season the progress of the hockey team under the leadership of Harry Mason has been greatly retarded. Fifteen fellows are out for the team, however, and under good conditions we may expect improvement to be rapid.

FOOTBALL.

The following men have received their "B" for football. F. O'Hearn, J. O'Hearn, Hammer, Capper, Rowan, Kimball, Dexter, Emerson, Head, Priest, Harry Mason and Haven Mason. At a meeting of these fellows held recently, J. O'Hearn was elected captain for 1910. The school will have the services of O'Hearn, Capper, Rowan, Kimball, Head, Priest and Haven Mason next year, and around these men we may expect a team to be built which will accomplish wonders. Good luck to you, Jack!

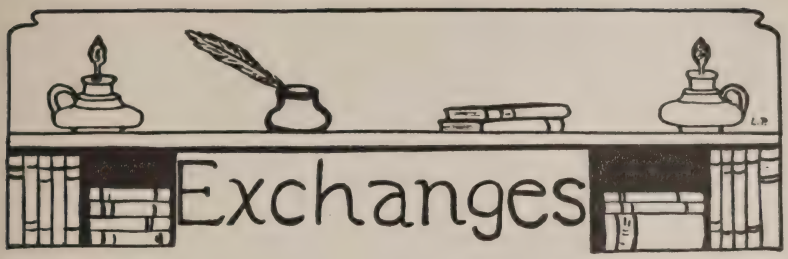
A little bird sat on a telegraph wire,
And said to his mates gathered there
"When wireless telegraphy comes into use
We'll all have to sit in the air."

Mistress—"If you want the eggs to keep they must be laid in a cool place."

Bridget—"Oi'll mintion it to the hens at wunst, mum."

Sympathetic old lady (to tramp)—"Ah! my poor fellow, life is full of trials, is it not?"

Frayed Fagin—"It are, mum, wot wuz you tried for?"



The Sagamore acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following: Adelphian, Artisan, Blue and White, Bulletin (3) (Harvard College), Bulletin (Montclair High School), Clarion, Columbia Alumni News (2), Courier, Daisy, Echo, Erasmian, Gazette (2), Golden Rod, Graphite, Herald, Imp, Jabberwock, Keramos, Ledger, Megaphone, Oracle, Quill, Record, Register, Review, Russ, Southern Workman (2), Sphinx, Student, Tripod (2), Vexillum, Vindex, White and Blue.

Occasionally we come across an interesting story; and once in a great while a theme comes to light that has not been pressed into service since the beginning of time. "All in the Name" in "The Golden Rod" combines both these elements. It does something more—it reanimates a flickering hope in the exchange editor's mind; for there evidently are a few people left with the ability to write something readable. The idea is comforting, for this year is notable for its dearth of good stories—we all alike seem to be struggling with the problem of making something out of nothing.

But why not live up to your literary merits in other departments, Golden Rod? The cut for your exchange column is unpleasantly suggestive, and the column itself contains nothing but jokes. A column conspicuously labeled "Exchanges" which is filled with borrowed jokes, is, to the exchange editor, as a red rag to a bull. We suggest that in an exchange column a few comments are in order.

Another story which proved an oasis in the desert was "All's Well That Ends Well" in the Adelphian. But as for "The Hat from Gay Paris," either the author has left a little too much to the fertile imagination or else the exchange editor is unusually dense,

for the story succeeded in leaving him, as well as Kingsley, "with the mystery still unsolved." The author has evidently done his readers the compliment of believing them possessed of more subtle powers of divination than those with which he endowed his hero.

Short stories are in the majority in "The Quill." We were relieved to see that other papers are in want of long stories; for, as ever, "Misery loves company." And that particular kind of misery this year certainly does not suffer from loneliness. The exchange cut is unusually clever, a fit heading for so excellent a department; and the editorials, which the ordinary person skims over as a bore, have the unique quality of being interesting.

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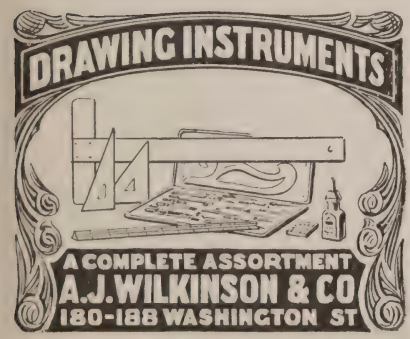

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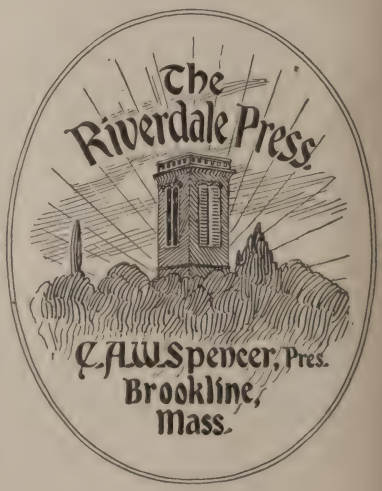

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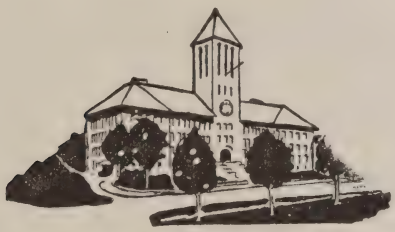

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River—Winthrop's Journal

VOLUME XVI MARCH, 1910 NUMBER 5

Editorials

SOME time ago the school was addressed by a student from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who gave a most interesting outline of the Tech student at work and at play. He brought up, in the course of his speech, one topic which seems to be food for thought. This was the subject of the point system as used in M. I. T.

The so-called point system as used in many colleges is a means for more equal and fair division of the honors and offices of school life, both political and athletic. Just stop and run back in your minds over the past three or four years, and realize what a close corporation this school has been in regard to the distribution of honors. Do not think for an instant that we find fault with any selection for offices in the past. They could not have been bettered, but—could they not have been equalled? There's the point. Take the executive offices of the several school institutions separately and there is no tremendous responsibility attached; but take these together and you will find that they involve more work than any one pupil should undertake to handle alone, in connection with his school work. He can do justice neither to his studies nor to these outside tasks. If the honors were divided, neither would suffer; on the contrary both would probably be benefited.

As an example, let us look at the case of athletics. It seems hardly fair that the captain of a team, say football, should be manager of the baseball team, without having it cost him his chance for some other office.

For the sake of beginning somewhere we publish a suggestive scale of points to work upon. Following the college plan, we will limit the offices that one pupil may hold to an aggregate of ten points.

Of course this system is only a suggestion, something to work upon, and may be changed to suit the popular public opinion. By trying combinations of offices, it will be seen that a maximum of ten points under this scale will prohibit any one from a lion's share of the honors, or more work than he can satisfactorily carry. Now, fellows and girls, here is a beginning. Go ahead and finish it up. Everybody should think the matter over and have a definite plan in his head, so that when the time comes to adopt a point system he will know what he wants. To put it plainly, it's up to you.

We all of us have dreams, some wilder than others, often depending on how many times we "come again" for rarebit the evening before. Also, when a tender freshman is deeply in love he often has weird brainstorms at night, but the poor editor had a dream recently, resulting from neither of these. He dreamed of a wondrous thing—an enclosed field behind our high school. Think of it, a real live enclosed field! A high board-fence, bleachers, a four-lap cinder track, room enough for a gridiron and a diamond! "Oh, say, can you see!" He looked closer, and there he saw Brookline trimming the life out of a team wearing orange and black jerseys. They were playing football, the revised game where pink tea is served between the halves, and the players say, "I'm sorry," and "Excuse me." The scene suddenly changed, and there was Kelley knocking out a home run which won the baseball game. Brookline and Newton were playing on *our* field! The shock was too great—the editor woke with a start to realize the bitter sarcasm of the dream.

But, fellows, do you catch my drift? We want that enclosed field. Haven't we been catering to Newton long enough? Why should our games be always played on their grounds? Feast your

eyes on the blue print plan on the bulletin board downstairs. Talk it up. Make the town authorities sit up and take notice; or, better still, some one think of a way to raise the necessary "silver wheels" to found that "garden of dreams."

Great discovery! Some one actually put a contribution in the Sagamore box down by the Swanee Ri—, I mean the lunch counter. That's the proper spirit. Fill that box up. Don't be disappointed if your contribution does not appear in print. Just try again. We cannot use everything, but it's fine to have an abundance to pick from. Keep it up. Stuff the box.

Now for the B. H. S. Dramatics. Everyone in school should turn out to see this year's show. Come and bring your friends.

The Powers That Be

Points	Offices	Present Holders
	B. H. S. A. A.	
VI.	President	Harry B. Collins
III.	Vice-President	Francis O'Hearn
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	Faculty Member	Mr. Packard
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II.	Secretary	Vera McDonald
II.	Treasurer	Francis O'Hearn
	II Class.	
II.	President	Eric Stone
I.	Vice-President	Eleanor Driscoll
I.	Treasurer	Cyril Jones
I.	Secretary	Marion Mills
	III Class.	
II.	President	Bryant Hawes
I.	Vice-President	Hilda Vallandigham
I.	Treasurer	John Kilmer
I.	Secretary	Frances Hall
	I V Class.	
II.	President	J. Marshall Head
I.	Vice-President	Mildred Atwood
I.	Treasurer	Dorothy Rhodes
I.	Secretary	Lawrence Pond

Points	Offices	Present Holders
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III.	Vice-President	Eric Stone
III.	Secretary	Albert Pollard
IV.	Rhetorical Committee	Philip Russell
		Edwin Smith
		Fred Hunter
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V.	President	Silvia Goulston
III.	Vice-President	Rachael Albee
III.	Secretary and Treasurer	Ann Page
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		Irma Waterhouse
		Hilda Vallandigham
	Senior Social Committee.	
III.		Irma Waterhouse (Chairman)
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		Rosalind Winchester
		Harry B. Collins
		Arthur Jacobs
	Senior Social Playlet.	
III.		Irma Waterhouse
		Francis Wyman
		Madeline Crandell
		James Kelley
		James McGrath
		John C. Metcalf
		Francis O'Hearn
		Arthur Jacobs
	Mandolin Club.	
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V.	Manager	Cyril Jones
	Sagamore.	
V.	Editor-in-Chief	Harold Cooley
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Points	Offices	Present Holders
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		William M. Shedden
		Francis O'Hearn
		Squire Kraft
		Francis Wyman
		Marion Corlew
		Elsie Page
		Katharine Webb
		Evelyn Coon
II.	Stage Manager]	Arthur Jacobs
II.	Business Manager	John Metcalf
	Class Day Officers.	
III.	Orator	Philip Russell
III.	Poet	Sylvia Goulston
III.	Historian	Edwin Smith
III.	Prophet	Arthur Jacobs
III.	Prophetess	Madeline Crandell
III.	Odist	Robert Emerson
	Class Day Committee.	
II.		Elsie Pike
		Allen Dexter
		Francis O'Hearn
	French Club.	
IV.	President	Alan Hay
II.	Vice-President	Rosalind Winchester
II.	Secretary	Jean Christie
II.	Treasurer	Edwin Smith
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I.	*Photograph Committee.*	
		Alan Hay
		Francis O'Hearn
		Arthur Jacobs
		Margaret Dow
		Gladys Brown
	Football Team.	
V.	Captain	Francis O'Hearn
IV.	Manager	Robert Emerson
II.	Assistant Manager	John Metcalf
	Baseball Team.	
V.	Captain	James McGrath
IV.	Manager	William Johnson
II.	Assistant Manager	
	Hockey Team.	
III.	Captain	Harrison Mason
II.	Manager	Bryant Hawes
I.	Assistant Manager	John Kingman
	Track Team.	
IV.	Captain	Alfred D. Chandler
III.	Manager	John Metcalf
I.	Assistant Manager	Frederick Estes

Thick O' Fog

"SINKERS and," said John Saul, as he slid his long right leg over the stool in Palmer's restaurant; and "sinkers and," echoed the gaunt creature hehind the counter.

"Kind er thick out side, ain't it, cap'n?" asked the latter, "kind er thick, John?"

"Oh, yes," answered the old fisherman, slipping half a doughnut into his mouth, "but I've seen thicker. Lord, yes. I've seed the fog what 'ud make this here look like mornin' mist."

"So?"

"Yep, and it wasn't far from here either where we hit it thickest."

The man behind the counter shoved the sugar bowl down within reach of his customer and waited, knowing his man.

"You see, 'twas like this," went on Captain Saul. "I shipped in '98 with Sam Gale in the old 'Tartar,' out of Gloucester, bound to Georges for a mess o' haddick—if we could get 'em. Well, we must er had a Jonah on board that trip' cause we hardly pulled a mean five thousand. 'Twas about the middle of February when we cleared for the west'ard, and, light as we were sailing, we hoped to make a quick run of it. Well, we made out alright until on the third day when we reckoned to be pretty near Boston. We ran into a bank of fog which were a caution. Thick? Why it were that thick we had to bale out the dories each watch, the air was so wet. Now that's straight—you couldn't see the mainmast from the wheel. It was my watch for'ard, though a lot of good I could do; and I leaned against the foremast and looked out into that fog. I couldn't see the water, and I tell you it gave me the creeps ter be floating along just like through the air. All on a sudden the fog lifted a mite, and by fish-hooks, if there weren't a yacht lying to a mooring, and another not a length to leeward. Well, I smelt land, and you bet we got the old Tartar into the wind quick and dropped over a mud hook. And where do you s'pose we was?"

His listener shook his head solemnly. "Well," said John Saul, "I'd heard o' a vessel sailing over the cause way up at the head of Marblehead harbor when it was blowin' a livin' gale and that strip of land was under water; but by thunder, we'd done 'em one better —we'd sailed over a hundred feet o' dirt in the fog. It was that thick it *lifted* us right over!"

The gaunt man lifted his once white apron to his mouth and diplomatically bowed his head. Old John Saul swung off his stool, dropped a dime on the counter and walked out without saying a word.

The man behind the counter watched him stumble across the street and then—well he just laughed, laughed with a noise like Baker's Island Fog whistle—and then cleared away the captain's dishes.

X.

That Dog

THAT bull-dog stood under me on the ground, while I remained high and dry on the limb of the tree. It is needless to say that in some unknown manner I had offended his majesty; and as the time sped by I realized that desperate means were my only resource. Calling him the most beautiful thing imaginable had not so far done any good. Neither was it any use to swear at him, under my breath or out loud. The only result this brought was a calm smile on his ugly face, and to me utter hopelessness.

It was nearly train time and I positively had to catch that train, because SHE was going to be on it. So, to appease Mr. Bull-Dog's lust for tearing a part of my wearing apparel away from me, I offered my necktie. That was good for about two minutes; but when I made a brave attempt to jump and run—"Gr-r-r," and I

nearly dropped in my tracks. To me it signified, "No further or you will lose some of your coat," and imagine me appearing before HER with a torn coat!

The next time I offered my vest as a token of my great regard. Again the same result to my attempt at escape. Now, it was five minutes to train time and the station half a mile away. But the situation was desperate and I decided to run the gauntlet. This movement on my part took my friend so by surprise that I was three feet ahead of him when we got under way. Down the dusty road we fled. First I gained, then he gained, then I gained, and so on until the station with the train just pulling out came into view. Doggy was just having his innings, but my overpowering desire to see HER was a little bit greater than his eagerness for my clothes, so I was just able to catch the end of the last car with what little dignity the race had left me.

Vestless and without my tie I rushed through the cars. Not in the first, nor in the second, nor the third. Ah, SHE must be in the fourth! Imagine my disgust when, instead of a light-haired, smiling girl, her little brother popped up, saying, "Hello, Hal, Sis is awful sorry but she had to stay at N. B. for a tea this afternoon. She will meet you on the nine-six tomorrow morning."

He was gone and I was left alone, to think things about bull-dogs, and girls who break appointments with nice young men to go to pink teas.

G. F. J., '10.

The Rush Hours of a Large City

RUSH hours are about eight in the morning and from five to six-thirty in the afternoon. During these hours large crowds may be seen moving to and from town respectively.

I, perforce, joined this agitated mass of men, women and children. Although, out in Saugus Centre, I had often heard of this wild mob, I never before had the sorrow of participating in it, and, by God's help, I never will again. As I was countrified and unused to the ways of the city, I imitated the finely-dressed gentlemen around me.

My first act was to pull an inoffensive old lady backward off the car-step and leap into her place. I disliked doing this, it seemed a trifle impolite, but as at least six "swell" gentlemen had done the same thing to the same old lady, it was, undoubtedly, the only correct thing to do.

Seeing a very pretty young lady about to sit in the only empty seat, which happened to be near me, I glanced around to see what my better-bred companions would do. They all made a dive for it. I, following their example, succeeded not only in gaining the seat but in knocking down the girl in the most approved style.

Here my sorrows began. Apparently to retaliate, the girl commenced a sort of gorilla warfare, tramping on my feet, setting her umbrella down forcibly on my toes, knocking my hat off with her elbow at every lurch of the car, and sitting heavily in my lap whenever the car turned a corner. Looking around I discovered my fatal error. I had not purchase a newspaper. All the other men were hidden behind a fortification of journalism. After trying to conduct myself like a gentleman for five minutes, I was at last forced to show my vulgarity by getting up and giving the lady my seat. Her recognition of this base act showed me only too clearly that she thought I was no cultured person for, as she sat down, she muttered, "Good Heavens! He surely don't live in Boston."

. S., 1911.

EWS OTES

The talk given to the school Friday morning, January 14th, by Miss Bailey, on "School and College Life in Germany," was extremely interesting to all of the audience, especially to the boys, who were busy making calculations and comparisons. Miss Bailey went thoroughly into the boys' side of the question, perhaps because girls are not educated so much in Germany as they are here. She gave some vivid accounts of duels, ovations and other events dear to the heart of the German boy; and she told of their high standard of scholarship, not so cherished, perhaps, but nevertheless maintained. It was the last named item that turned the concensus of opinion in favor of our schools, and the majority of the hearers are satisfied with Brookline.

On Wednesday morning, January 26th, the speaker was Professor Macmillan of Worcester Academy and the Peary North Pole expedition. He was introduced by Rev. Dr. Vernon on behalf of the Brookline Educational Society, to whom we are indebted for the pleasure enjoyed that morning. Without losing time on the journey, Professor Macmillan took us right to the heart of the Arctic, and kept his audience spellbound till the end of the encore. He described minutely the characteristics, life and language of the Esquimaux, the land they live in, life on shipboard, sports, festivals, snowhouses, the long days and nights, and other wonders of the North, filling in every nook and cranny of the narrative with excruciatingly funny anecdotes and incidents that fairly took the house by storm. Surely the windows never rattled as on that morning—the applause was deafening; but they will undoubtedly

do so again when Professor Macmillan returns from the discovery of the South Pole.

On January the thirty-first, the Senior Class held a meeting to elect a class picture committee, as it was decided not to leave the selection of the committee to the chair. From the list of nominees Gladys Brown and Margaret Dow were chosen for the girls, Arthur Jacobs and "Barney" O'Hearn for the boys.

Miss Anna M. Johnson, who for many years has been a teacher in Brookline High, has resigned. On February second she sailed from New York on the *Celtic* to tour through Egypt and Palestine, wending her way through Constantinople, Athens, Venice, and then to Germany where she will see the Passion Play at Ober Ammergau. We all miss her very much, and look forward to receiving letters from her.

On Saturday, January 29th, when it gave battle to and defeated the Deering High School team of Portland, Me., the B. H. S. Rifle Team fully demonstrated its ability to hold the title of Schoolboy Champions of New England against all comers. The conditions of the match were the same as those of previous matches, each school being represented by a team of five men; each man shooting twenty shots at a one-inch bull's-eye from a distance of fifty feet, ten shots standing and ten prone. The result was a complete victory for Brookline with a lead of thirty-six points. The judges were: Mr. Porter Capper for Brookline, Capt. Frank Cummings, U. S. A., for Portland.

B. H. S.		Deering.	
Capper, captain	97	Coffin, captain	86
Fessenden	97	Knight	90
Haslam	96	Sayward	89
Van Bibber	95	Floyd	89
Pond	91	Hutcherson	91
	476		445

The possible per man was one hundred, per team five hundred.

The second regular meeting of the girls debating club was held on Tuesday, February 1. In spite of the fact that the skating on the Reservoir was most enticing there was an attendance of about seventy-five girls, which is most encouraging to those specially interested in the success of the club.

After the reading of the minutes and business matters, the president, Silvia Goulston, spoke regarding the attitude of the girls towards debating in general and debates in particular, urging the girls to lay aside their petty fears of facing a roomful of critical maidens for the welfare of the club.

Following these preliminaries came the debate. The subject was: *Resolved*, that interscholastic sports for girls should be generally adopted.

Ruth Damon opened the debate arguing that only by interscholastic sports can school spirit be properly shown, that they promote goodfellowship, and the results are highly beneficial. Mary Morris replied for the negative that interscholastic sports for girls are harmful, the expense incurred unnecessary and wrong, besides encouraging disregard of studies and over exhaustion through nervous excitement. The affirmative was resumed by Ruth Cox, whose chief argument was that sports train the mind as well as the body, as any game demands quick thought and immediate action. Gertrude Daly upheld the negative again, arguing that the average girl does not possess qualities necessary to undergo the exertion and excitement resulting from such sports.

With matters left in this situation, the speaking from the floor was naturally enthusiastic and rapid. The speakers were Ann Page, Madeline Hunt, Eleanor Allen, Rachael Albee, Sarah Snell, Ruth Hudnut, Esther Bacon, Caroline Burdett, Irma Waterhouse, Nellie Woodward and Hilda Vallandigham.

Ruth Damon opened the rebuttal and overthrew several of the opposing arguments, but Mary Morris, feeling rather sure of her situation, picked up each point, handled all with skill and argued in a most convincing manner. The negative received the vote of

the house by a large majority, and Miss Pease, as judge, gave the decision to them also.

A very able and helpful criticism was given by Miss Libby, ex-'09.

We are glad to welcome into our midst Miss Dorothy Waldo from Newton High, who is to take Miss Johnson's place.

On February 3 the question debated by the Boys' Debating Club in their regular fortnightly meeting was, "Resolved, That Congress at its present session should pass a ship subsidy bill." The affirmative was upheld by Wyman and Hunter, opposed by Hay and Talbot. Wyman spoke first for the affirmative, showing the necessity for a ship subsidy, and the many benefits that would result. His arguments were clearly and aggressively presented and when he had finished he clearly had the advantage of the negative. Hay replied for the negative, exploding some statements the previous speaker had made, and citing examples where ship subsidy experiments had proved failures. His points were not so important as those made by Wyman, but he made a splendid effort to retrieve the ebbing fortunes of his cause.

Fred Hunter then finished the arguments of the affirmative, scoring several strong hits, and proving for the most part, the pressing need of shipbuilding encouragement and extension. He was in turn followed by Talbot, who devoted his efforts to breaking down the arguments presented by the affirmative and to proving the superfluity of a ship subsidy bill. The debate having been thrown open to the house, Hussey, Dow, Sawtelle and Russell exchanged some spirited remarks. The rebuttal, by Hay and Hunter, developed little that had not previously been stated, Hay very cleverly getting the better of it.

The judge, Mr. Chisholm, gave the decision to the affirmative, though the task undoubtedly must have been a hard one, as the vote of the house stood 13 to 15 in favor of the negative, showing how close the competition must have been. Cooley gave a very able ciritcism finding the most general faults to be poor enunciation and presentation.

On Friday morning, February 4, the school had a somewhat novel speaker in Donald Stevens, Technology, '11, a high school graduate and former editor-in-chief of the Sagamore. Mr. Stevens spoke of the courses of work in M. I. T., of the preparation necessary for them, and of how well Brookline ranks as a secondary school. Perhaps more interesting was his description of undergraduate life in Tech, and the good times the fellows and "girls" have there. His explanation of the "point" system was certainly interesting, and equally so was Mr, Hitchcock's suggestion that it be adopted here. In closing, Mr. Stevens told about the "Brookline High School Club," formed by our alumni there, and the cordial reception prospective students at M. I. T. would receive from them. Surely such sincere offers of hospitality will be eagerly accepted.

The Senior Chemistry Class had an extremely interesting and enjoyable period on Friday, February 4, when Mr. Nyhen of the Brookline Board of Health spoke to them about the origin, causes and effects of germs, the work that is being done to minimize the danger and activity; and the research that has led up to the modern beliefs and methods that are fighting the ugly little creatures. The class could have listened indefinitely, so interesting was the information given; but, as is usual in such cases, the signal struck far too soon for them.

The cold weather certainly made members of second Manual Training think they had the best course in school, but what will they say when June comes around?

The Hopkins and Allan Arms Co. has donated a silver cup to be shot for by members of the Rifle Club, which will make a very close competition, so many members being "bunched" at the top. Two more marksman's buttons were qualified for, making a total of nineteen thus far, Eric Stone and Ronald Crafts being the newcomers.

The Manual Training Department of the High School is one of the most important in the school, and at the same time one of the most neglected in our columns. So many interesting items happen there every day that it would be impossible to put them all in print; but at the same time a few of them are sure to be eagerly perused. The articles made there are worth inspecting at any time and would do many a furniture, millinery, or hardware establishment credit, even though expert labor is employed in such establishment; and the mechanical drawing department could furnish draughtsman rivals to the best of much farther advanced institutions. It is high time we realized what our school is doing in these lines.

P. Van Bibber recently perfected a musical instrument, called a zylophone, in the wood-working department, and can play it more skilfully than any vaudeville artist who ever trod the stage. The stand, perfected in the machine shop, is so unique in construction that the originator has been able to secure a patent covering it. It is expected we shall hear it in the hall some Friday morning in the near future.

Louis Schwarz is making a speed lathe in Ist Manual Training.

The call issued for candidates for an orchestra to play at the Washington Birthday celebration and other events to come later has not been responded to very enthusiastically. Everyone who can play any instrument of a nature suitable for such an organization ought to come out strongly and have a good time. There is talent enough in school to rival symphony, why not let it be heard? Such a body has long been needed—with a little support we could have a permanent and successful institution here that could play at entertainments or Friday mornings and do the school great credit, as well as itself having a good time occasionally. Show a little spirit, and we can furnish our own band classday, as well as being able to play our warriors to victory on the diamond and gridiron!

The March number's come—and it isn't very fat.
Please put a "Bubble" in the Editor's hat.
If you haven't got a "Bubble"—a story will do.—
If you haven't got a story—what's the matter with you?

"Paris is on the Seine."
"Paris is *in the* Seine, or *may be*
Paris is *insane!*"

In III. English C.—"They tell us that 'The Elegy in a Country-Church Yard' was written by—the *Author!*"

Talk about "Jack the *Giant-Killer*," we have "Briggs the *Cat-Catcher!*"

III. History C. Miss K.—"The Battle of Wakefield was one of the most horrible battles in English history. It was a frightful *hand* to *mouth* struggle."

A new fuel for lighting has been discovered by a *bright* IV. Math. scholar. It was explained on an exam. paper as "Illumination by Addition!"

One day three girls had on blue dresses almost exactly alike. Seeing them, another girl exclaimed: "Oh look at those girls! All three have on the *same* dress!"

Say, fellows! ask E. Newton to wrinkle his eyebrows!

Overheard—"The boy let his eyes drop on the page." How careless!

From a Greek Class—"The word 'theorem' is derived from the Greek word ΘΕΟΣ, meaning God, and the Latin word 'rem,' meaning thing, and consequently means something which can be done by the gods alone—and is impossible for a human being."

Walter has brought us back our dearly-beloved "hot-dogs"; and, would you believe it, the other morning one of the poor "Fidos" escaped from his clutches and wandered upstairs, where he was quickly seized and returned for our noon lunch.

Only for those who wear glasses: "He put his glasses on his *face!*"

B is just a little Bubble
A Bubbling, Bubbly Bubble,
But *Toil* and *Trial* and *Trouble*
Go to make that little Bubble!

Talk about the easterner's lack of "R."

Pupil—"Est ce que lui?"

Teacher—"Why do you put that 'quer' in there?"

(And the class all laughed!)

A III. French Class—"What *ocean* lies between *Europe* and *Asia?*"

"The *Pacific.*"

Go get the "Atlas," quick!

Potter tells us there were *two sides* to Emerson's *house!*"

To III. English C. writing a theme on the recent "Paris Flood."

Miss K. said—"Be sure and don't *plunge into the flood* too soon."

In III. English A. one of the boys said that all his ancestors had been ministers on *both sides!*

The newest translation of "O tempore! O mores" is, "O ye gods and little fishes!"

From the bill-o'-fare Walter gives the "hoboes" we can't believe they sympathize with the "meat boycott."

The new "chant" at lunch hour is, "We want mustard! We want mustard! We want mustard!"

Alumni Notes

'96. Walter Boyce recently broke the record for long-distance diving at swimming tank. Boyce swam across the tank under water eight times successively.

'99. Walter J. Cusick is a candidate for selectman. Cusick graduated with honors from the Boston University Law School, and is a member of the Massachusetts Bar and the United States Circuit Court.

'03. Charles Floyd was scorer at the recent South Boston Athletic Association track meet in Mechanics Hall.

'04. The Brookline Gymnasium will have Walter Carlisle, who formerly played on the Harvard 'varsity nine, as catcher for the coming season.

'05. Miss Carrie Morse has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Carpenter of Manchester, N. H.

'05. W. A. Robart has gone into the Interior Decorating business at Coolidge Corner.

'06. "Sully" Sargent is a likely for bow or stroke on the Harvard crew.

'06. Prentice Hatch is the star of the basket-ball team at Tufts. For two years he has played left guard in the 'varsity five and for four years has been a member of the champion 1910 class team. Last year he threw thirty-seven baskets as compared to the eighteen thrown by men opposing him. But basket-ball is not all; in tennis he is a fast man and is manager of the team. He has played half-back on his class eleven and outfielder on the senior nine. As a society man he is president of the Tufts College Athletic Association and has been a member of the Glee Club for three years. He also belongs to the Ivy, an honorary junior secret society, the Tower Cross, the honorary senior society, and the Delta Tau Delta.

'07. Marguerite Turner, a junior at Radcliffe, is the costume manager of the "Graduate Idler."

'07. George Treadwell ran on the winning 1911 relay against the freshmen at Amherst.

'07. Frances Perry, president of the junior class at Radcliffe, and Grace Allen, are playing on the basketball team.

'07. Gladys Wells is chairman of the junior dance committee at the same college.

'07. Mildred Mason is a freshman at Sargent's College.

'08. George Hann has been playing on the hockey team at Andover.

'08. "Dutch" Eliott has been elected director of the Amherst Swimming Club. "Dutch" recently won the 440-yard swim and broke the record for the 220-yard dash.

'08. "Billy" Daniels ran for the Brookline Gymnasium at the recent South Boston Athletic Association meet.

'08. Francis Boyd ran on the Yale 'varsity relay against Pennsylvania in the recent intercity meet at New York. He also ran in the Boston Athletic Association meet, capturing second place in his heat in the 600-yard dash and winning his heat in the 40-yard dash.

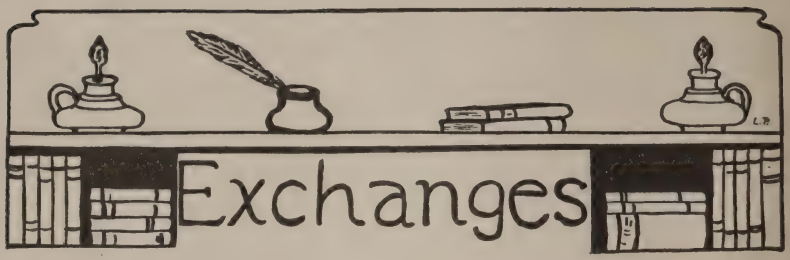
'08. Another of Brookline's graduates in the B. A. A. meet was John A. High, who entered himself in the hurdles.

Ex-'08. "Bill" Howe is one of the stars of the Yale swimming team. He won the 60-yard swim against Denniston, the Princeton crack, in a recent dual meet at Princeton. He also won second place in the 100-yard dash and swam on the relay. In the meet with the College of the City of New York, he also swam on the Yale relay which defeated its opponents, and won first in both the 50 and 100-yard swims.

'09. John Moran was another of our former athletes to run in the S. B. A. A. meet.

'09. As pitcher for next spring, the Brookline Gymnasium have secured "Pete" Carr, who plays that position on the Harvard freshman nine.

'09. James Rudolf recently had a serious fracture of his arm necessitating an operation.



The Sagamore acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following: Academy Monthly, Adelphian, Advocate, Bostonia, Bulletin (Montclair High School), Bulletin(3) (Harvard University), Columbia Alumni News (5), Chronicle, Courier, Crimson and Blue, Daisy, Echo, Gazette (4), Graphite (2), Helios, High School Herald (2), Imp, Jabberwock, Keramos, Ledger, Megaphone, Orange, Polaris, Poly Prep Magazine, Register, Review, Southern Workmen (2), Sphinx, Tripod (5), Voice, Westminster Review.

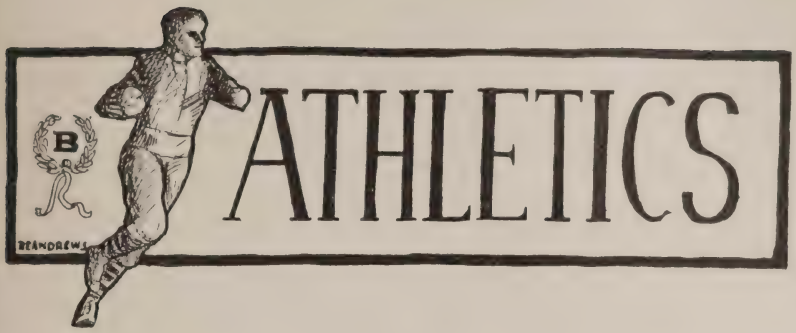
Chronicle, your cover design deserves much praise for its simplicity and artistic coloring. The number of poems—real poems, not jingles—in your January number is unusual.

The cartoons in the Helios are good. "Being a Foreigner" is a clever little article, with a commonplace theme treated so entertainingly that one forgets it is commonplace.

We would suggest to the "Polaris" that blue print is very trying to the eyes, and when used for cartoons is apt to give a casual observer the impression of a comic section in the Sunday newspaper.

Take pity on the poor exchange editor who wants to read your stories, but who, on opening a magazine, finds "Chapter III," and at the end the eternal "to be continued." A story that cannot be printed in two numbers at most is too long for a school paper. *Verbum sapienti*, Orange.

The parodies you published to be used as basket-ball songs are very bright and snappy, High School Herald. They surely ought to carry your team to glorious success.



HOCKEY.

On Friday, February 11, Brookline was defeated by Newton's crack hockey team at Brae-Burn by the score of 12–2.

Brookline came to the game sadly handicapped by want of practice, the weather conditions having been such that only two games were played before the Newton contest. These games were with Noble and Greenough and Boston Latin; the first score was 0-0, and the second, 10–2. Then came the Mid-Years, and several of our best men were declared ineligible.

Brookline's defense during the Newton game was easily penetrated, and our attack did not have Newton's speed. Washburn of Newton, was the star of the game, making the season's individual record for school teams by scoring 7 goals. The summary:—

Newton.	Brookline.
Woods, Gaw (b.)	(b.), Kilmer
Hopkins, (b.)	(b.), Kelley
Adams, (b.)	(b.), Anderson
Washburn, (b.)	(b.), Stewart, Slocum
Kelley (c. p.)	(c. p.), O'Hearn
Burns (p.)	(p.), Dexter
Chandler (g.)	(g.), Collins

Score, Newton, 12; Brookline, 2. Goals made by Washburn 7, Gaw, 2; Hopkins, Woods, Kelley, Kilmer, Anderson. Referee, Billings. Timer, Flanagan. Time, 20 and 15-minute periods.

TUMBLING

On January 26, the Brookline High School Tumbling Team gave an exhibition of gymnastics in the Municipal Gymnasium, which included many difficult feats, and bore witness to the conscientious efforts which the members of the team have expended upon their work. The exhibition was a pleasure to all who saw it. May we have another in the near future.

BASEBALL

Before the next issue of the Sagamore, Captain McGrath will have issued his first call for candidates for the baseball team. Until the weather is suitable for out-door work, practise will probably be held in the Gymnasium. All the fellows are urged to come out for the team whether or not they have made it previously. If the proper spirit is shown, a strong nine should be developed; there is an abundance of good material in school and there are several members of last year's championship aggregation eligible to represent Brookline this season. Begin now to work off any conditions, fellows, so that we may start the season in the right way.

TRACK

The first contest of the season for the Brookline Track Team was a relay race with Stone's School at the recent meet held by the South Boston A. C. in Mechanics Hall. The event was won by the Brookline Team, which was composed of Shedden, Wyman, McGrath, and Capper. Each man ran three laps, or 390 yards, and the time was 3 minutes, 27 1-5 seconds, which is fairly fast. At this same meet, Johnstone, making good use of a small handicap, won first place in the running high jump.

At the exhibition given by the Brookline Gymnasium A. A., on January 26, our relay team contested with the relay team of the English High School. This event, which took the form of a pursuit race, was easily won by Brookline. Our representatives were the same men who had defeated Stone's School at Mechanics Hall.

The next event on our schedule was a dual meet with the Lowell High School Track Team. This was held on February 5 at Lowell.

The result was a distinct disappointment, as we were defeated by a score of 50-22. Our men were much bothered by the steep corners of the Lowell track; and as a result, the only event in which we made a creditable showing was in the running high jump, in which Captain Chandler and Johnstone secured first and second places respectively from Lowell's best men.

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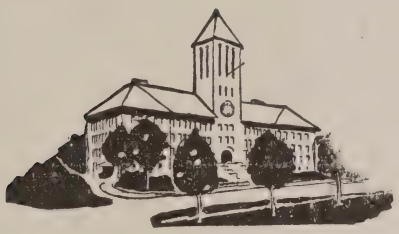

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River—Winthrop's Journal

VOLUME XVI APRIL, 1910 NUMBER 6

Editorials

SPRING has come. Once again the time has arrived when the freshman looks to his supply of passionate socks and puts two reefs in his trousers for the generous display of the same. The overworked sophomore tries to figure out how many weeks he has left in which to get up in Math. The hopeful junior blesses the lengthening day, for it cuts down the oil bill for that student lamp. And the senior—ah, he sleeps on undisturbed by change of seasons, and dreams sweet dreams of that diploma in June. But, schoolmates, all, listen while I sing my spring song, with apologies to Mendelssohn. Remember, as spring comes again, the time for baseball comes also. Have you forgotten last year when our boys went through the entire season without a defeat? I guess not. Well, we want another season built on those same lines. And how shall we get it? By support, both in trying for the team and by attending the games. The outlook is bright this year, and when the umpire calls "batter up" for the first time in our 1910 season, let us all be on hand to start the ball rolling in the right direction. We want another championship and we can have it. Play ball!

A word for crew. Here, fellows, is a chance for those who are not proficient in the national game. Here is a sport which is unsurpassed for the development of the body. And fun! Say, you don't know what it is till you have tried it. Think of those lucky crew men who, in the hot spring and summer days, can don their rowing suits and paddle way up the winding Charles, past Cam-

bridge, and into the country beyond. A regular tri-weekly picnic. Come on out, you underclass men, and take advantage of your opportunity to indulge and become proficient in that cleanest and healthiest of pastimes, rowing.

Listen, all of you would-be journalists, pen artists and editors! Next year there is to be a change in the election of editors for the Sagamore board. Instead of being appointed by the editor-in-chief, with the approval of the faculty advisory board, they are to be elected by competition. This competition will be open to any and everybody, and a square deal will be assured. The best man wins. The competition opens September 13, and lasts six weeks. For the first two weeks each candidate gets what news he can, where he can. For the last four weeks, assignments will be given; but "scoops" count most. There will be cuts made at the end of the first two weeks and second two weeks; and at the end of the six weeks the selected candidates will be assigned to their special departments and will make up the editorial board for the year.

We make this change in order to put the makeup of the board into your hands; but if you don't back us up and try for positions we shall have to resort to the old method of appointment. You see, it's up to you.

Billy Royce, Misogynist

OF course the trouble all started about a girl. Somehow it always does if we poor, deluded males step out of our natural element and try to deceive ourselves into believing we are the original Solomons when it comes to womankind.

My name is Billy Royce. I'm five feet eleven, and twenty-two years old. So far I haven't fallen in with much of anything I can do except play football, and I suppose you wouldn't count that. But it gave me two years extra education at high school—my playing football, I mean—so I mention it just to show you that everything people say about it isn't true, and that I, at least, discovered one use for it.

There are four of us. Perhaps you didn't know that. That is, there used to be four of us, Ned Comstock, Dan Harwood, Jimmy Newcombe and me. They called us the "Big Four" at High. Probably you *have* heard of that. Well, so had we; but we none of us ever took any prizes for originality. Then Harry Trent was admitted, and that sort of queered the name, so now we're just "the bunch."

Jimmy Newcombe has the great good luck to live on a farm up in New Hampshire in the summer time; and Jimmy, unbeknownst to his family, made us all promise to come up and lead the simple life with him in August. Whereupon, complications arose. A few days before we started, Dan got a note from Jimmy that said,—

"Dear Dan:—The worst has happened. Break it gently to the fellows. Mother has invited some girl cousin I've never seen to come here for all August. Mother says she's "charming," but she comes from Boston. [N. B. We of the "bunch" are all New Yorkers.] You fellows telegraph me if there are any deaths in the family so you can't come. Jimmy."

Friday we all started for New Hampshire. Before the train went we were absorbed in a discussion, the elegance of which would have given pointers to a fan. That's how it happened to get by us that there was an extremely attractive girl right behind us,—Harry and I were facing that way, too. I'm not much on girls, but I don't object to having attractive ones around when they're placed so I can look at them. Pretty soon, after a good many gruesome post-mortems over the last Yale-Princeton games the conversation veered.

"And she's from Boston," groaned Harry irrelevantly.

"Say, are they really as bad as that?" Ned asked. "Of course I know a little about them because I've read the funny papers," he added, innocently.

"They're probably not half bad—as girls go," said Dan patronizingly.

"Fellows, I knew one once," Harry remarked in a tone of utter finality.

"I'll bet you fellows ten to one that I can tell you just what she'll look like," I said. I closed my eyes and began a graphic description. "She'll wear her hair combed back tight, and she'll have a broad intellectual forehead. She'll wear glasses, have a thin nose and pinched cheeks. Her mouth will be drawn down at the corners with a school-teachery expression, and she'll spend all her time saying "prunes and prisms"—when she isn't asking us our opinions on the Emmanuel Movement or the North Pole or something just as bad."

"Don't any of them ever marry?" Dan asked.

I guess my look may have been pitying as I patiently explained that they either became school teachers or women suffragists.

There was a "low ripple" of amusement behind us. (I've read about those ripples and this was the real thing.) We all for the first time became aware of the existence of "the girl." In a petrified tone Dan wondered if she could be a Bostonian.

"Say, take another look," Harry whispered scathingly.

"Do you believe in Woman Suffrage?" Ned asked meditatively. There was a shout; but it was a pet topic of mine and I couldn't let such a beautiful chance get by.

"Ned," I said solemnly, "we don't any of us know anything about it and we don't want to. Women are all right at times, but this suffrage ought to be suppressed. A woman once in a while isn't so bad, at least it's one of the things we have to put up with, but as for the eternal feminine—excuse me! Woman should be kept in her proper sphere," I concluded sententiously.

"Professor William Royce on Woman Suffrage," chanted Dan.

"Billy's missing his vocation. The football field has ruthlessly torn a wonderful orator from the clutches of the Debating Club. Say, Bill, promise not to take this too much to heart—you're almost eloquent," Ned marveled in pretended awe.

But I was wound up on the subject, "That's all right, fellows, but girls don't count. When you want to play golf or tennis or anything like that, I bet you'd everyone of you look for a fellow if you wanted any fun out of it. A girl can't do anything well, that's all."

Chivalry wasn't our strong point, was it? But my time was coming, and sooner than I thought.

The subject was dropped and we amused ourselves with other things till we finally got to our station. Jimmy was waiting for us there and we all used so much energy seeing who could make the most noise that we failed to notice that our friend of the train had also gotten off. She waited patiently for a chance to get in a word edgewise, and then came up to Jimmy with a remark that struck us like a thunderbolt.

"This is Jimmy, isn't it? I'm the Boston cousin," the last with a faint suspicion of a smile.

If Jimmy was dismayed, we were horrified. As the principal denouncer of women in general, and Boston girls in particular, the largest share of the general embarrassment fell to me. Jimmy did manage to introduce us all; and when he got to me, the girl said, "I really mustn't forget to thank you for being so entertaining.

It saved me from being dreadfully bored. It must be splendid to be so—er—eloquent."

The fellows shook with laughter. I could see them out of the corner of my eye. As for me, I just stood there looking more stupid than I naturally am, and feeling—well! the proverbial thirty cents is *wealth* compared to what I felt like. But the poverty of the English language prevents me from adequately expressing myself. I was the goat, and all I could do was grin and bear it, only I didn't even have the sense left to do that. Jimmy drove her home in his runabout and the rest of us walked.

"For putting your foot into it and falling in after it, I'll bet on you every time, Billy," Dan said comfortingly.

"And the girl's pretty," I mourned.

We didn't see much of Kathleen Lawrence for a few days. Then she began to be more sociable; in fact, she began by beating us all at tennis. That wasn't all I learned about girls,—she played a pretty game of golf, she swam well, rode well and talked well. My respect for girls jumped about two hundred and fifty per cent every day; and if I had been laboring under any false impressions about the worthlessness of girls in general, accompanied by a mistaken idea as to my own importance, Kathleen Lawrence was a quick cure.

Well, finally the house party ended as all good things have a habit of doing; and with it, as a windup, we got a sizzling hot old day. I haven't said much about the house party because it was a series of defeats, humiliations and lacerations of my pride, and that's the kind of thing a fellow likes to skip. So I'm just going to tell you about the last day—it was a glorious send off.

There was a general rush for the hammocks after breakfast. We're not lazy, we of the Bunch, but when the thermometer climbs up much over a hundred, we feel we sort of owe it to the community not to rush out and embrace sunstroke with open arms. We were all congratulating ourselves on being the original discoverers of a successful "keep cool" theory; but we were a little premature, we had reckoned without Kathleen. We heard

her voice in the living room as she called good morning to Mrs. Newcombe. We heard Mrs. Newcombe inquire Kathleen's destination. I strained my ears to catch her reply; for a horrible fear suddenly seized my heart. But alas, what she said was inaudible. The next thing I heard quite distinctly, however; it was Kathleen's voice unnecessarily clear.

"Oh yes, I've enjoyed myself very much. I confess it would have been a little more fun if one of the girls who can really play tennis and golf had been here. You see, the trouble with boys is, they try to do everything and, consequently, don't do anything *well*. But these boys aren't bad—as boys go."

I rolled over in the hammock groaning, with a flush on my face that wasn't wholly due to the temperature. A minute later Kathleen sauntered liesurely out on the piazza. My heart sank when I saw her tennis racquet. I felt instinctively that I was going to be the victim. I stole furtive glances at the other fellows, only to find expressed on their faces, the same kind of dismay which I felt. Then I looked at the girl, cool and trig in her white skirt and blouse, with a jaunty red ribbon around her hair, supposedly restraining over impetuous locks, though I secretly suspect that the real reason lay in the fact that a consultation with her mirror told her it was not wholly unbecoming. She perched herself on the railing swinging her racquet to and fro idly.

"Going to play to tennis?" Ned ventured.

"Yep," Kathleen answered in a tone that boded ill for us. [Heaven grant she hadn't decided on doubles!] "I'm going to play till my face gets the color of my ribbon."

"Oh, I wouldn't," Jim remonstrated, "it won't be becoming to your style of beauty."

"Thanking you just as much for your advice, kind sir," Kathleen replied saucily, "red is the color I swear by. Please remember I come from Boston. Oh, how funny" she laughed, and there was mischief in her eyes, "I do believe I haven't anyone to play with."

The silence became so oppressive I could almost feel it. Harry busily engaged himself in tying a shoe string, Ned brushed im-

aginary specks of dust off his trousers as if his life depended upon it. Dan made a miserable failure of trying to whistle a tune with some degree of nonchalance. Jim gazed at his cousin quizzically as he shook his head in despair. To save my life, I could not become interested in the scenery or any other ruse. My eyes were riveted on Kathleen as if with a fatal fascination, and no amount of will power was sufficient to tear them away. Having waited a decently long time for a reply, Kathleen began to grow impatient.

"I hope you all don't feel as lazy as you look, because you see I shall have to challenge one of you," she announced mercilessly. "Billy, I guess you play the least bad of the lot."

"And that, of course, means that I'm to hasten and get my racquet," I suggested.

Her only reply was, "You're not so dull—for a New Yorker."

When I reappeared with all the paraphernalia we started for the court, after I had given the fellows countless messages of farewell to bear back to my sorrowing family; to all of which Kathleen remained imperturbable.

As we pulled up the net, I addressed Kathleen gravely, "Before we begin you must promise me one thing,—if I should die of sunstroke, you must never let any remorse for my untimely end prey upon your New England conscience, or any perspiring phantom haunt your dreams."

"Everything you say displays your ignorance shockingly. Phantoms don't perspire," Kathleen answered tersely.

"Honestly, Kathleen," (it doesn't take a month at a house-party to get from the last name to the first—not even with a Boston girl) "there ought to be a law stating that no helpless male with an enlarged sense of chivalry should be forced to play tennis with any maiden when the temperature exceeds one hundred and ten."

"What would the punishment for disobedience be?"

"That should be left to the discretion of the injured person," I replied boldly.

"Or indiscretion?" Kathleen suggested civilly. [Hang that omnipresent Boston sense of propriety!]

Well, we played; and it was the same old sad tune. I forget just what, but plenty—and then some. I felt like a martyr of old. It really was rather magnanimous of me, when you stop to think of it, to swelter away for three sets and then get beaten with good grace. It requires no little sportiness to take defeat at the hands of a girl gracefully, even when the thermometer's at a normal temperature. By the end of a month I had obtained no small degree of proficiency, however. At first, Kathleen Lawrence had piqued me, although I could not but grudgingly admire her. Then she began to interest me, as she did us all. From five fellows who prized freedom and independence above all else we became amazingly willing slaves to every caprice of one slender girl. I had heard that such things occasionally happened, but I had scoffed with all the scorn of the uninitiated.

Kathleen was in the habit of going canoeing with one of us every evening, and there had been some speculation as to just whom she would choose to have take her the last evening. There were several bets on the side. As I was wondering rather idly who was to be the lucky fellow, Kathleen startled me by answering my unspoken question.

"Billy, you've been a perfect dear to sacrifice your comfort and your vanity just to suit my silly whim of playing tennis this unbearable morning. As a special reward of merit you may take me canoeing tonight."

If Kathleen thought the morning unbearably hot, I found the afternoon unbearably long. Evening did finally come, however, and I was greeted with fitting howls of indignation when I nonchalantly announced that Kathleen and I were going canoeing. Yes, just like that I did it, as if it were a matter of slight importance.

We started from the pier at about eight o'clock. I didn't feel that I could in decency, tear Kathleen away before that, as long as it was the last night. But I warned the fellows I'd make up

the time on the other end, and assured them that they needn't send out a searching party for us till after twelve.

It was a glorious moonlight night. (Somehow, you notice, it always is on such occasions.) I insisted on going up the moon-path, but Kathleen demurred.

"I've got to make an awful confession, Billy," she said, "Don't let's go that way, because it always makes me sentimental and I particularly want to be very practical."

After she had said it made her sentimental, nothing could have stopped me. We skimmed along in silence a few minutes, then Kathleen sighed.

"I must begin before my courage oozes away entirely; only, promise not to think me very dreadful."

I don't know how I looked, I only know how I felt. But if my look expressed my feelings at all, Kathleen must have found it more alarming than confession, for she hurried on.

"I met a fellow last winter who knew you. I had heard Jim speak of you and knew you were to be here this summer, so I was interested in what Tom Merrill said about you."

"Well?" I asked as she paused. Tom Merrill was no particular friend of mine and I'm afraid my face wasn't a "thing of beauty."

"He said that while you were not exactly a woman hater, you were about a first cousin to it. You scoffed at fellows who were in love; you gloried in your own freedom from feminine apron strings, —in short, you were quite annoyingly cock-sure of your own powers of resistance. Tom offered to bet me that I couldn't make you fall in love with me, which I refused. I don't care to play with that particular kind of fire. But," Kathleen faltered, "I said that while I wouldn't make any bet, I would try to humble Your Highness in revenge for my sex. And it ended by Tom's promising me a five pound box of Page and Shaw's if I succeeded."

"Of course, I am hurt, Kathleen," I said coldly, after a minute of silence, "it's a little disillusioning to find that the first girl you ever cared about has made you care about her for such a motive."

"Still, in revenge for the Boston girl, wasn't I almost justified? especially since I wrote Tom, after I came to know you, that I shouldn't consider taking his candy, because—" she stopped abruptly.

"Because why?" I demanded, a glimmer of hope seizing me. The only answer I got was, "This isn't leap year," but it was sufficiently illuminating even to my feeble intelligence.

"Do you think it was awful and horrid of me, Billy?" Kathleen said, and I could swear there was a trace of anxiety in her voice.

"Kathleen—dear," I replied, "it would be positively unsafe for me to tell you what I think of you in this canoe. All I dare say till we get on terra firma is— you win, and—my hat off to Boston."

I. W., '10.

NEWS NOTES

We hear that we are going to have a Brookline High School Aëro Club. From appearances there are any number of boys interested in that direction; and there are probably many more who, having learned all that High School can teach them, will look into this new field. Some recent magazine has made much of a model aëroplane which can sail fifty yards. Collard of the Freshman class has a model which will go twenty, a good beginning; and other members of different classes have models in process of construction from which even better results are expected.

A large number of our High School boys are doing excellent work in the Brookline Swimming Club.

The request of the Girls Debating Club asking the other organization to change its name from "The Debating Club," to "The Boys Debating Club" has met with polite but firm refusal. We think it to be more in keeping with precedent to have the girls change their name.

The orchestra being organized by Mr. Cole for the exercises shortly to be held in the Town Hall bids fair to be a bright success. Some score of candidates are reported, and form a nucleus around which beginners and faint-hearted ones may gather. If any one knows of a "dark horse" who plays any sort of orchestral instrument, let him betray the same to Mr. Cole and help along that way.

The pupils who take Art ought surely to improve the opportunities afforded them to visit the New Art Museum without

expense, and pack it every time. It would seem we have so many advantages and good things given us we do not know how properly to appreciate them.

Another extremely novel and pleasant Friday morning entertainment. On Friday, March 11, Philip Van Bibber, '11, held the school spellbound with his playing on the xylophone. He rattled off new, catchy airs, and old ones that we never tire of hearing, with a vigor and skill that fairly made his instrument seem alive. The xylophone, made by himself, mostly in the Manual Training building, is undoubtedly the most unique thing in the musical line ever exhibited in High School, and Van Bibber enjoys the proud distinction of being the first undergraduate for some time to give the Friday morning entertainment. He played "Black and White Rag," "Up the Street," "Chariot Race," "Old Gray Bonnet," "American Revolution March," and many other popular airs, finishing the performance by disjointing the xylophone into its numerous parts with a speed almost equal to his record, two minutes. Donald Perin, '11, accompanied on the piano. The sample was so good we want to hear more of it.

On Thursday afternoon, March 9, Le Cercle Gaulois gave an entertainment to which the school was invited. First on the program was a charade in four acts, illustrating "raccommoder." It was very cleverly done and was most amusing. Then two charming French songs, "Ni jamais, ni toujours" and "Ouvre tes yeux bleus" were sung by Mrs. Shanahan, accompanied by Mrs. Richard Jones. A farce in one act, entitled "Une Lettre Chargée," was next enacted by four Juniors. The cast was as follows:—

Hortense, a young widow.....Anne Page
Francine, Hortense's maid.....Helène McClure
Hector, Hortense's cousin, who is in love with her
John Kingman
Peter Fougassan, an American.....Cyril Jones

The playlet caused much merriment and was enjoyed by all. The participants surely entered into their parts well. After the entertainment those who cared to do so stayed and danced.

The question for March 8 of the Girls' Debating Club was: *Resolved*, That the policy of the United States Government towards the American Indian has been unjust.

The speakers were Elise Kraft and Mildred Southwick for the affirmative opposed to Silvia Goulston and Madeline Hunt for the negative.

Mr. Packard, as judge, gave his decision in favor of the negative and was upheld by the house vote. Miss Waldo rendered a valuable criticism.

Thursday, March 3, the Debating Club developed another strong debate on a leading question of the day: *Resolved*, That England's fear of a German invasion is justified.

Speaking for the affirmative were John Kingman and Henry Briggs; for the negative, James McGrath and James Kelly. The rebuttal was the special feature of the debate, McGrath of the negative clearly having the advantage. His rebuttal work was the best that has been heard in Room 1.

Mr. Miller when called upon to give his decision, presented a most beneficial and appreciated explanation of underlying conditions regarding the question, and gave his decision to the affirmative, which was almost unanimously supported by the house. Miss Lewis, the critic for the day, commended the rebuttal, which was especially good, considering that it was spontaneous and that no notes were used in it.

Though it is not generally known, the Freshmen won a very fine cup when they defeated Newton Freshmen in track a month ago.

Even if Newton wins in track and in football they cannot win in a debate with the Brookline High School Debating Club. Our

boys showed them this on the evening of February 25, in the hall of Newton High when they debated the question: *Resolved*, "That the United States adopt a policy of ship subsidies and bounties for the encouragement of the Merchant Marine." The debate was not the only event of the evening, however. First on the program was a very charmingly rendered violin solo by Miss Ruth Ivy of Newton.

Allan Raymond opened the contest with some very strong arguments, supporting President Taft's ideas on subsidy. Then he briefly showed how by (1) the tariff, (2) the Navigation laws, (3) forty per cent difference in cost of ship building between the United States and England, (4) thirty per cent difference in cost maintenance of our and foreign subsidy, the poor condition of the present has been brought about.

Thurston Clarke replied for the negative, partly agreeing with Raymond as to the cause for the bad conditions of the present. But, he argued, the causes for the decline were economic, for the Merchant Marine was once a success. In fact, to quote his words, "what we want is free ships and a fair chance!" Clarke's delivery was powerful and most convincing.

Clarke from Newton next took the floor, claiming that the causes put forth by his predecessor could be remedied by one thing and one thing alone, namely, ship subsidy.

In his usual easy and convincing manner Alan Hay showed, by different cases in France and minor countries, the unsuccessful attempts to establish subsidies. On the other hand, he showed that other countries have been successful without the subsidies.

Paul Smart next, in the form of a rebuttal on Hay's remarks, made statements explaining the cause of the failures to establish subsidies, claiming that a subsidy has not been fairly tried here. Although Smart spoke fluently his speech lacked the authority of statistics and was more a list of statements.

At this point Philip Russell took up the debate, claiming that "subsidy, in a word, is graft." He showed the enormous expenditure which would result and how it would benefit only a few.

With great assurance, Alan Hay clearly swept away in his rebuttal all doubt in the minds of the audience, and judges, too, concerning the wisdom of adopting ship subsidies. The Newton man who spoke in rebuttal seemed to have been convinced also.

While waiting for the judges' decision our Mandolin Club rendered two excellent selections. Mayor Hatfield of Newton, chairman of the day, announced the decision of the judges in favor of Brookline. Newton showed their great spirit by giving one good cheer for Brookline, and were in their turn loudly cheered by Brookline. Then the boys and girls from both schools went to the gymnasium and danced.

A great deal of credit for the remarkable work done by our boys is due to Mr. Snow. Very generously he spent many hours coaching the boys and showing them the road to success. The result speaks very loud for him and shows that his work is to be greatly appreciated.

Eric Stone, '11, was chosen Vice-President of the League at a meeting of the Interscholastic Athletic Association. He has certainly shown himself worthy of holding the office. Alfred Chandler, '10, was elected undergraduate member.

On the evening of March 11 the Beta chapter of the Omega Sigma Sorority held a most enjoyable dance at the Riverdale Casino. The matrons were Mrs. E. S. Sanborn, Mrs. W. G. McDonald and Mrs. J. M. Head.

On Thursday, February 17, the subject: *Resolved*, That capital punishment should be superseded by life imprisonment, was fought to a finish by Chester Jenks and Grant Stone for the affirmative, and Swett and Bickford negative. Jenks, the first speaker, proved that capital punishment brutalizes the public, is vindictive, and not a deterrent of crime. His arguments were stated distinctly and easily. Bickford, replying for the negative, refuted some of his predecessor's arguments, proving the necessity for capital punishment, and showing the expense prisoners cause when kept

indefinitely. His points were good and numerous, but not presented with the necessary force to make them convincing. Stone, completing the case for the affirmative, showed how innocent people are often executed and restitution made impossible; while, had they been merely imprisoned, no harm would have resulted. He also gave some interesting comparisons relating to countries which have abolished capital punishment, and made some good hits. Swett, closing the argument for the negative, knocked down several points scored by the affirmative, showed the moral right of society to execute murderers, and proved the comparative lack of brutality in society as compared with that of years ago. The debate being thrown open to the house, Barnet, Stevens, Hussey, Stone, Chandler, Brainard, Little, Sawtelle, Johnson and Kingman participated vigorously, the orators for the negative appearing to get the advantage.

In the rebuttal, taken by Jenks and Bickford, little new material was developed by either side; but some attempts at breaking down the opposition's points were made by both speakers, Jenks particularly excelling.

Mr. Packard gave his decision to the negative and was supported by the vote of the house. In summing up, he mentioned the weak spots in the general work of the debaters, finding the principal flaws to be lack of concentration, too much reiteration of points, and dangerous quoting from the scriptures. The last point he explained as follows: Times having changed, laws, too, have changed, so that many of the laws of Moses, for instance, would not nowadays find much support in their execution.

Miss Knowles as critic found the principal faults to lie in lack of assurance, poor attitude and delivery, some mispronunciation, and lack of experience on the part of the debaters. More speaking from the floor would remedy at least three of these defects; for talking extemporaneously from the floor would give the speakers practice in using their wits, so that in a prepared debate they need be in no fear of embarrassment from forgetting their arguments.

On February 16 the Girls' Debating Club held its third meeting. The question for debate was: *Resolved*, That student government is advisable for secondary schools. The affirmative was upheld by Elizabeth Macnaughton and Mary Lynch, while Rachael Albee and Nellie Woodward defended the negative. The debate as a whole was a success, the points being well chosen and convincingly proved. Miss Albee's delivery was perhaps the best. Dr. Roberts, as judge, gave his decision in favor of the negative, the House confirming it. Mr. Chisholm gave an excellent criticism, which was greatly appreciated by all the members. Among other things he spoke of the use of notes, which he said detracts greatly from the speaker's hold on his audience. The attendance was only fair.

Friday morning, February 15, Dr. Vernon gave his long anticipated and welcome talk on Lincoln, and told how the great president always conformed to the biblical injunction to "turn the other cheek." Dr. Vernon showed many interesting and touching sidelights on Lincoln's life, and was eagerly heard by all his audience.

The Debating Club.—"Kingman is *really* quite old. Ask him what he was doing when Rome was burning."

Girls Debating Club.—"Student Government has proved successful in the *lower* regions, therefore *we* should have it."

IV. French A.—"Il descend à mardi gras."

Miss Southwick—"It descends in the middle of the *grass*."

Miss Woodward—"We're *all* stars in *my* class!!"

Bickford—"Sure, an' *I'm* the moon!" Oh, you kiddo!!

IV. English—"Oh dear! I wish Miss S— wouldn't make us *puncture* those topics!"

In III. German C. they tell us that all castles were possessed of subways!"

III. English—"I don't think that it's *always* popularity that makes a boy a leader, *but* I think that *ten times out of nine it is!*"

French passage—"Tant pis pour les vaincus une bagarre."

Boy translating—"Then put the conquered in a bowl!"

A *worser* pun! Mr. B— on discovering a small cologne bottle on his desk, "Will I have it *s(c)ented?* No, I will take it with me."

There's nothing dry about II. French C.

Teacher, explaining the liquid "l"—"Pollard, what is an 'l' *mouille?*"

Pollard with a burst of brilliancy—"Why-er-why, it's a wet 'l', of course"

Alumni Notes

Several times during the past year, the Sagamore has published letters from graduates to the fellows and girls of Brookline High. Below is a letter of this sort from Witter Bynner, our famous alumnus, who is now on the editorial staff of McClure's Magazine:—

To the editor of the Sagamore:—

Your letter came a month ago,—
And you may well have thought me slow
In answering. My reasons were:
I wanted time for wit to stir
Some memory into proper form
To make association warm.
But time is an ill-favored creature
Whose most objectionable feature,
A promising and kindly eye,
Is ever winking on the sly.
He says,—"Dear friend, I'll only borrow
Today. I'll pay you back tomorow."
But those tomorrows rarely come;
And still he borrows, deaf and dumb
To hint of payment. We, poor fools,
Who study languages at schools,
Learn not enough to understand
The word he says behind his hand.
He's laughing now as I confess;—
So, schoolmates of the B. H. S.,
Don't loan to him, and in the end
You'll find him a far truer friend!—
This is a message from the inner,
Sadder good-will of Witter Bynner.

On February 18, the Brookline High School Alumni Association gave a most delightful entertainment, including a one-act farce, music, and dancing. Charles Floyd, '03, the president of the association, took part in the farce, which was entitled, "A Pair of Burglars," and the "Prickly Heat Quartette," composed of Henry Skilton, '99, Chauncey Seaver, '96, Payson Dana, '99, and Carl Marshall, '00, furnished the audience much amusement.

'05. Rollo Reynolds has been elected class poet at Dartmouth.

'06. Everard Pratt is now permanent vice-president of the senior class at the same college.

'07. Miss Marion Baxter is in charge of the physical training at the Framingham Normal School. Miss Baxter is a graduate of the Normal School of Gymnastics.

'08. Newton Stern has been chosen as one of the substitutes for the Harvard debating team which is to meet Yale. He has competed with the varsity gymnasium team in all their meets this year.

Ex-'08. "Bill" Howe won the 100-yard swim at the opening of the new tank at Yale and tied the collegiate record of twenty-six. and two-fifths seconds for the 50-yard dash. In the meet with Pennsylvania he again won the 150-yard swim and this time broke the collegiate record for the 50-yard dash.

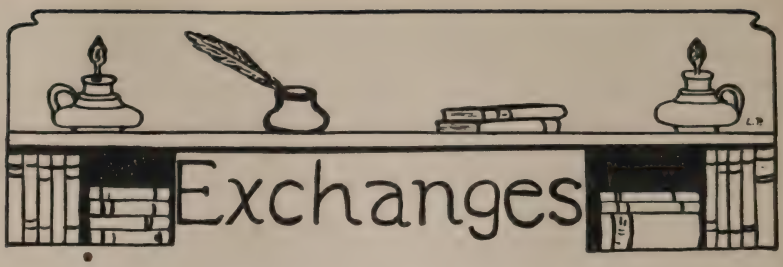
'09. Louis Keegan has spent a week in the hospital with diptheria.

'09. Edward Feeley is one of the competitors for a position on the editorial board of the Tufts Weekly.

Ex-'11. Frank Halfenstine captured third place in the mile run in the recent Boston College meet.

'08. Wellesley J. Seligman, who recently left Tech temporarily to go into practical mining, has gone into newspaper work instead as a staff man of the Cobalt Daily Nugget at Cobalt, Ontario. Seligman received his newspaper training on the Tech Press Association.

'06. Walter Brownell won the annual pool tournament of the Brookline High School of M. I. T. by recently defeating the runner-up, Malcolm D. Price, '06, by a close margin.



The Sagamore acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following: Adelphian, Artisan, Blue and White, Bulletin (Harvard College), Bulletin (Montclair High School), Clarion, Columbia Alumni News (2), Courier, Gazette, Herald, Jabberwock, Keramos, Loyal Sons Clarion, Oracle, Orange, Quill, Review, Sentinel, Southern Workman, Sphinx, Student, Trinity Tripod (3), Vexillum, Vindex, Voice, X-Ray.

By the clever, novel way in which it is written, the exchange department of the Artisan is made actually attractive, something unknown in the realm of exchange columns.

Perhaps we cannot all hope to achieve equal success in the brilliancy of our exchange departments, but we can at least faithfully make an effort by writing every month. The absence of an exchange column is always the very first thing to catch a fellow exchange editor's eye. It prejudices him, "X-Ray," especially if he happens to notice the name of an exchange editor printed quite conspicuously in the editorial staff. We would suggest that an exchange editor's life is too short to permit of his taking a "month off" with impunity.

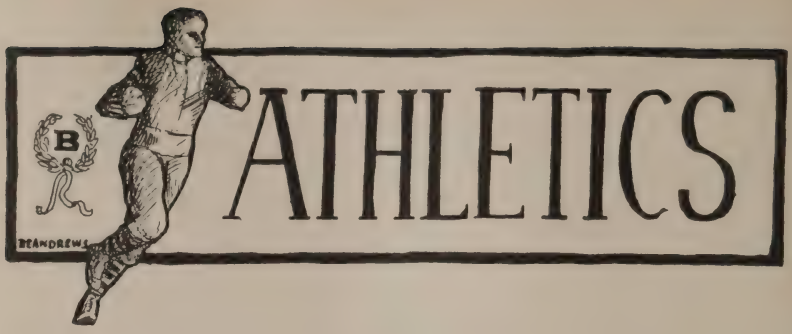
The Oracle (Lafayette High School) is fundamentally a serious-minded paper,—at least that is the impression the editor received. The editor feels hardly competent to judge the Oracle in its present form, for, with its five instructive articles, it soars far out of the realm of the ordinary school paper. It is a little difficult, also, to imagine a school blessed with pupils of such a calibre as to absorb such articles very eagerly. A school paper is primarily for the school, and we confess that the ordinary pupil we know would

not take the trouble to read your articles, well-written as they are. It seems a little unfair to the authors who must have spent time and trouble in writing those articles, to publish them in a school paper where they are almost certain not to be read; for they are surely worth reading—your difficulty may lie in persuading the school of this fact.

The idea for the cover of the Blue and White is more praiseworthy than the execution. The border of hearts detracts from the unity. Simplicity is the first requisite in a good cover design. "Bud's Valentine" is an original little story, and if there are not quite enough like it, we who have had any experience with publishing a paper know the difficulty of obtaining both quality and quantity.

The Sentinel's zeal for its advertisers is commendable, but misplaced; and so, surely, are the advertisements. It is all very well to call your readers' attention to the advertisements, but we should advise other means than placing four pages right in the middle of a story. It seems hardly necessary to sacrifice the appearance of your paper to so great an extent.

Sixteen pages is rather little to have to wait a month for, Imp. It is especially a shame when the reader would be glad of sixteen pages more as good. Such a small publication shows a lack of something—either zeal or money. Supposing it is zeal—we don't say, "Have four or five clever stories every month," for we realize that good stories are at a premium; but we do advise a little greater length in departments.



BASEBALL

The baseball season has again overtaken us, and with fifty fellows out for the team, Captain McGrath feels that the outlook for the season is bright, in every position save that of pitcher. For this place there are several likely looking candidates, one of whom will no doubt prove satisfactory. Of last year's team, Kelley, Stewart, Walizer, and McGrath are still with us, and about these men a team should be built which will make Newton or any other team look to its laurels.

The fellows are now practising in the gymnasium every day; but with a little warmer weather they expect to take to the playground and to begin work in earnest. The first game will be with Roxbury Latin, and will be played on our own grounds on the twelfth of April.

Mr. Carrell is once more coaching the team, and with the support of the fellows should achieve the greatest success. Every man out for the team should pay special attention to his school work so that the bugbear of marks may not arise to retard the progress of the team at a critical stage of its development; furthermore, nobody should *quit* until told to do so by the captain or coach.

Let us hope that this year more girls will attend the games. With this additional attraction we feel sure fellows will not be lacking to grace the occasion. All ready for April 12!

CREW

With the coming of the spring months Brookline's crew candidates are again hard at work on the machines. Three times a week

Captain Collins coaches his men in the gymnasium, and all are now looking forward to the time when they can get out on the river.

There are about twenty out for oars, while several good men will make the competition for the position of coxswain. As a nucleus, Captain Collins has from last year's crews Kraft and Hay of the first boat; Cooley, Dexter, and Murphy, from the second. Of the other candidates, Rowan, Pelton, Nordell, Hammer and Kimball look promising.

On the whole, the outlook for the coming season is very good. Races with one or two other schools will probably be held before the annual school-boy regatta. Let everybody attend!

PREPARATORY LEAGUE TRACK MEET

On Friday evening, February 18, our track and field representatives were led by Captain Chandler to the Newton High School Gymnasium, where they were to struggle for the Preparatory League Track Championship. They struggled, but in vain; for Newton, with a better all-round aggregation of athletes, won the meet, scoring 38 points to our 24. Cambridge Latin scored but one point, and was at no time a serious factor in the race for honors.

Although we were defeated, the meet was extremely interesting and the events were closely contested. One of the features was the playing of the Newton High School Band, which rendered choice selections on the horn and police-rattle after each victory.

First on the list of events came the trial heats of the 40-yard dash. Two Brookline men, Taylor and Nordell, qualified for the final heat, which was won by Wood of Newton, with Taylor of Brookline, second, and Allen of Newton, third.

The next event was the high-jump. This was easily won by Chandler, who did not even trouble to remove his sweater. His leap of 5 feet 8½ inches beat the old record by two inches. O. Johnstone also beat the old record, while Dow easily secured third place with 5 feet 4 inches.

Then came the 1,000-yard run. This was by far the best event of the evening and was won by Eric Stone. At the start, McClure

of Newton took the lead and made the pace very hot, but after the first four laps, Eric took the lead and maintained it until the end. Brookline's enthusiasm was boundless, and even the defeated schools could not but admire Stone's splendid showing.

With this example before him, Taylor won the 300-yard dash, with Gallagher and Adams of Newton second and third respectively.

The "600" followed, and in this event Newton secured first and second places, while F. Wyman got third.

The shot-put was monopolized by Newton, represented by Marshall, Taylor and Woods. The latter, however, had a narrow escape, for he defeated C. Wyman by only an inch and one-half.

After this came the final event, the 30-yard low hurdles. This was won by Clancy, Newton's star man. Farnham, also of Newton, won second place, and Taylor of Brookline scored his last victory of the evening by defeating Hammer for third place by inches only.

The meet was concluded by a relay race between Newton and Brookline, which was won by Newton.

A summary of points is given below.

TABLE OF POINTS

	B. H. S.	N. H. S.	C. L. S.
40-yard dash	3	6	0
30-yard low hurdles	1	8	0
1,000-yard run	5	3	1
300-yard dash	5	4	0
600-yard run	1	8	0
High jump	9	0	0
Shot-put	0	9	0
Total	24	38	1

TRACK

At the annual B. A. A. Interscholastic meet which was held in Mechanics Hall on January 26, our track team secured fourth place. We were represented by Chandler, Johnstone, Stone,

Nordell, Wyman, McGrath, Dow and Lyons. Every man showed up well, and those who won places deserved them, as every event was closely contested. Our largest number of points was secured in the high jump, when Johnstone won the event, and Chandler tied for second. Stone, by running a pretty race, finished second in the 1,000-yard run which was won in record time. Our relay team, although running well, found the Worcester Academy boys too swift for them; and when the race ended, Stone was almost forty yards behind his opponent.

THE INTER-CLASS MEET

One of the most successful Inter-Class Meets ever held by the Brookline High School took place in the Municipal Gymnasium on March 4. The Junior class team won the meet by scoring thirty-two points, while the Seniors came second with sixteen, the Sophomores third with thirteen and one-half, and the Freshmen finished last with but one and one-half.

In addition to scoring the largest number of points, the star men of the Junior class broke three of the four school records which were beaten at the meet. Johnstone broke the record in the High Jump with a leap of 5 feet 8 inches; Stone broke the record in the 1,000-yard run by more than ten seconds, when he negotiated the distance in 2.45; and the 300-yard mark went by the board before Taylor's fast sprinting.

In the 600-yard run, Francis Wyman of the Senior class was on Scratch. He started out at a fast pace, and one by one caught the handicap men. At the beginning of the last lap he had only to pass Hall of his own class. Neck to neck they raced around the last lap, Wyman striving in vain to pass Hall's long right arm, and both breasted the tape simultaneously in record time.

The shot-put was carried by Wright with a handicap of 33 inches. Blackhall secured second place with the best actual put of the day, 34 feet 9 inches.

A novelty race was held which took the form of a relay race between the crew and football team. The race was close and exciting, finally being won by the football men.

In the class relays, the Sophomores were found to have the fastest aggregation of sprinters, for they defeated both Freshmen and Juniors in close races.

SUMMARY OF POINTS

	1911	1910	1912	1913
25-yard dash	4	0	5	0
25-yard hurdles	5	1	3	0
300 yards	5	3	1	0
600 yards	0	8	0	1
1,000 yards	5	0	4	0
High jump	8	0	½	½
Shot-put	5	4	0	0
Total	32	16	13½	1½

What definition of the word "base" did our Alumni editor use when he spoke of Mr. Wodell being a "base soloist"? Perhaps he was thinking of a three base hit.

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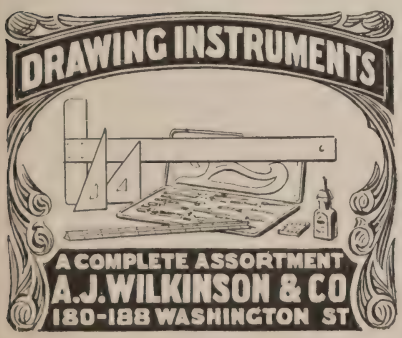

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River—Winthrop's Journal

VOLUME XVI MAY, 1910 NUMBER 7

Editorials

ATTENTION, ready, row!

It is the day of the annual interscholastic rowing regatta on the Charles. The banks of the river are thronged with autos, and Harvard Bridge is one black mass of humanity. One mile up the river the crews catch water at the sound of the starter's gun, and the great race is on. Here are the oarsmen from the eight leading schools of Greater Boston, and Brookline is among them. Down the course they sweep with machine-like movement, a machine under every ounce of pressure that four human bodies contain. As they near the bridge, the crowd begins to shout, first with scattered enthusiasm, then marshalled into volume in a cheer for one of the schools represented. Suddenly above the chaos comes a familiar sound, a rousing, full-hearted roar for old Brookline. Below, the fellows wearing the red B seem to rally in one last effort to drive their shell faster. They pass under the bridge, and then comes the final break for the line. . . .

There, now, that picture machine has gone and broken down! We'll not know how that race came out until the last week in May when the real regatta comes. But, schoolmates all, you get the point to my little story. When those races come off, we want the whole Brookline High School to be present and give that cheer when the crews go under the bridge at the end of the mile. It may win the race for the Red and Blue, who knows? Isn't it worth a chance?

NINETEEN HUNDRED TEN CLASS DAY.

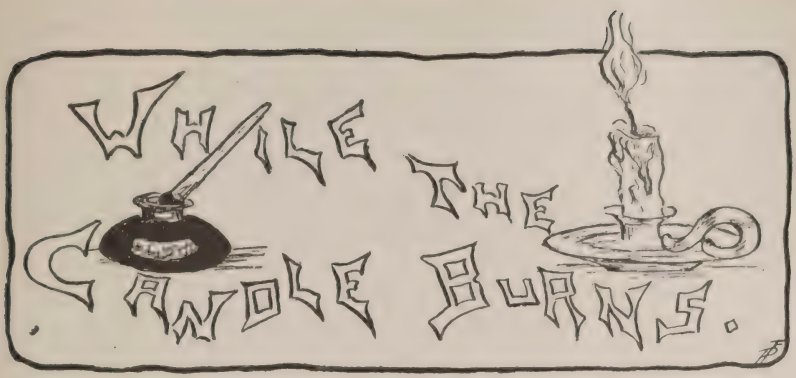
Not quite at hand, but ever drawing nearer as spring merges into summer. What does this day mean to the senior class? What

does it stand for to any pupil of my class in the school? It is the one day set apart for exercises in honor of the pupils leaving their school for the greater, broader things beyond. It is a day which comes to every class in turn and should, therefore, be supported by each member of the school. The greatest help the lower classes can give to make the day a success is to join willingly in the marching on the campus. It is a beautiful sight to see six hundred boys and girls in white going through drill. The faculty give their time to this feature and work hard for success. Surely we are glad to help them in this simple way—just to drill for a few minutes. We all remember the brilliancy of last year's class day. Now let us all unite to make that of the Class of Nineteen Hundred Ten the greatest in the history of our school.

Take heed!

Remember that demon "D," all you athletes—and Seniors. The cards for the three quarters are out and everyone knows where he or she has got to put in a few dexterous efforts. An athlete with a flunk against him is worse than no athlete at all, for he is a distinct disappointment; and a senior with a flunk—well, he just "ain't."

Oh, you crew men, how are those blisters?



The Lucky Jonah

"OH, Frank! I've lost the ring Dick gave me, he'll be awfully put out. What shall I do? Come here, I'll show you—"

Eleanor took me to the pier's edge and explained how the ring had slipped from her finger and fallen into the sparkling depths below.

"Don't you think you could dive down and get it for me? It would be so easy,—the ring is shiny and you can see it quickly!"

Now, I was just as much in love with Eleanor then as I had been at any time in my three years' persistent suit, but now I viewed the clear, sparkling water with the suspicion born of poor swimming abilities and inherent dislike of a cold bath in any shape, make, manner or form. Therefore, I attempted prevarication.

"Do you really expect me to dive after a ring another fellow's given you, when before you can say 'Jack Robinson' I can produce the best ring in Providence if you say the word? Besides, some old Jonah or sculpin has swallowed it long ago." (I was justified in my boast about the ring, having carried it in my vest pocket during the aforesaid last three years.)

"Oh, well, if you don't think any more of my wishes than that, we'll talk no more about it." Then, relenting, she added, "If you

do get it, I might consent to wear yours also!" and, blushing furiously, she ran away.

I sat on the edge of the pier and balefully surveyed the beastly wash that was, perhaps, the only thing separating me from complete happiness. Ugh! how cold it looked! Thus ruminating, I either fell asleep or became dazed by the sun, for the next thing I remember was the act of tumbling gloriously into the briny. Coming puffing and snorting to the top, I grasped a knot on the side of the pier and debated whether I should call for help and reveal my ridiculous position, or work shorewards by stages. Before I had time to decide, I heard steps above me and looked up into Eleanor's eyes, big as the proverbial saucers with astonishment. I did a smart piece of thinking that took my breath away, then spoke with an injured tone.

"It's no use, I've dived about twenty times and haven't seen a sign of it. I told you a sculpin would get it."

Whereupon the ungrateful creature upbraided me unmercifully and tearfully for thus risking my life to the havoc of sharks and lung troubles, and soon convinced herself that she was the cause of it. Getting ashore, I escorted her back towards the hotel; and on the way, in spite of my unkempt and dripping condition, I endeavored to convince her that the ring would be much safer on her finger than in my pocket.

She consented to its being produced only because her finger might catch cold without its accustomed garment.

The following month she and I held leading parts in a beautiful little drama entitled, "A June Wedding."

G. H.

They call him "Bone Head Barry,"
"The Swede," or simply "Met,"
And all the little girls
Think he's the cutest yet.

My Goldfish Fritz

I ONCE had a goldfish to which I became very much attached. This fish did not know much when I bought him, but by patience and perseverance I taught him to do many marvelous things. At first he was very modest and retiring. I might say he was afraid of me, but by degrees I obtained his confidence until he would eat from my hand without biting my fingers. I taught him to swim and to dive and remain under water for long periods at a time.

Then I conceived the idea of changing the "habitat" of my goldfish from the aquarium to the open air. This feat I accomplished by removing him from the water a little while every day, until, at length, he could remain out of water for several hours without any inconvenience; and gradually, to my delight, he so accustomed himself to the open air that water was no longer necessary to his existence. Oh, of course I would give him an occasional drink.

I then placed him in a bird cage and taught him to sing popular songs. He had a beautiful voice, and often in the night, I used to wake up and hear him singing away as if his little throat would break.

Every day I used to take him from the cage to give him physical culture lessons. I taught him to jump through a hoop, turn handsprings, lie down and roll over, and sit up on his hind legs, or rather his tail, and beg. When I went out walking he used to follow me like a dog, hopping gayly at my heels; and best of all, I never had to use a leash.

I used to give my pet a bath every Saturday evening and he could hardly wait for Saturday night to come. I would fill the bath tub half full of water, then toss the goldfish in, being careful, however, to strap a life preserver on him to prevent his drowning.

I kept this goldfish seven years and he seemed just like one of the family, but alas, he came to an untimely end—for, in his old

age he grew vicious and we had to keep him chained all of the time, and on one occasion he broke his chain and bit one of the neighbor's children, so I had to shoot him.

Then, being of an economical frame of mind, and also a signer of the meat boycott, I decided to have planked goldfish for dinner, but although I am not any more sentimental than the average person I confess I could not eat a bit of Fritz. It was not because I was afraid of bones, but because my eyes were so dim with tears that my fork could not find my mouth.

By G. Gretchel.

You Never Can Tell

When all the night you grind and cram,
And into your brain, information ram,
You rather expect you will pass your exam,
But—you never can tell.

When the streets are covered with slush and snow
You'll never be forced to school to go
For "the fire-bell surely will ring" you know,
But—you never can tell.

All through the season, two months or more,
We wait to add to old Brookline's lore
The tale of the championship baseball score.
But—you never can tell.

Reports don't fill us all with glee.
But cheer up! What a genius you might be
If they gave you a chance—instead of a D.
Of course—you never can tell.

NEWS NOTES

The Manual Training Department has been presented with some unique pieces of ironwork by Messrs. Decatur, Hopkins & Co. of Boston, which were manufactured by the Wallingford Co. of Vermont. They consist of a series of pieces of iron which illustrate the stages in the making of a common garden rake and fork.

The New England Teachers' Convention will take place in Boston about May 5, 6 and 7, and the Manual Training and Art Departments will have an exhibition in connection with that event, as the Brookline High and Grammar Schools are to be among those visited.

The subjects for the J. Murray Kay prize have been announced for those who are to compete for it. They are, "The History of the Older Churches of Brookline" and "The History of the Brookline Country Club." The winner of this prize is announced at the graduation exercises.

Thursday, March 17, the Debating Club discussed the subject, "Resolved, That there should be a Greater Boston on a plan similar to that of Greater New York." Little and Furguson spoke for the affirmative, Newton and Stevens for the negative. The debate proceeded in the usual way, the affirmative having the upper hand, though the negative advanced some strong points. The speaking of Furguson was the particular feature, though the rebuttal was good on both sides. Owing perhaps to the uninteresting nature of the question, speaking from the floor was not

particularly enthusiastic, only Hussy, Swett and Talbot participating. The Rhetorical Committee composed of Russell, Smith and Hunter gave its decision to the affirmative, being supported by the vote of the house, with a vote of 18 to 4. Miss Waldo as critic commended the rebuttal, also the clear points of the affirmative, as they had evidently taken the trouble to look up what points the negative might advance and prepare points against them.

The Rifle Club won another match and tied another during the past month, winning a team badge and two individual badges in the match with the Boston Union Rifle and Revolver Club.

The Brookline High School Aëronautic Society elected its officers during the past month and adopted a constitution at various meetings. The officers are: Philip Nordell, president; Leonard Wright, vice-president; Bryant Hawes, secretary-treasurer; Mr. Packard, faculty member. There are no girls in the club yet. As the membership is limited to fifty, prospective entrants had better get busy.

The Dramatics, which came off Friday evening, March 22, were quite the success everybody expected they would be. The cast entered into the spirit of the play with a vim that would brook no failure, and with all parts as splendidly played as they undoubtedly were, we might safely say the 1910 Dramatics were the best ever. The play itself was one which many believed would be too much for a High School show; "The Private Secretary" is not a little dialogue by any means, and the coaches, cast and "stage hands" deserve much credit for the way they ran things off. All did their parts so well that it is unfair to commend special characters, but none will deny that Alan Hay surpassed himself, or that any one of the principals did far more than was expected of him or her. The cast in order of entrance:—

Douglas Cattermole ..... Harold Cooley
Mr. Sydney Gibson ..... Francis Wyman
Rev Robert Spalding ..... Alan Hay
Knox ..... James McGrath

Mr. Marsland ..... Squier Kraft
Eva Webster ..... Elsie Page
Mrs. Stead ..... Katharine Webb
Harry Marsland ..... William Shedden
Mr. Cattermole ..... Francis O'Hearn
Miss Ashford ..... Evelyn Coon
Edith Marsland ..... Marion Corlew
John ..... Cyril Reynolds

Miss Marion Hay as coach, and John Metcalf, manager, deserve special thanks for the work they did in preparing the cast and stage.

There does not seem to be much news, won't somebody please do something.

The boys in 2d Manual Training are making lamps; the finals are approaching,—oh, you midnight studying!

Talk about hurricanes, such weighty articles as sponge erasers and erasing knives blow out of the Mechanical Drawing room every day, and nobody sees them go. One of these days we will be seeing a planer machine "lifted" bodily forth.

The final debate of the year was held by the Debating Club in the Physical Lecture room on Thursday, March 31. The debate was the final one of the interclass series, and was open to the public, so that a considerable number of girls and non-members was present.

The question read, "Resolved, That immigration into the United States be further restricted by educational tests."

The seniors had the affirmative, represented by Smith and Hunter, while the freshmen were Spitz and Derr. Smith and Spitz took the rebuttal for their respective sides, and made as good a debate as we have heard this year. There was no speaking from the floor, apparently the subject was well covered by the principals or else the listeners lacked familiarity with the question. The judge, Mr. Packard, gave the decision to the negative, his vote

being supported unanimously by the house. The feature of the meeting came when Mr. Packard gave a most interesting account of his visits to the Houses of Parliament in England, the Italian House of Parliament, the Swiss and German Houses of Representatives. He told of the red tape to be gone through before one can visit such places, and of what one sees when one finally gets there.

James Rudolf, '09, is a reporter on the Tech paper "Technique."

"Hiney" Briggs played short-stop on the team that was whitewashed by the girls of a well-known Boston private school. A. Chandler officiated as captain of the vanquished.

Another estimable institution has completed its course of work for this year. We refer, of course, to our friend the "hot dog."

The next Sagamore will be the graduation number!

Leonard Wright spent his vacation in California, reporting a most enjoyable trip.

Four members of the Rifle Club were the guests of Donald Perin at Brookline, New Hampshire, during the holidays. They achieved coats of tan, and did a lot of shooting, the net result of which was the mangling of one miserable woodchuck. Haslam was the would-be butcher.

Good scheme, this spring foot-ball practice; gets the fellows into shape for a strenuous summer.

The Debating Club has adjourned till next year, having passed through one of the most profitable periods in its history. All credit is due to those members and friends who have done so much toward making it such a lively and beneficial organization.

Walter Davies, ex-'09, is living in North Dakota, and says life is well worth living in those regions.

The Friday morning talks which the school appreciates so much were continued on Friday, April 1, when Bishop Lawrence spoke to us of Brookline in his boyhood days, and of school as he experienced it. His subject was "The Thrusting Force of Habit," and he illustrated the talk with incidents from the lives of Lincoln and Shaw. Talks such as this should be most popular, for they come from people who are thoroughly conversant with what they have to say, busy people who have little leisure time to spare in talking. The school would like them twice a day.

The orchestra has long passed the stage, when it sounded as if each member was vigorously prosecuting a search for the lost chord, and is coming along in fine style. What's the matter with hearing them in the Hall some morning?

Miss Bailey has been very ill most of the past month. During her absence her work was taken by Miss Adams and Miss Dunbar. Miss Dunbar is a Brookline High graduate, '05, sister of Harry Dunbar, '09.

What a dodge! It has been discovered that by paying 50 cents boys can procure an excellent meal at the Harvard Interscholastic Meet if they don track suits and look important. Entrants must get their names in quickly as there is sure to be a rush.

At the Training Table

"Hey, Walter, go out and kill us another horse."

"Say, Capper, stop *hoggin'* all the prunes, that makes four you've had."

"Oh, my, such salubrious spuds."

"Oh you dropped eggs on trust!"

"Sling some of that hash down the line, will you."

"Hey, Chandler, hit me with the butter, please."

"Any more prunes, Walter?"

"Where's the H_2O?"

"Johnny Met: 'Got two bits for me?' "

Alumni Notes

At a regular meeting of the Brookline High School Club of Harvard, the following officers were elected: President, Richard Floyd, '05; vice-president, Charles Hann, '07; secretary-treasurer, Sherwood Blodgett, '07. The Club has now thirty-five members.

In a recent entertainment given by the Brookline Knights of Columbus, quite a number of our graduates participated. Those taking part in the songs were Mary O'Brien, ex-'08, Joseph Driscoll, ex-'06, Frederick O'Day, ex-'06, and George Driscoll, '04. A ballet was arranged by Miss Mary McGrath, '04.

'03. The engagement of Wallace Dunbar Dexter to Miss Marion Gregory of Brookline has been announced.

'05. "Dick" Floyd has been elected vice-president of the Phillips Brooks House Association at Harvard. He is also a member of the Junior Class Entertainment Committee and captain of his dormitory relay team.

'06. Ralph Marshall is making good at second base on the Harvard varsity baseball team.

'06. "Sully" Sargent is now rowing 2 on the Harvard varsity eight.

'06. "Bill" O'Hearn is said to be one of the cleverest hockey players that Technology has ever known. After playing three years at forward he was elected captain last fall. "Bill" was also captain of his class baseball team in his sophomore year and caught for the class team two years. He played full-back two years on class football teams, and is on the Technology Athletic Association. Apart from athletics he is a member of the Kappa Theta fraternity, the Civil Engineering Society, and the Biology Society. This spring he graduates as a sanitary engineer.

'07. Elizabeth Bond Young was married recently to Mr. Gordon March of Newton at St. Paul's Espicopal Church. Her brother, Dexter Young, '04, was an usher.

'07. In a recent novice track meet at Harvard, Charles Hann won third place in the 16-pound shot, with a put of 34 feet. He is out for the varsity baseball team and has been taking part in the spring football practice. He was also in the mobs of two of the plays presented by the Harvard Dramatic Club recently—a new role for Charles, that of "mob."

'07. Sherwood Blodgett lately gave a sleight-of-hand performance before his class at Harvard.

'08. In a regimental meet at Irvington street, "Billy" Daniels ran for the Brookline Gymnasium relay team against the Providence A. A.

'08. Cyril Bigelow has been confined at home with a severe attack of rheumatism.

'08. Both "Joe" Kittredge and "Dick" Marble were in the cast of the recent Pi Eta show at Harvard.

Ex-'08. "Bill" Howe has been rowing stroke on the Yale Freshmen eight.

'09. In the novice meet at Harvard, Harry Dunbar captured third place in the 40–yard dash and tied for third in the high jump with a leap of 5 feet 1 inch. Harry has recently wrenched his spine so badly that the doctors forbid him to enter in any athletics for some time.

'09. Franz Niccolls is rowing stroke on the law school crew at Cornell. He is also captain of the rifle team and instructor in shooting.

'09. Gallert is a likely aspirant for catcher.

Ex-'10. Hugh Brady won third place for his class in the 880-yard run, in a recent meet at Andover.

Ex-'10. "Gag" Whitney was another member of the Brookline Gymnasium relay team to run against the Providence A. A.

Ex-'10. Arthur Knudson tied for third place in the regimental meet at Irvington street with a jump of 5 feet 2 inches.

Batter up!

Turn out, you fans of the great and glorious national game. Oil up your vocal machinery and let off some of your steam at the games. Hang a monkey wrench on the safety valve and let her screech. Fellows, we want another baseball championship! We want the name of Brookline emblazoned on that banner in the lower corridor! Remember, the first Newton game comes on Monday, May 30. Let's fill the stands at Claflin Field to overflowing. Now, give 'em a "B. H." twice over and make it good!

Root!!

BASEBALL

Brookline opened her season on the diamond in an auspicious manner on April 12 by defeating Roxbury Latin 10-4. This game gave a chance to try out the new battery, Denning and Dexter dividing up in the box and Anderson behind the bat. All three performed well, the former registering eight strike outs; and between them they allowed but three hits. Brookline played a clean cut game in the field, Walizer and McGrath pulling off the first double play of the season. Of the eight hits Brookline made off Jones, McGuire contributed a double, "Bill" Walizer, a three sacker, and Kelleher a home run. On the whole it was an encouraging beginning to a season which is prophesied to be a great success.

On April 15 the team took a trip to Malden and there received a set-back at the hands of the home team. This is the first defeat Brookline has suffered since 1908, and it may be said, in justice to our boys that low standing in studies prevented some of the regulars from participating. Denning certainly did his share with eleven strike outs to his credit. Failure to hit the ball on Brookline's part left Malden the victors 5-0.

The schedules for the season's games have been distributed by the manager, but in case some were not so fortunate as to receive one, the same is printed below:

May 4. Dorchester at Dorchester.
" 7. Harvard 2d at Cambridge.
" 10. Dedham at Dedham.
" 13. English at Locust Street, South Boston.
" 17. Natick at Natick.
" 20. Commercial High at Brookline.
" 25. Cambridge Latin, undecided.
" 27. Hyde Park at Brookline.
" 30. Newton High at Newton.
June 2. Wellesley High at Wellesley.
" 8. Newton at American League Grounds.
" 10. Cambridge Latin, undecided.

CREW

Crew work on the river started in the spring vacation and about fifteen fellows placed themselves under the instruction of Coach Grainey of the B. A. A. By the end of the first week, the green men had improved wonderfully, and prospects for two good crews are bright. The first crew as it has rowed all the spring is made up of Cooley, stroke; Kraft, 3; Collins, 2; Rowan, 1; and Hay, cox. These four oarsmen average about 154 lbs., and being built for a long reach they make a very promising crew. Brookline is not the only school represented by a good crew squad. Noble and Greenough and Cambridge Latin both look well, especially the former, which has the heaviest set of men on the river. The races, which will

probably be held the last week in May, will be some of the best ever held on the Charles. The crews are all of high class, and it will be a grand fight when they meet. We do not wish to "count our chickens," etc., but Brookline is going to be in that race every minute, and the boys deserve all the support the school can give them. Come on, now, fellows, drive her!

FOOTBALL

For the first time in many years spring football practice is being held at Brookline. In view of the changes in the rules for next fall, Captain O'Hearn has called out all candidates; and under Mr. Carrell's supervision, the men are now practising behind the High School building forward passes, punts, drop-kicks and signals. Quite a number of prospective football heroes have reported, and a strong foundation is being laid for a winning team next year.

TRACK

The material on hand for this year's outdoor track team is generally conceded to be the best that Brookline has ever had; indeed, there is no reason why our men should not show up well in every Interscholastic meet in which they are entered. In the sprints we have Taylor, Nordell, Johnstone, Swett and Hicks; in the quarter-mile, we have F. Wyman and Taylor; in the half-mile, we have Capper; in the mile, Stone; in the high jump, Chandler and Johnstone; in the broad jump we are especially strong with Taylor, Nordell and Johnstone, each of whom has done over twenty feet repeatedly this spring; in the pole-vault we have Hammer and Robinson; in the shot-put Blackhall, Collins and C. Wyman. Chandler and C. Wyman are practising daily with the hammer; and Taylor, Shedden and Hammer are making good in the hurdles. The track in front of the school has been put in fine shape, and fresh jumping pits are being made. Work hard, fellows, and let's have a Track Championship or two come to Brookline this year.

GUN CLUB

The match for the Hopkins and Allen cup presented to the Rifle Team was won by Haslam, Van Bibber second, Fessenden, third;

and Schwarz, fourth. The match was so closely contested that the result was in doubt till the last shot had been fired.

Brookline Rifle Team won the ten-man match with the Harvard Military Rifle Team of Los Angeles, California, with score of 921 to 901. The judge for the winners was Eugene Carver, B. H. S., '09, Capt. Furguson officiating for the losers. The score 921 is only 30 points behind that made by the championship team, competing with fifty other teams, for the Astor trophy last year.

Fessenden	97
Haslam	96
Schwarz	94
Van Bibber	94
W. Chandler	93
Capper, captain	93
F. Crory	90
Pollard	90
Briggs	88
Crafts	86
Total	921

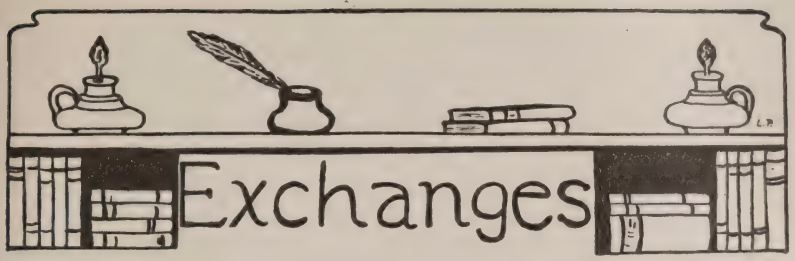
A slump occurred in the marksmanship of some members of the Rifle Club on March 5, which almost cost them their title of Schoolboy Champions of New England. The match was with the Deering High School Team of Portland, ten men being on each team. Both clubs scored 906 out of a possible 1,000, a coincidence likely to happen once in two hundred matches. Mr. Carrell kindly acted as judge for the home team, and showed his knowledge of shooting to be as thorough as his command of other branches of sport. Mr. Allan, principal of Deering High, officiated for the opponents. Such an exhibition of failures as our boys gave won't happen again. Fessenden was high man with 97, his second performance in that capacity; Haslam second; Schwarz and Van Bibber tied for third place. We spare the others the disgrace of seeing their scores in print.

The Rifle Club won the biggest match in its history Friday night, March 11, when it beat the Union Rifle and Revolver Club of Boston in the latter's own range on Atlantic Avenue. When one takes into consideration the facilities each organization has for developing its skill, and the differences in the nature of the organizations, the feat is one well worth accomplishing. The marksmen of the Union Rifle and Revolver Club are among the best in New England, and the five members who shot against Brookline were every one over thirty years of age, men who know how to shoot and have been shooting for years.

Each man standing at twenty yards fired fifty shots on a bull's-eye of one-half inch diameter, each shot counting twenty-five, or a possible aggregate per man of 1,250, 6,000 per team. Our team's total was 5,694, or about 95% of the possible. The Union Club's score was 5,627, 67 points, or a little more than 1% under our team. The team prize was won by Brookline, and the high man's badge by Haslam; while Schwarz, tying with Ruisseau for third place, won that badge on the shoot off. Mr. Hoffman, captain of the Union team, won the second badge.

BROOKLINE.		UNION CLUB.	
F. Capper, capt.	1,128	G. Hoffman, capt.	1,159
Fessenden	1,117	Goodhue	1,116
Van Bibber	1,133	Randlett	1,087
Schwarz	1,137	Ruisseau	1,137
Haslam	1,179	Gibbons	1,128
Team totals	5,694		5,627

If our five men had five more good shots to back them in the match next month for the Astor gold cup, we should see that trophy in the reception room in no time. If any fellows know how to shoot, come out and help do it, it's worth trying for.



The "Sagamore" acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following: Adelphian, Arrow, Artisan, Bulletin (Harvard College), Bulletin (Montclair High School), Clarion, Columbia Alumni News, Courier, Crescent, Erasmian, Gazette, Herald, Jabberwock, Keramos, Ledger, Loyal Sons' Clarion, Magnet, Megaphone, Morristonian, Orange, Philomathe, Polaris, Quill, Red and Blue, Register, Review, Southern Workman, Sphinx, Vindex, Voice, White and Blue.

There is only one criticism we would make about the Erasmian—the cover. The things we do like, however, so far outweigh the one thing we do not, that we almost hesitate to speak of it lest too great emphasis seem to be laid on one feature. To make the proper proportion between our criticism and our praise would take altogether too much space. We will only add that the departments are admirably managed. The editors have achieved the rather difficult feat of making their paper exceedingly interesting to an outsider without sacrificing the local color.

We have nothing but praise for the Crescent. The cover is very charming, yet not by any means the best part of the paper. The editor quite prepared himself for a decline in quality, for after viewing the unusual attractiveness of the exterior, he was exceedingly skeptical as to the ability of the Crescent's editors to maintain the standard. But even a confirmed skeptic—and most of us who hold the office of exchange editor long reach that stage—is glad to find himself occasionally mistaken. Thank you for a very pleasant surprise, Crescent. It was doubly welcome, because, unfortunately, such surprises are few and far between.

We observe that the Morristonian speaks of the chief fault for

which exchanges have criticized the paper. If we had not your own statement that your paper had received attention from other papers, we might suppose you were laboring under a slight misapprehension as to the meaning of "exchange column." A mere acknowledgment of two or three dozens of papers does not comprise an exchange column. It is merely a prefatory paragraph. If the exchange editor thinks he has done enough when he finishes his preface, and can conceive of more enjoyable ways to employ his time, let him remember there are others whose inclinations likewise tend pleasurewards, but whose New England consciences forbid any shirking of their duty. Like veritable dogs in the manger they intend that if their arduous labor in behalf of the exchange column deprives them of an iota of their full share of pleasure, fellow exchange editors shall at least not get more than their due by an abbreviation of the much abused exchange column. You are not alone in this respect—but the fact that your sin is of omission rather than commission does not lighten it.

We wish to compliment some one on his ingenuity. The Arrow from the Broken Bow High School, as a name, certainly hits the mark. If you have not stopped in disgust at that feeble pun, we would also like to say that the whole idea of the name is cleverly carried out on the cover. You have used the quaint name of your town to the best advantage. But there was one thing that did not appear to us worthy of the cleverness of the cover—the cuts. It occurred to us, also, that there was plenty of room for difference of opinion as to the artistic or the clever—at least the room between Nebraska and Massachusetts.

Does anybody know—

Why Rube turns *out* his toes so?

Where Priest got that shape?

What Metcalf does with those track quarters he collects?

How Alan Hay grows so fat?

When Barney will grow up?

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Volume 16 JUNE, 1910 Number 8

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SAGAMORE BOARD

THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River—Winthrop's Journal

VOLUME XVI JUNE, 1910 NUMBER 8

Editorial

IT was the morning of a new day.

The sun, rising slowly over a crest of the hill, looked down upon a little Indian camp, huddled at the foot of the slope. Around the clearing, majestic pines lifted their tall, straight trunks far above the cluster of little tepees.

From the great council house, there came a low moaning sound. Within sat all the braves of the tribe in a silent circle about the now diminishing fire. In the centre knelt the medicine man, Wabeno, waving his arms slowly before the fitful blaze, and, at short intervals, uttering guttural moans. At length he ceased. All was still. Then from the inner circle rose an Indian. He was wrapped in a bright red blanket slashed with blue, but as he straightened to his full height he let fall the robe and stood, a bronze statue, before them. It was the old Sagamore, the leader of the tribe, the chief of chiefs.

Raising his long, sinewy arms before him, he began to speak, and even a greater hush fell over the waiting throng.

"Little brothers," he began in his smooth, musical voice, "it has been decreed by Gitche Manito, the Great Spirit, that we shall leave these hunting grounds forever and travel far out into the deep forest, until we find a greater and more plentiful field. Let us pray to the Great Spirit that Gheezis will smile upon our travelings by day and Dibik'gezis will light our path by night. Last night we saw Iskodah pointing to the home of Keeway'din, the clear northwest wind. The Great Spirit means for us to follow the comet and come to the land of everlasting day, where Mon'da'min grows high and Peboan, the Winter, fears to visit. Up, little brothers,

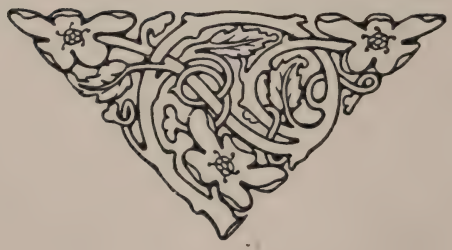
and we will take the trail together. Wabun'an'nung has fled before the light of Gheezis. Come, my braves, and before the Moon of Falling Leaves we will be happy."

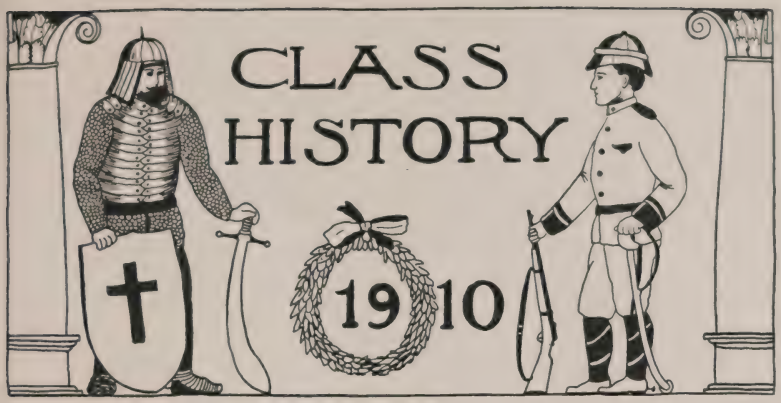
Thus spake the old Sagamore, and thus it was that his tribe left their home in search of greater things beyond.

Classmates, we also are about to leave our home, the Brookline High School. We are going out into the great, silent forest of the unknown, in search of that ever sought for prize—success. Let us take up our journey full of hope. Surely the sun of prosperity will reward our efforts and cause the seeds of our toil to flourish.

The old Sagamore beheld a comet—let that comet be the emblem of our ambition, ever upward, ever onward. Class of 1910, let us not linger on the threshold of the future. By the rising of another sun we shall be on our way.

May the Great Spirit prosper us.





By Edwin Smith

FRESHMAN YEAR

I ONCE read a criticism of an historical work which dwelt at some length on the writer's "quaint unconventionality" in regard to his disregard of the various dry dates and data with which such volumes are so often overstocked.

Therefore, if in this class history my pen seems to wander somewhat at random through a foggy train of thought, and if I have omitted certain persons' names who really richly deserved to be mentioned, I earnestly hope that such ones will agree not to be offended and will make an effort to persuade themselves that this is merely another exposition of "quaint unconventionality."

In telling briefly of our first year in High School, I will not dwell unduly on the mingled feelings of awe, rejoicing and bewilderment with which we first entered the now familiar realms; for such emotions are as old as the institution itself and no one class may rightly presume to lay claim to them. Suffice it to say concerning our introductory week or month, that we possessed the distinction of being the largest Freshman class yet recorded, which honor no doubt inspired us to those many achievements which have since rendered us famous.

Not long after our instalment, we were "received" by the Sophomore class. This function was in the form of a dance at which for the first time we "tripped the light fantastic" on the floor of Shailer Hall. No doubt, viewed from the summit of our present terpsichorean accomplishments, the tripping was indeed fantastic, but then we had a very good time which is all that really counts.

Naturally our gratitude to the Sophomores was deep and to fittingly express it, we realized there should be an acknowledgment penned by the first representative of our class to the chief man of theirs. But at that time we were all legally in equal standing, and to avoid the possibility of wrangling for the honor, we held a class election. Thus did our social and political life blossom out together.

The following officers were elected: president, Robert Emerson; vice-president, Carolyn Burdett; secretary, Cherry Head; and treasurer, Ansel Cady.

Thus completely organized, we now began to develop our literary and athletic talents. In the former branch of activity we flatter ourselves we excelled for a Freshman class. Cherry Head and Hugh Brady were elected Sagamore reporters and our fiction contributors were many. In the annual dramatics this year, one of our number revealed himself as a "star" of the first magnitude, a reputation which he has since consistently borne out. This, of course, was Alan Hay.

The items which I have been able to gather concerning the successes which we achieved through our brawn appear somewhat heterogeneous. However, I shall set them down as nearly as possible in chronological order. First, our husky president distinguished himself at right end throughout the football season. At the meet in the Town Hall on Washington's Birthday, Bob Marston did us particular honor. Perhaps the most notable achievement of the year was when Gardner Whitney won the "mile" at the class track meet and succeeded in breaking the High School record.

The girls should not be overlooked in this distribution of athletic honors, for their class basketball team administered a worthy defeat to the Sophomores.

At the end of June, we breathed the conventional sigh of relief at the thought of arduous labor completed and shook the dust of High School from our heels.

SOPHOMORE YEAR

We returned in the fall of 1907 somewhat diminished in numbers but not a whit in spirit.

The year's festivities were inaugurated with a reception to the Freshman class which from all accounts appears to have been a distinct success. This time we got to our class election a little earlier, with the following result: president, Hugh Knowlton; vice-president, Carolyn Burdett; secretary, Irma Waterhouse; and treasurer, Gardner Whitney.

It might not be amiss to mention here that during the first two or three months several of our classmates were heard to remark in contemptuous tones, "Isn't it the limit what a bunch of kids the Freshmen are this year?"

Thus, with the appellation of "Sophomore" did our heads grow unduly large.

On the official organ of the school our representatives were Sylvia Goulston, Irma Waterhouse, and Edwin Smith. In the dramatics Alan Hay justified our perfect confidence in his ability to move us to the most acute stages of laughter, while Geraldine Blazo helped to carry off the play successfully; nor must we forget the work of Arthur Jacobs as stage manager to whom was denied the privilege of appearing in frills and furbelows, but who must labor in plebeian shirt sleeves far from the glare of the footlights.

Again I come to our athletic history, for the incompleteness of which, I must refer to the dumb record books to which I have had access. We were represented on the football, basketball, hockey and baseball teams, while in the track meets Chandler and Whitney distinguished themselves to our credit. Apparently alone on the honor roll of our girl athletes, it is recorded that Elsie Page captained the class field hockey team.

This is practically the sum of our deeds, yet the year must not be relegated to the archives without noting two events, which although they did not concern our class directly were of such great importance to the school that I think it is best to overstep the bounds and mention them. The first of these was a great loss which we sustained, the retirement of Miss Frye as a member of the faculty on which she had served so many years; while the second happening was of a more cheerful character. This was the gala opening of the Municipal Gymnasium, whose influence on the future athletic life of the school is sure to be inestimably beneficial. At the approach of summer with fagged brains but jubilant steps we departed from school to undertake a couple of months' recuperation for the year to come.

JUNIOR YEAR.

On our second return to Brookline High, we found that our little kindergarten neighbors in Room 14 had "folded their tents like the Arabs," and retreated permanently from the school. At this, it must be confessed, we were not altogether sorry, for although the youngsters were undeniably cute, we were in constant fear lest we should inadvertently trip on them while hustling around between periods.

This fall we were neither "received" nor did we on the other hand "receive," but there was ample consolation for the loss in the thought that the next year practically all the school functions would be for our benefit.

We proceeded without delay to elect our governing four, with the following results: president, Hugh Knowlton; vice-president, Carolyn Burdett; secretary, Irma Waterhouse; and treasurer, Gardner Whitney.

This time, I find the athletic data a little more elaborate. Naturally the first sport in which we had an opportunity of distinguishing ourselves was football, and we energetically set about to show the rest of the school that in this game we were determined on carrying off the blue ribbon. Basketball was debarred from the curriculum, so our attention was next directed to hockey on which team we had

five members. In the triangular track meet, under the very able leadership of Captain Whitney, Brookline bore the coveted banner to its own domain. Nor must I omit to mention concerning "Gag" Whitney, who has since left us, that he was elected vice-president of the Interscholastic League. In the Interscholastic Track Meet in Mechanics Hall, Chandler earned lasting credit by breaking the high jump record.

With the warm flush of spring came basketball and crew in which we were represented.

This was a momentous year for the girls in athletics, as a girls' B. H. S. A. A. was organized, on whose board Miss Brownell was the Junior representative. In the Debating Club we find that the Juniors defeated the Seniors in the interclass, and that Hay and Russell spoke for Brookline against Everett High School in the first Interscholastic Debate in which the school had taken part.

Up to this time I have forgotten to mention that our class, along with its other attributes, was exceedingly adept in the art of picking and sawing on stringed instruments, and this year Alan Hay managed the Mandolin Club.

Last, but by no means least, I come to the Sagamore on whose board we had four representatives, and thus endeth the chronicle of our Junior year.

SENIOR YEAR

In the early fall of 1909 we trooped into High School for the last time as a class returning from its summer vacation, with hands and faces browned by the August sun.

Although for a time our brains were somewhat befuddled from the sudden transition of loafing to really doing something for all we were worth, we solemnly resolved that this our last should be our gala year. But at the very outset of our activities, we received a blow, ostensibly from the faculty, but in reality we believe administered by fate to test our courage—Mr. Hitchcock informed us that this year even Seniors would not be allowed to mount the front steps in the morning. Thus was a privilege wrested from

us which has been sacred to the dignity of first classmen for generations untold. Did we like caitiffs bend before the storm? Did we suffer this humiliation to degrade us in the eyes of our scoffing under schoolmates? No! A thousand times, no! We became only still more firmly consecrated to our high resolve to blazon our name with honor on the records of the school.

I fain would chronicle in detail our achievements for this year, but two great objections present themselves—the first, consideration for the already overtaxed minds of the audience, and the second, a fear lest these successes by their very greatness might destroy ambition to breast the lofty pinnacles of fame in the Senior classes yet to come.

This year, for the second time in our career, we were unfortunate enough to lose an instructor who had been patiently teaching the young Brookline idea how to shoot for many years: Miss Johnson departed for Europe leaving a host of friends behind her.

First, let me mention our directors: Alan Hay, president; Carolyn Burdett, vice-president; Francis O'Hearn, treasurer; and Vera McDonald, secretary. Next, our "Sagamore" lights—Harold Cooley, editor-in-chief; Sylvia Goulston, literary editor; and Francis A. Wyman, business manager.

I open now the record books to debating, and find that a High School Girls' Debating Club was organized with Sylvia Goulston of our class for its president, and other "1910" young ladies figuring prominently in the list of officers. In the original, masculine, debating society, Alan Hay was president, and others from among us were in the governing list. We won the debate against the Juniors, and greatest of all Brookline won the first Interscholastic Debate with Newton, with Hay and Russell for our class representatives.

The Mandolin Club enjoyed a prosperous season under the skillful head wagging of Alan Hay, who again secured fresh laurels in the dramatics in which we had six other representatives.

As is the custom with Senior classes, we gave a social and a dance, in praise of which I will only say with modest reserve that they were both unqualifiedly the best ever attempted.

And now at the last for athletics. There are indeed quantities which might be said on this subject, but oftentimes we know it is brevity which carries the most weight. Accordingly, I append this table which most ably speaks for itself.

Football	captain,	O'Hearn,	1910.
Hockey	"	Mason,	"
Track	"	Chandler,	"
Baseball	"	McGrath,	"
Crew	"	Collins,	"

And now, classmates, the full quota of our acts has been recorded. The great bell of time is inexorably tolling the arrival of a new class, the class of 1911, and old 1910 must don its mantle and depart. But let it not be thought that this departure is to be a sudden plunge into oblivion. On the contrary, we know it is only a stepping-stone toward the greater things to be fought for and attained in the whirlpool of the world.

But ever in the future when we are standing on the upper rungs of the ladder of success, let us not forget the steps by which we climbed, and let us only hope that the class of 1910 may linger as long in the memory of the school as Brookline High School shall be remembered by its departing children.

IVY ORATION

FREDERICK HUNTER

CLASSMATES: This day bears witness of a turning point in our career. So soon, it seems, we must leave this school, which we have frequented for four years in search of instruction, and pleasure. Now, the world proffers us her hand, and we, youthful and rash, deem ourselves ready to grasp the opportunity. And yet, we do not in our haste forget the duty that we owe our school.

Therefore, today, we are assembled to perform the ceremony connected with every class day, planting a tiny sprig of ivy, a small yet affectionate token of our undying love.

And this infant vine resembles much ourselves. For, just as we have now completed our course of studies in this schoöl, and are sent abroad to become so scattered and dispersed—that a reunion of the class that once was a unit shall be despaired of,—so this ivy is today cut from off its parent stock and now must make its own struggle for existence. By constant annual effort, grasping these red walls with its greedy tentacles and spreading out and over their surface, it shall ever be the emblem of the career of one of this school's most devoted classes,

THE CLASS OF 1910.

SYLVIA T. GOULSTON

Since all the noble deeds of days of old,
When battles raged and duels mad were fought,
And ladies' favor by brave knights so bold,
At cost of life and blood was dearly bought,
When kingdoms quickly passed from sire to sire,
And swift the recompense of love or hate,
There's ever been that burning inward fire
Which strengthens men for sacrifices great.

And still, today, that longing rules the world,
Though men have other aims than sword and shield;
No longer trumpet blast or flag unfurl'd
Doth call them forth upon the battlefield.
For yet with brain and body all alive
To note and catch the moment e'er it flies,
They work, and struggle for their aims, and strive
Each one to gain his end before he dies.
Ambition is this stirring impulse strong
That challenges to glory one and all.

And in its flooding torrent sweeps along
Poor man and rich in answer to its call.
It is a gift to man of worth untold,
Inspiring him with love for lives well spent,
And poor indeed is he, with countless gold,
Who's stirred not by its glorious discontent.
We all have much to do on this great earth,
Some work has been assigned to everyone;
Our duty is to prove what we are worth,
To show the honor of a task well done.
Ambition such as this is not the kind
Which lets us scorn our fellows on the road,
And leave the weak friend helpless far behind,
Nor try to help him with his heavy load.
'Tis not that selfish hope that leads us on,
Striving to reach the heights at any cost,
Seeking alone to say, "Now I have won!"
For such a man the half of gain is lost.
Nay, he ought for greater things to plan
With ever one absorbing splendid dream:
To make life nobler if his efforts can,
And fill his own place in the world's great scheme.
We all have longings more renowned to grow,
And leave the fond remembrance of our name,
That to the future ages it may show
A shining light of honor and of fame;
But if such greatness we may not attain,
Let's do the work we can, and leave the rest,
We'll find our lives will not have been in vain
If we have given the world our honest best.

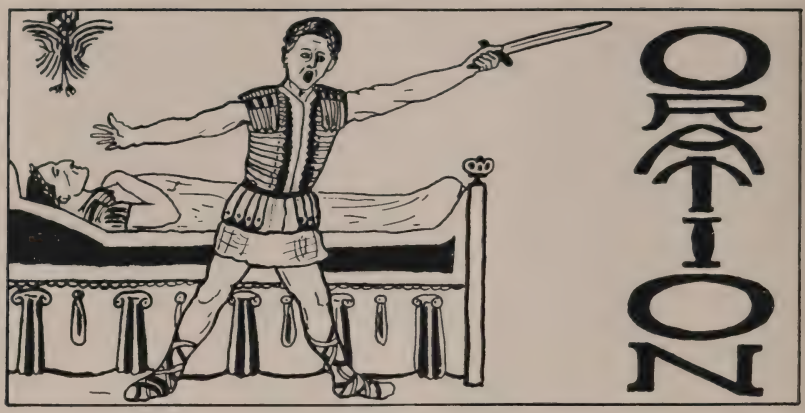
ALAN HAY,
President.

CAROLYN BURDETT,
Vice-President.

KATHARINE NORDELL,
Class Song.

VERA S. McDONALD,
Secretary.

FRANCIS J. O'HEARN,
Treasurer.



Face the Light

By Philip A. Russell

PRIMEVAL man, we are told, worshipped all sources of light. The sun, stars, fire, all claimed his veneration. It is easy to see how these would be adored by him, not only because of their beauty, but also because of the mystery and power which lies within them.

The supremacy of the sun was long ago well stated by a tribe of our American Indians when a Jesuit missionary preached to them concerning God.

"Till this hour," said they, "we never knew nor acknowledged anything greater than the sun." The Incas of Peru, a proud and haughty race, claimed a glorious origin from the sun whom they called their divine ancestor.

Today, although we no longer worship the sun's light, nor regard it as a mystery, we still recognize it as the foundation of our existence.

I need not remind you of the dependence of plant and animal life upon light; how these flourish and grow in beauty and stature under the bright rays of the sun, and how they dwindle and pine when deprived of its blessing, for the winter's sun, departing from our hemisphere, leaves behind it a bare and desolate earth. This subservience to light is so great that even the fishes in the depths of the ocean where the sun's light does not penetrate have lost the power to see.

In the world of man light is necessary for happiness. We all know how we feel when the sun is shining in a clear sky. All the world lies before us but to be conquered. How differently do we face life when the skies are gloomy and the sun's rays are hidden.

Light is also necessary for health. People who live in darkness gradually lose physical force and the power of resistance; disease creeps in.

One great means has been found for the killing of germs bred in this way, and that is light.

We know that half light distorts even familiar objects. How unreal are the shapes seen at evening; how gloomy, forbidding, and sometimes frightful! Half lights bring shadows, and as Richard the Third says "have struck more terror to his soul than the substance of ten thousand men." The familiar rock or bush becomes quite another thing seen in the twilight. Many a traveler's tale of ghost or monster has no better foundation than the fading light on harmless objects.

Think also of the results of total darkness. Crime is the offspring of darkness; born in the darkness and fostered in the darkness it depends for its existence on the absence of light.

I have given you instances of the effects of light and the negative effects of half light and darkness; but light has a figurative significance as well as a scientific value. Light represents to the spirit of mankind knowledge, purity and truth.

First, what do I mean by knowledge? Webster describes it exactly when he says, "Knowledge, in truth, is the great sun in the firmament; life and power are scattered with all its beams."

We must have knowledge to carry out any fine bit of work, to gain for us high places. We must have knowledge to light us on a difficult and dangerous path. The pressing need of today is for trained men—men who know how. How may we gain this knowledge? By ever facing towards it. Though we may often stumble, if we are facing its light we always have aid to rise.

But knowledge is not our only requirement. The ever growing need of this country is truth. Truth. Do we understand it in its full meaning? Chaucer tells us "Truth is the highest thing a man may keep." We understand it now to mean the facing of facts as they are. Sometimes this strong light of truth blinds us; objects become blurred; our vision is indistinct. These greatest truths exceed our comprehension; we are stunned by their very greatness. But for this reason shall we turn our backs on them, refuse to look them in the face? Does the trouble lie in the truth? No, rather with our *own eyes* which are not accustomed to its brilliancy. What we need is even more and still greater truths.

Let me remind you what Macaulay says about a prisoner who leaves his cell for the first time. He is blinded by the light of heaven; his vision is dazzled. But for this shall he be once more remanded to his dungeon, thrust back again into the darkness of his cell? The only remedy is to accustom his eyes to the sun by giving him more and more light.

Truth, as light, must come from the right direction or its force is lost. When we turn our backs to the sun we walk in our shadow. We may perhaps recognize that shadow in our physical life; but it is not always so in our mental. What are the shadows which trouble us there? False pride, false ambition, half learned and half told truths.

Many a man has led an unhappy and unsuccessful life because of his false pride which showed in his unwillingness to acknowledge his mistakes and profit by them. History gives the example of Napoleon; literature of Macbeth; even our own limited experience can show to us hundreds of cases where false ambition has ruined a life.

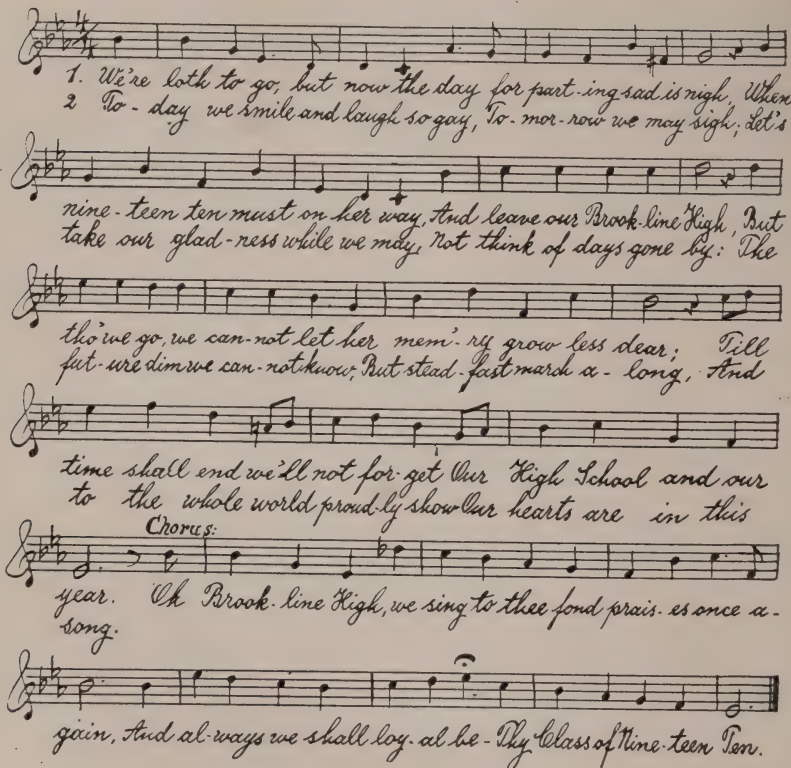
If we allow these shadows always to obstruct our mental vision, we shall fail to recognize opportunity when it knocks at our door. Opportunities do not travel in crowds, and he who passes by one is not likely to get another. The future is hidden from us, but we need have no fear if we

"Follow the Christ, the King, live pure, speak true, right wrong."

Classmates, as we step into the world ready to take up our share of life's burden, eager to fill our places, let us face the light of knowledge in living, purity in thinking and truth in speaking.

Class Song of 1910.

Words by Sylvia T. Goulston. Music by Katharine Nordell.


1. We're loth to go, but now the day for part-ing sad is nigh, When
2 To-day we smile and laugh so gay, To-mor-row we may sigh, Let's
nine-teen ten must on her way, And leave our Brook-line High, But
take our glad-ness while we may, Not think of days gone by: The
tho' we go, we can-not let her mem'-ry grow less dear; Till
fut-ure dim we can-not know, But stead-fast march a-long, And
time shall end we'll not for-get Our High School and our
to the whole world proud-ly show Our hearts are in this
Chorus:
year. Oh Brook-line High, we sing to thee fond prais-es once a-
song.
gain, And al-ways we shall loy-al be - Thy Class of Nine-teen Ten.

By Madeline Crandall and Arthur Jacobs

ONE sultry, stifling, simmering evening as I sat in my Harlem flat, I heard a great flapping as of some huge bird flying over the roof. I rushed wildly above. There, a large aeroplane floated easily at anchor, while scrambling down a swinging, swaying rope ladder was our old familiar friend Jake.

"Hello, Mad," he exclaimed, "how about a little flight?"

As it had always been my desire to fly in an aeroplane, I assented enthusiastically. Firmly grasping my courage in both hands, I began the perilous climb—. "Well, I never did admire ladders anyway!" In a moment, Jake was beside me and had opened the throttle. Soon, the city flashed below us in a dazzling panorama.

"Where shall we go?" asked Jake.

A bright idea came to me and I said, "Do you remember where we were five years ago tonight?"

A reminiscent look dawned on his face, "By Jove! we were graduated from B. H. S. five years ago tonight! What an awful surprise those diplomas were to some of us!" Then he added just as I hoped he would, "What do you say to our dropping over on the old burg and see if we can find any of the class of 1910?" Naturally I agreed and the aeroplane rose and we flew north into the regions of the east wind.

Suddenly we discerned a small speck far below us, which grew and grew until it proved to be a huge balloon. The lone occupant in the basket was wildly throwing out sandbags on the innocent heads of the luckless below.

"Look!" I exclaimed, "isn't that Cumner Talbot?" And it was.

As he approached nearer we sang out "Hulloo! what are you doing up here?"

"I have ascended to this upper strata," he replied, "far from the terraqueous planet we occupy in order to bring within the compass of the human intellectual grasp the stupendous stellar orb resembling in its dazzling and unapproachable effulgence a crystalized carbon of unsurpassing brilliancy and impenetrability, glittering in these ethereal vaults—."

As he was speaking, he continued to throw sand overboard and his last words died away as he rapidly disappeared heavenward.

"What do you suppose he meant?" I asked Jake.

"I don't know," he replied, "but Cumner always did use big words."

Soon, as if on fire, the heavens ahead of us glowed with the dazzling reflection of millions of twinkling lights. Approaching nearer a huge electrical sign met our gaze, whose blazing letters read, "Grand 1915 Exposition."

I suggested going in and we slowly dropped onto a landing stage just outside the gates. We had no tickets but that was all right, for whom should I spy at the turnstile but Jimmie Kelley with his face puckered up into its usual grin.

"Hello, strangers," said Jimmy passing us in, "you'll find a lot of your old friends here, as this is 'Brookline Night'."

Directly before us on entering was a door informing us in huge, gold letters that this was the "sanctum sanctorum" of one John Metcalf, Manager of the "1915 Exposition."

As we stood there trying to summon sufficient courage to enter, John himself with a stern, businesslike manner hastily opened the door. But on seeing us, he rushed forward "swift" as ever, both hands outstretched as he exclaimed, "Can't I persuade you to contribute the small sum of twenty-five cents toward our Park Athletic Ass?"

"Seems like old times," said Jake, painfully extracting the desired quarters. John, after carefully tucking the money into a large bag stuffed with yellow bills, invited us to make a tour of the Exposition with him.

Just opposite John's office on the Grand Promenade was a swimming pool about which a crowd was gathered. A girl dived off a stage one hundred and ten feet high and from the way in which she cut the water, we know her to be Miss Brownell or as advertised, "The Divine Nereid." In the tank, gaily performing to an admiring audience, was her sister Lorelei, Grace Johnson.

As we passed along the Promenade, bright with lights and gay with the passing throngs, we heard a sound as of many voices raised in outcry. We were about to flee in terror, when John reassured us by saying that it was only Katherine Webb and Allan Blackhall mildly discoursing on the "wherefore of the which." I had always wondered what would happen if Kate and Allan ever started a talking competition!

Remarking on the magnificent landscape gardening about us with its wonderful floral display we were told that this beauty was due to the ingenuity of John O. Walsh. John was the successor of Quinn, the florist of Coolidge Corner.

On our right was the rippling waters of the lagoon, whose surface was now and then disturbed by the gentle splash of some passing gondola. On one of these we saw a picturesque gondolier arrayed

like Joseph in his "coat of many colors." From within the barge we heard a gentle voice commanding, "Home, James." As the gondola shot into the glare of light we discovered the fair occupant to be Queenie Studley, borne along by the efforts of her ever faithful cavalier.

Just then a motor boat came chugging along and in it was Marjorie Sparrow conducting a joyful party of choir boys. Marjorie always was a good Samaritan.

To our left was the world famous scenic railway noted for its hair-raising dips, curves and tunnels. This wonderful railway was elevated to a height of over one hundred feet above ground.

"That," said Met, "is the terrible 'dip of death' known as 'Louis' Journey,' James McGrath, Proprietor." We found that "Trunk Strap's" duties consisted mainly of soothing the fears of the feminine passengers. He was especially comforting in the dark, fearsome tunnels. I thought I caught sight of a familiar figure in the crowd of girls pressing at the gate. I was right and there was Katherine Van Ott. Naughty as usual! Naughty like Van Otty!

At a near by soda fountain seeking refreshment after their recent trip on "Louis' Journey," were Alice Driscoll and Marie Johnston, Ethel Arthur and Ellen Hamilton. Alice was blushing and Marie was talking volubly over their recent experience, while Ellen was saying, "Some class to that." Poor Ethel was trying to get her breath after her undue haste for she was still trying to catch up. Over in a corner generously smearing the front of her dress as she always did was Wilhelmena Dussosoit. Ensconced behind the cashier's cage was the blonde head of Mary Duffy. A shadow passed the rear entrance stealthily—.

"Steve, Steve, where *have* you been?" called Miss Duffy.

"Well," explained Ryan, for it was he, "I just went down to the Women's Exchange for a moment and—."

"Well, will you kindly resume your former occupation behind the fountain?" answered the lady in her best B + English tones.

We left the store and wandered along the gay "White Way." Soon we perceived a great crowd gathered about a huge pink bow,

under which modestly dispensing "Honey Do" kisses to the insatiable throng was petite Anna McLaughlin. Well, we always knew Anna was popular!

Desiring to see some of the exhibits of the Exposition we made our way to the wonderful building of Mechanic Arts. Louis Schwartz met us at the door and showed us the famous Schwartz lathe, no two parts of which were alike. This was modeled from the one he built in High School. "Bill" Kennedy was also there looking lazily at some machines, never having quite gotten over his fondness for Tooles!

On leaving this building we went to the home of the International Suffragette League. The magnificent Assembly Hall of this building was finished in the style of Louis XV. Opening from this were the parlors of hairdressers, manicurists and everything else necessary for the making of feminine beauty. The place was in pandemonium; women were shouting wildly.

"She has be'n, she has be'n!"

"Who has Ben?" we asked.

"Irma Waterhouse has be'n" they answered, excitedly.

"Oh! we knew that! What about it?" we returned.

"Why, she has just be'n elected President of the League."

Among her many faithful supporters were Mildred Paige, ward politician, Anna Craig, walking delegate, visiting around as of old, and Annie Atwood, ward boss.

At the doorway of the hall, stood our cute little friend Lennie Gifford, now D. D. and Chaplain of the League. He was well fitted for his position having passed through the ordeals of the "locker room" without an instant's loss of dignity and no misplaced boot or stolen tie ever caused this youth to use a naughty word.

Our footsteps now led us to the building of the Pure Food Exhibit. There we saw Dora B(b)rowning toast and Mary parin' (Perin) potatoes.

Why, Mary, how is this?" we cried, "what are you doing here?"

She replied, "Oh! fool tailoring (Taylor) didn't pay, so I am back to earth again!"

Here, too, was Hilda Monroe watching the young cooks with rapt attention and gathering all the culinary hints possible. We hardly thought this necessary as she had been practising for about four years and practice you know makes perfect. We are happy to relate that the object of our concern still lives. This is probably due to the fact that he gets his lunches in town.

Soon the fragrant aroma about us made us conscious of "a pain here" and we hastened to the Palm Garden to purchase perhaps a "Bath bun and a bottle of milk." Hungry as we were we forgot our errand in admiration of the beauty of the place. In the centre the crystal waters of a miniature lake surrounded a sparkling fountain. Flowers were everywhere in profusion; while soft lights and low music added to the air of romance. The head waiter, who was nearly seven feet tall, sprang forward and in him we recognized Hutchie Paige.

"Aha! Hutchie, what are you doing here?" asked Jake.

"Oh! I'm the proprietor," said Hutchie.

"So? You always were a connoisseur of cafés. Where is the head waiter for whom we mistook you?"

"There he is over there, that Frenchified fellow."

"Why, that's George Hall!" we exclaimed.

"Yes," said Hutchie, "he is head of the French Waiters' Union."

"Garçon, garçon!" I cried, laughingly.

"No," drawled George, "we have electricity here."

Seeing that my French was unintelligible, I refrained from ordering the dinner and "let George do it."

We asked him how he had gained his wonderful knowledge of French. He sadly shook his head and said, "Oh! much against my will, I had it drilled into me in B. H. S. and you see to what a pass it has brought me!"

Just as we were finishing our oysters, there was a stir at the door. Many of the guests rose as the portly form of the popular Mayor of Boston entered. He was shown to the table of honor near the fountain. Who was this person before whom all bowed? Who but Barney O'Hearn of course, the same old grafter! Closely

following him was a man of striking appearance. "The Mayor's secretary," ran the whisper around the room. Could it be? no! it could not was,— and yet those feet could belong to none other— it was "Rube" Emerson. As if drawn by a magnet he seated himself as near as possible to the charming pond. It reminded us of the many times we had seen him near the real article.

At this moment, the orchestra burst forth into an agonizing wail! We turned and saw Rosalind Winchester vainly endeavoring to lead her famous "Buzettes" along the paths of harmony. Frances McCarthy had charge of the "traps" and was wildly pounding a huge drum much to the disarrangement of her immaculate pompadour. Mary Lynch was doing her worst at the piano and at jokes on the side. We were surprised to see that Jennie May Collier had given up Root(ing) for Tech and to drown her woes was Royal(ly) sawing away at her 'cello.

After finishing our dinner, we left the cafe and ran into "Bill" Johnson who told us that he was "Beatrice Barefacts" on the "Brookline Boomerang," and was now seeking an interview with the mayor, who had recently been divorced from his fourth wife! Horrors! !

After leaving "Bill" we passed a theatre where a benefit performance was being given. We understood that the funds raised were to be used for the endowment of Mildred Hammond's "Old Ladies' Home" and that the entertainment was to be contributed by some of her former classmates in High School.

"Mickey" was there stunningly gowned, while the inevitable paint brush hat, which was in a class by itself, rakishly adorned her head.

The first name on the program was that of Elsie Pike, working the same old "Gag"—of course for a dance. She was ably assisted by Vera MacDonald, charming as ever. Isn't it a shame she has such a large, red hand (Hann)!

Next on the program was "Brick" Collins, director of the Brookline Gym, who showed us by example the benefits to be derived from physical training. At the conclusion of his act he passed out sample packages of his wonderful health food "Brickettes,"

warranted to win victory for any crew. All marveled at his strength and—his digestion!

The next to appear was Miss Marjorie Chandler Parker in a thrillingly imaginative sketch of her own, entitled "The Lady's Shadow." She was ably supported by the famous prestidigitator Francis Wyman; for "Liz" had at last decided to go on the boards. "Marj" played the part of the Lady with great emotion, while "Liz" with his boundless enthusiasm and striking dress made an immediate hit as the "Shadow." Ambition had egged them on and they were about to be egged off also!

Speaking of "Liz," reminds me, that there was another "Liz" there, for the next number was a lecture on phrenology or the study of "the bumps on the cranium," given by Miss Elizabeth Bowker. "Liz" always was an authority on Heads in general and one in particular!

In the first box, attracting attention by their loud talking and noisy laughter, were Adelaide Breck and Margaret Dow. Remembering their quiet demeanor of former days we were shocked beyond words.

We do not intend to cast any aspersions at the quality of the entertainment but we soon decided to seek excitement elsewhere. Our search certainly proved successful. Just outside the theatre a great crowd had gathered.

Standing on a small platform in their midst, expounding the fourth dimension, his face the color of his hair, was "Andy" Russell. Soon his ideas became mixed and the way he floundered around reminded us of earlier troubles in Math. at B. H. S.

On the outskirts of the crowd, Helen Brooks, in the capacity of professional chaperone, was standing guard over a number of young ladies. Helen in her earlier career had acquired a great deal of experience by chaperoning her sister Marion, who was a regular "cut up." Among her wards were Joe Douglas, "Cheeser" Flanders and Carolyn Burdett. Joe had just returned from a wonderful mountain climbing trip abroad, where she had covered herself with glory. As for Connie we always knew that she needed

a chaperon. We were more than surprised to see Carolyn under the guidance of a duenna, since we had expected her to be Dean of Vassar at least. But Carolyn had become too frivolous. Well, we had detected slight leanings toward frivolity in 1910!

We continued on our way and suddenly we noted the fragrant perfume of Wrigley's Spearmint! Where did it come from? Several minutes later, Lawrence Pelton hove in sight. He was wandering aimlessly around with a far-away look in his eyes, his jaws working mechanically, while his whole aspect bespoke "the flavor that lasts."

Walking along the Promenade was Sylvia Goulston accompanied by an oldish looking man whom we did not recognize. She informed us that since she was wedded to Harvard, she had decided to join her destiny with that of a Professor. She greatly aided him in his work, taking all his notes in Latin poetry. We might have known it for we always expected great things of Sylvia.

She told us that Flora Fox had just been appointed instructor of German at Radcliffe, while Katharine Nordell had achieved the distinction of being the only woman professor on the Harvard faculty board and at present was instructing the youth of that college in the "noble art of psalmody." Sylvia certainly proved a veritable mine of information and we began to think that ours was not such a frivolous class after all.

Ursel Harris was revising the dictionary though of course the fruit of her labors would not be given to the world until 1920.

Among the members of the inner circle of Cambridge professors, was Allen Dexter, who was spending his spare time in picking up the pieces of Halley's Comet. Of course high thinking calls for plain living, so like the man in the story, he "lives on crackers and cheese."

"The best of friends must part," so after gathering all the news, we left Sylvia. As we had stood talking to her, we noticed the passing throngs all seemingly bound in one direction. Despite the time-honored death of the cat, we allowed ourselves to be swayed by curiosity and joined the crowd.

In a sequestered nook at some distance from the Promenade

was a wonderful tent-like structure made of oriental tapestries. Here and there on the terrace surrounding it, were Egyptian obelisks, while a sphinx guarded either side of the entrance. On the walls within were wondrous silks embroidered in the device of the Sacred Beetle. About the room were great stone slabs with hieroglyphics carved on their surfaces. The whole place reeked with an air of mystery and the odor of myrrh.

Within this mystic shrine we met Shailer Dow stalking about with majestic mien. He was picturesquesly clad in tiger skins while twined in his long, flowing locks and adorning his noble brow was a wreath of poppies and lotus flowers.

"Hello Dowser!" exclaimed Jake, "would you mind telling us just where this is, and what you are?"

Shailer, so addressed, drew himself up proudly and replied, "I have left your vain, sordid world to join this spiritual cult. Please address me as 'Iamsophat.' That is my present cognomen."

Catching a glimpse of an inner room we started to enter but our new friend "I-am-so-fat" laid a detaining hand on our shoulders.

"No! worldings, that is the inner shrine where dwells Princess 'Rydochykeesi,' the divine daughter of the sun and of truth!"

I peered through the curtain determined to get a peek at the princess anyway. What I saw caused me to cry out, "why it's only Jean Christy!"

Jean recognized us and bade us remove our shoes and enter. After some little difficulty we deposited our pumps on the mat and went in. Jean, clad in white, was seated on a dais with a leopard skin gracefully draped over her shoulders. At either side of her were her handmaidens, Edna Perry, very, very tall, yet lamblike,— and Madeline Creesy. We thought it was "some sporty" for Mad.

In the course of conversation Jean explained to us that the belief of her cult was a mixture of evolution and preexistence. She told us that she had lived for thirty centuries and was happier now than ever before!

Jean uttered some words in the Coptic tongue and Dorothy Heard entered bearing a tray of spiced figs for our refreshment.

Dorothy, too, had withdrawn from all contact with the common herd!

At the end of our five minute chat we donned our pumps and left this solemn place. Outside we saw Rebecca at the well drawing water—Rebecca Phillips of course. Under the shade of a sheltering palm was Helen McLaughlin festooning the Sacred Cow with flowers. The ideals of this cult were evidently too high and noble for our plebeian minds and we felt that home was the place for us.

On our walk to the gates we lost our way and found ourselves at a merry-go-round. There on their fiery, flying steeds, sat Al Hammer and Diddy Brown, riding their same old hobbies! We asked them the way out but they were so engrossed—of course in the management of their horses,—that they merely stopped long enough to tell us to hunt up Hunter, as Fred was the walking information bureau of the Exposition.

Gertrude Daly was there on the flying horses trying to satisfy her desire for jewelry by getting the "golden ring." In a quiet spot outside, far from the "madding" crowd, was Mildred Gillies industriously knitting home ties. He really was good-looking.

We heard silvery chimes heralding midnight and incidentally the closing of the Exposition until the next day, and at this signal we hastened toward the gates. On our way we met Michael McLaughlin and "Speck" O'Neil. Mickey carried a big lantern while "Speck" was bent under the burden of a huge bunch of keys. They told us that they were the Exposition Janitors and Bouncers and proceeded to shoo us out in accordance with their duty.

Just as we were about to step into our aeroplane we heard familiar voices, and saw, standing at some distance, two men engaged in animated conversation. One was exceeding tall; t'other exceeding thin.

Drawing nearer we recognized "the blonde" Harold Cooley who awed all who knew him by his wonderful flow of "langwidge." He was editor-in-chief for a half dozen world wide newspapers and publishing houses. Harold had recently published an enormous edition of the works of that prolific writer Edwin Smith, noted for

his "Pasionate Poems of Love." Just at present he was interviewing none other than Alan Hay, President of the United States, commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy, exalted ruler of the Elks, watcher of the Watch and Ward Society, taster of the Anti-Saloon League, leader of the Boston Symphony Orchester, head of the Steel, Oil(ed), Beef, Sugar and Tobacco Trust, and last but not least, leading (f)actor in the "Theatrical Monopoly."

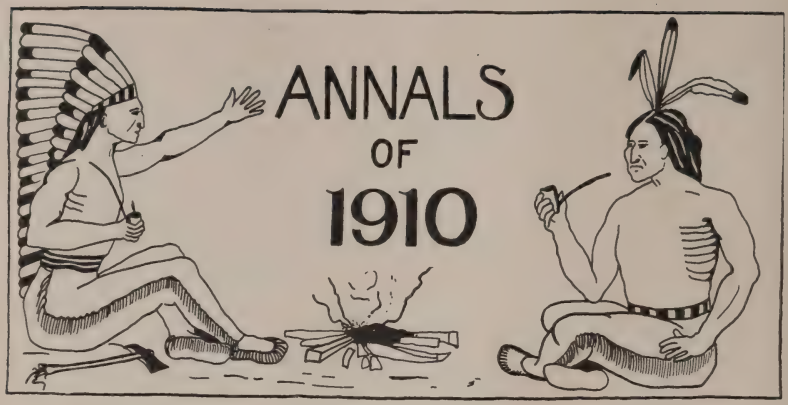
He had just returned from a trip into the wilds of New York and was making arrangements with Cooley for the publishing of his latest book entitled, "Wild Animals I have met, or How I Carry out 'My Policies'."

We had always expected that Alan would receive all possible honors and certainly he more than lived up to our expectations.

Tired and weary we rose and flew swiftly homeward and may our last words be:—

Here's to those who have been hit,
Here's to those who have been missed,
But here's hoping that we haven't hit amiss!

RIFLE TEAM



Blackhall, Allan, 208 Washington street, Brookline.

College, Amherst. Nickname, "Black." F. O., shooting off his mouth.

Gas! Gas! Consolidated, concentrated and in bunches. Some day his tongue will get muscle bound and strike for higher pay and less work.

Basketball Class, '07. Class Track, '07. Mgr., Senior Football, '09. Range Officer of Rifle Team, '10. First Sub. on the B. H. S. Fussers' Team.

Collins, Harry B., Γ. Δ. Ψ., 64 Cypress street, Brookline.

Nickname, "Brick." F. O., Crew. Solid Brick, also a strawberry blonde.

An oarsman—well, there's where he shines, and he's a fine port light when it grows dark on the river.

Class Football, '06, '08. Class Basketball, '06, '07, '08. Class Hockey, '06, '07. Class Baseball, '07. Class Relay, '06, '07. B. H. S. Football, '07. B. H. S. Hockey, '08, Capt. '09, '10. B. H. S. Second Crew, '06. B. H. S. Crew, '09, Capt. '10. Boston Interscholastic Crew, '08. National Regatta, '08. Sagamore Board, '09. President of B. H. S. A. A., '10. President of Boston Interscholastic Rowing Association, '10. Senior Social Committee. Senior Dance Committee. Class Treasurer, '06. Crew Relay, '10.

Cooley, Harold P., 26 Stetson street, Brookline.

Nickname, "Shanks," "Blondy." F. O., leading the simple life. (?)

Yes, it did seem doubtful whether he would ever break away from his Alma Mater. Six years! Well, that's going a few.

Boys' Glee Club, '04, '05, '06. Sagamore Reporter, '05, '06. News

Editor, '07, '08. Editor-in-Chief, '09 and '10. B. H. S. Hockey Team, '09. B. H. S. Second Crew, '09. B. H. S. Crew, '10. B. H. S. Dramatics, '09, '10. Crew Relay Team, '10. "Chronicle" Correspondent, '09, '10. Class Day Marshal, '10. Tug-of-War, '10.

Chandler, Alfred D., Jr., 14 Wadsworth House, Cambridge.
College, Harvard. Nickname, "Ralf" or "A. D." F. O., high jumping.

Oh, you kangaroo! Five feet, ten and three eighths! What a jump!

B. H. S. Track Team, '07, '08, '09, Capt. '10. Holder of B. H. S. Record High Jump, 5 ft., 6 in. Holder of Prep. League Record High Jump, 5 ft., $8\frac{1}{2}$ in. Holder of Interscholastic Indoor Record, 5 ft., $10\frac{3}{8}$ in. His own record, 5 ft., 11 in.

Dexter, Allen Latham, Γ. Δ. Ψ., Princeton, New Jersey.
College, Princeton. Nickname, "Deck." F. O., sleeping.

Next to the sphinx in Egypt, Allen is the quietest thing that displaces the air of this whirling planet of ours.

Freshman Class Football, Baseball, and Tug-of-War Teams. Sophomore Football and Tug-of-War Teams. Junior Class Football, and Tug-of-War Teams. B. H. S. Second Crew, '09, '10. French Club, '09, '10. B. H. S. Football, '10. B. H. S. Hockey Team, '10. Class Track Team, '10. Class Day Committee. Usher at Dramatics, '10. Senior Dance. Senior Social (head?).

Dow, H. Shailer, 17 Winchester street, Brookline.
College, Harvard. Nickname, "Dowser." F. O., skimming through recitations.

Oh, you fine stream! Yes, Dowser is a longboat for fair, and what's more, he had the honor of managing that fierce and brutal sport, tennis.

Debating Club, '07, '08, '09, '10. Cercle Gaulois, '09, '10. Charades and entertainment of French Club. B. H. S. Track Team, '10. Manager of Tennis Team.

Emerson, Robert Lee, 16 Addington road, Brookline.
Nickname, "Rube." F. O., working—somebody.

This craw-footed individual you see approaching is the famous "Rube" of B. H. S., "Speedwell" O'Hearn's left hand man, and J. J. Jeffries' confidential sponge holder. He is some sport and certain people used to call him a fisherman. Anyway he used to be always hanging around the "pond."

Class President, '06, '07. B. H. S. Football, '06, '07, '09. Basketball, '06. B. H. S. A. A. Committee, '10. Manager Football, '09.

Gifford, Leonard C., Box 141, Hingham Centre.

Nickname, "Giff." F. O., burning the midnight candle.

This ardent follower of education has come and gone with but little noise. Athletically, he is quite a tennis crack and was first sub. on the B. H. S. marble team.

Hall, George, Amherst, Mass.

College, Mass. Agricultural College. Nickname, "Nothing doing." F. O., practically undiscovered but probably "plugging."

You should see him doing marathon stunts over at shop in search of something or body.

Class Track, '07, '08. Class Football, '07, '08. B. H. S. Track, '09, '10. Tug-of-War, '09. Debating Club, '10.

Hay, Alan Mortimer, Γ. Δ. Ψ., 33 Holyoke street, Cambridge.

College, Rah, Rah, Haw-vard! Nickname, "Straw," "Deacon." F. O., behind the bars—I mean the footlights.

Hail to the king! Here's the man who cornered all the offices in the school. Star boarder and all that. Some comedian on and off the stage. A few of his pastimes are below.

B. H. S. Dramatics, '07, '08, '09, '10. B. H. S. Mandolin Club, '07, '08; manager in '09; leader in '10. Prize Speaking, '08, '09. B. H. S. Second Crew, '08. B. H. S. Crew, '09, '10. Debating Club, '08, '09. President of Debating Club, '10, President Class, '10. President of French Club,' 10. Senior "Trio." Interscholastic Debating Team. And about "s'teen" other minor offices which we won't bother to print.

Hunter, Frederick W., 7 Elm street.

College, Harvard. Nickname, "Ferdie." F. O., studying.

Say, "ain't it awful" the way these boys do love their lessons! Behold the class midget, height 5 feet, 4½ inches! Well, good things come in small parcels.

Class Baseball, '09. Class Football, '09. French Club. Debating Club (Rhetorical Committee). Ivy Orator.

Jacobs, Arthur G., 45 Auburn street, Brookline.

College, Hall's Barber School. Nickname, "Jake," "Knocko." F. O., manufacturing coffin nails.

Oh, you T. D.! That's Arthur's war cry. Among his many accomplishments, his management of the B. H. S. "Sun-Parlor" must not be overlooked.

Class Football, '06, '07, '08, '09. Class Basketball, '06, '07. B. H. S. Football, '08, '09. Asst. Track Mgr., '09. Erstwhile Manager of Sagamore. Class Prophet. Photograph Committee.

Johnson, William Charles, 181 Davis avenue.
Nickname, "Bill." F. O., immersed in H^2–O.

Here's the man who looks after the Brookline "Speed Boys." Quite a manager is Bill, only his shoes are full of feet,

Class Football, '06. Class Baseball, '06. B. H. S. Baseball, '08. B. H. S. Football, '07. Baseball Manager, '10.

Kelley, James V., 64 White Place.
College, Sweeny's School of Physical Torture. Nickname, "Sheeny," "Yid," "Jimmie."

"Oi Yoi!" That's French for "wurra, wurra." Kelley is another little sawed-off, but nevertheless is an enterprising infant. His forte is stenography, but that is pretty near pianoforte.

Class Football, '07, '08, '09, '10. Class Basketball, '06, '07, '08. Tumbling Team, '08, '09, '10. B. H. S. Baseball Squad, '08, '10.

Kennedy, William J., 220 Rawson road.
College, Dartmouth. Nickname, "Bill," "Chow Chow." F. O., peaceful in the arms of Morpheus.

Hush, let him sleep! Looks as if he had one foot in the grave, but never mind that, some day he'll get them both in.

Class Football, '07, '08. Class Baseball, '07, '08, '09. B. H. S. Hockey, '08, '09, '10. Ass. Mgr. Track, '10. Debating Club, '09, '10.

McGrath, James T., He doesn't know where he lives.
Nickname, "Trunka," "Jim." F. O., making a bluff at the National game.

Batter up! Come on now, Jimmy, give us a homer. There it goes, over the schoolhouse. "Ding, ding,—time to wake up, James."

Class Football, '07, '08, '09. B. H. S. Basketball, '07, '08. B. H. S. Baseball, '08, '09, Captain, '10. Senior Social Play. B. H. S. Dramatics, '10. B. H. S. A. A. Executive Committee, '10.

McLaughlin, Michael J., 59 Villa Lane.
Nickname, "Mike." F. O. Oh, you shorthand!

See that cute little curl in Mike's hair? Well, that's all his own. Now girls, don't you wish yours would stay put like that? Perhaps he'll tell you how.

Class Baseball, '08, '10.

Metcalf, John C., 208 Rawson road.
College, "Cornell! I yell, I yell like—everything." Nickname, "Met", "Swede." F. O., "puff, puff."

Johnnie Met— the pride of his family and our busiest business man. Managing teams and shows is his meat.

Sophomore Baseball. Junior Baseball and Football Teams. Asst. Mgr. Football, '09. Mgr. Track, '10. Mgr. B. H. S. Dramatics, '10. Mgr. Senior Dance, '10.

O'Hearn, Francis J., 191 Davis avenue.

Nickname, what's the use? We all know it. F. O., fighting off that "D."

Barney is some football heroine and President of the Kidders' Klub. Once long ago he had a serious minute, but it was such a nervous strain that he never tried it again.

Freshman Class Football, Basketball, Baseball and Tug-of-War. Sophomore Basketball, Baseball and Tug-of-War. B. H. S. Football, '08, '09. Swimming Team, '09. Tug-of-War, '09. B. H. S. Hockey, '09. B. H. S. Baseball, '10. Photograph Committee. Class Day Committee. B. H. S. Dramatics. Senior Social, '09. Vice-President of B. H. S. A. A.

O'Neil, Henry V., 253 Boylston street, Brookline.

College, B. U. Nickname, "Henny," "Speck," "Darby." F. O., little bits of nonsense.

A wee mon is he, but ne'er the less he is a canny mite.

Class Baseball, '07, '08. B. H. S. Baseball, '09, '10.

Page, Hutcheson, 45 Winthrop street, Cambridge.

College, Harvard. Nickname, "Hutchie." F. O., perusing the language of the Dutch.

Hey, lanky, how's the weather up there? Hutchie's getting up in the world. Bet he will be a man before his mother.

Class Football, '08. Capt., '09. Class Baseball, '09. Debating Club, '07, '08, '09, '10. French Club, '08, '09, '10. Class Tug-of-War, '09.

Pelton, Lawrence, 39 Walter avenue.

Nickname, "Lawrie."

Say, here's another of these fellows who profess to love to study. In this case we must really doubt the veracity of the gentleman's statement.

Class Baseball, '09. B. H. S. Second Crew, '10. Class Football, '09.

Russell, Philip A., The Country Club, Brookline.

College, M. I. T. Nickname, "Andy." F. O., playing "gololoff."

Andy may some day be the Speaker of the House of the Misrepresented. Pearls of our language flow from his lips as water from a hose. Yea, verily,—and he will yet be famous.

Debating Club, '07, '08, '09, '10. Prize Speaking, '09, '10. Interscholastic Debate, '09, '10. Rhetorical Committee, '09, '10. Class Football, '09. Vice-President of Interscholastic Golf League.

Ryan, Stephen E., 348 Washington street.

College, nix. Nickname, ditto. F. O., ditto twice.

A quiet man forsooth but they say silence is golden.

Freshman, Tug-of-War. Junior Football Team.

Schwarz, Louis Boyd, 106 Marion street.

Nickname, "Louise." F. O., making rings for teacher—not in smoke—in arts and crafts.

Oh, how could you, Louise? Louis came east from the little village of Denver to seek his fortune. Question: Has he found it?

Class Tug-of-War, '09. Rifle Team, '09, '10. Mandolin Club, '09, '10. Class Football, '09.

Talbot, Cumner, 180 Buckminster road.

Nickname, "Froggy." F. O., arguing.

Cumner's strong point is debating. He could talk the face off a Dutch clock and win an argument with the best of them.

B. H. S. Debating Club, '08, '09, '10.

Walsh, John, 38 Boylston street.

Nickname, "Johno." F. O., juggling Quinn's' posies.

Athletically and intellectually his light burns dimly "but a man's a man for a' that."

Class Baseball and Football Teams.

Wyman, Francis A., 8 Verndale street.

Nickname, "Liz." F. O., building air castles.

"Liz!" Pretty name, isn't it? Cæsar was ambitious, but Wyman—say, he's got that ancient lashed to the third rail, on the ice, two shoulders to the mat, etc., etc.

B. H. S. Track, '09, '10. B. H. S. Relay, '10. Mgr. of Sagamore, '10. Senior Social Play, '10. B. H. S. Dramatics, '10. Prize Speaking, '10. Class Football, '08, '09. Debating Club.

Atwood, Annie B., 300 Boylston street.

Nickname, "Lamie." F. O., cleaning chamois gloves.

Very business like, very. Is Assistant Manager of the Business Practice Office. And what do you know? She learned to swim in 1910.—oh, no, not in the office.

Bowker, Elizabeth, 28 Toxteth street.
Nickname, mother calls me "Libby," but the fellers call me "Liz." F. O., eating and talking!

Right you are, Lizzie, no one will contradict that last. And say, some one told me you were a cruel, crafty coquette. But I said, "It cannot was!" However, she has a "fat Head." Floater (Ivory soap) at the "Soph" Reception.

Breck, Adelaide E., 1651 Beacon street.
Nickname, "Ad" (it pays to advertise). F. O., being absent.—With proper cause, of course.

No, little boy, she is not a French doll. She lives. Now don't go try to rub that pink off her cheek—it's fast color and guaranteed not to fade.

Basketball.

Brooks, Helen M., 96 Kilsyth road; next year, 26 Bedford terrace, Northampton.
College, Smith. Nickname, "Brooksie,"—with apologies to Monsieur B. F. O., sailing, sailing, over the deep blue sea.

Yes, I am a nice little girl. My name is Helen. No abbreviated appellations, please; and you're all jealous because my invitations to Tech come a year ahead of time, so there!

Class Day Marshal, Senior Social Committee. Girls' Debating Club.

Brooks, Marion, 96 Kilsyth road; next year, French House, West street, Northampton.
College, same as sister's. Nickname, "Mamy." F. O., non est. Class Day Marshal. Girls' Debating Club.

Brown, Gladys P., Clyde street; next year, Capen School, Northampton.
College, Vassar. Nickname, "Diddie"—I think he did. F. O., joy riding—oh you "bus."

Cute little one, isn't she! Lots of ginger and snap. "Hammer" away!

Floater at Sophomore Reception, '07. French Club, '08, '09, '10. Prompter, Senior Social Farce, '10. Class Day Marshal, '10. Photograph Committee, '10.

Brownell, Mary A., 210 Winthrop road.
College, Wellesley. Nickname, "Brownie."

Yes, she and Margaret Keegen are the unoriginal "Mutt and Jeff" with sincere apologies to "Tad."

Browning, Dora, 9 Perry street.

F. O., reading.

Step right up, ladies and gentlemen! The kind that mother used to be. Fine housekeeper, first-class hash slinger and bread mixer. What am I bid for this rare specimen?

Burdett, Carolyn H., 44 Harvard street; next year, Norris Cottage, College avenue, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

College, Vassar. Nickname, "Carrie" or "Cackey." F. O., Jack of all trades.

Hats off to our Vice-President! The most popular girl in the class (see statistics). You all remember "Dana," the illustrious—well here is that mighty man's humble sister.

Vice-President of Class, '07, '08, '09, '10. Sophomore Reception Committee, '08. Sagamore Reporter, '08, '09. Girls' Glee Club, '08, '09. Class Day Marshal, '09. Le Cercle Gaulois, '09, '10. Constitution and Rhetorical Committees of Girls' Debating Club. Chairman Senior Dance Committee.

Christie, Jean C., Tarsus, Turkey.

Nickname, "Gin Rickey." F. O., arguing, giving advice, and trying to reform people generally.

Jean has a Scotch middle name that's a peach. Sounds like the comet going through the milky way. And what do you think—Cleopatra used to flirt gaily with Marc Antony in the shade of her sheltering clothesline in Tarsus, where she was born.

Secretary of Cercle Gaulois and Girls' Debating Club.

Collier, Jennie May, 1874 Beacon street, Brookline.

College, Radcliffe. Nickname, "Jane." F. O., rowing—first sub. on B. H. S. Crew.

"Oh, girls, my goodness, gracious sakes alive! Isn't it perfectly awful! Do you know—le ta de da z-z-z-x-x-x-!-!-!, etc."

Craig, Anna, 199 Aspinwall avenue.

College, Comer's. Nickname, "Annie." F. O., grinding.

Business for Anna! Well, well, who'd a thunk it? And such a small creature, too. Careful, Anna, and not fall into the boss' ink well.

Crandell, Madeline A., 17 Strathmore road.

Nickname, "Mad." Ever see she so? F. O., jollying.

Here is our prize displayer of smiling ivories, also the Class Prophetess. Bum Medicine! But on the level, don't you love her shirt waists?

Senior Social Farce, '10. Field Hockey, '09. Girls' Debating Club, '10. Class Prophetess.

Creesy, Madeline, 48 Harris street.

Nickname, "Fussy." F. O., smashing records and glass in chem.

Quiet and demure? Yes! And to think of it, she's going to teach kindergarten in after life. Oh, you kids!

Cercle Gaulois, '09, '10. Girls' Debating Club.

Daley, Gertrude L., 9 Kenigan place.

Nickname, "Speedy." F. O., giggling and jollying Jim McGrath.

Speedy? Well, you should see her in stenography! Twenty words and nineteen mistakes a minute.

Class Basketball, '07. Hockey, '08. Debating Club, '10.

Douglass, Josephine, 164 Harvard street.

College, Bradford Seminary (p'raps). Nickname, "Jo." F. O., Writing plays for I English A.

Class traveller—yes, she's been all over these parts from Chelsea to Skowhegan, Me. On all occasions her tact and social finesse are appalling.

Dow, Margaret, 17 Winchester street.

Nickname, never had one, but we'll call her "Peg." F. O., drawing and painting.

A little more dash, Margaret, and we'd hand you the banner for the prettiest ever. But honest, you do suit us just about as you are.

Basketball, '07. Class Day Marshal, '08. Photograph Committee.

Driscoll, Alice E., 173 Pond avenue.

Bound for Simmons College.

Who said blushing? You can't mean Alice Driscoll! Why, absolutely nothing fusses her, not even—no, nothing at all.

Basketball Team, '06, '07. Field Hockey, '08. Girls' Glee Club, '09, '10. Girls' Debating Club, '10.

Duffy, Mary V., 31 Perry street.

Nickname, "May." F. O., rowing and canoeing.

No, dear friends, it is real hair! Not the kind that comes two bunches for a quarter either, but the real thing—genuine, grown on.

Basketball, '06. Hockey, '08. Debating Club, '10.

Dusossoit, Wilhelmina M., 156 Mason terrace.

Flanders, Constance, 39 Auburn street.

College, Boston University. Nickname, "Connie." F. O., sailing.

Well, who'd have picked Connie out as a B. U. student. Why do you do it, Con? Isn't it a little like casting pearls before, etc.?

Debating Club, '10. French Club, '09, '10.

Fox, Flora A., 113 Thorndike street; next year, 26 Green street, Northampton, Mass.

College, Smith. Nickname, "Flo" or "Foxie."

Any day—"Oh, girls, I'm going to have my first violin lesson this afternoon." Next day—"Oh, girls, wasn't it a shame, I couldn't take it; my E-string was broken." A great career lies ahead—far ahead—of Flora.

Class Day Marshal, '09.

Gillies, Mildred, 78 Cypress street.

Nickname, "Mil."

The Gillies Mills grind silently, but do their grinding well. Sincere apologies.

Class Day Marshal, '09.

Goulston, Sylvia T., 78 Stedman street.

College, Wellesley. Nickname, "Goulie," "Sibbie." F. O., rushing things in at the last minute.

Oh, you spieler about "ye budding birds and twittering tree tops." Some, yes much, poetess! That's Sylvia.

Literary Editor of Sagamore, '06, '07, '09, '10. Prize Speaking, '09. Class Poet, '10. Words of Class Song. President Girls' Debating Club, '10. Le Cercle Gaulois, '10. Marshal Class Day, '09.

Hamilton, Ellen, 25 White place.

F. O., stringing instructors (and beans).

Yes, Ellen is a real village cut up in Gym. Always engineering a little excitement to please the rest of the girls. The chem. lab. seems to be a favorite playground for her also.

Basketball, '06, '07. Hockey, '08.

Hammond, Mildred, 44 Waverly street.

Nickname, "Mickey."

I think it real mean for you girls to call such a nice girl, Mickey.

Tau Beta Beta. Field Hockey.

Harris, Ursel D., 35 Elm street.

Nickname, "Harry." F. O., theatre going.

Hear it grind! Enough is too much, Ursel; take a rest and try to enjoy life a while.

Cercle Gaulois, '09, '10.

Heard, Dorothy K., 14 Milton road.

Nicknames, "Doppy," "Dot." F. O., laugh and grow fat.

Toot! toot! look out for the engine. Record for the 100-yd. dash—23 sec.

Johnston, Marie A., 63 Walter street.
College, Burdett. F. O., eating candy and reading.

Oh see the little "mice!" Come, kitty, kitty, and eat the little mice.

Basketball. Field Hockey.

Johnson, Marie A., 205 Davis avenue.
College, Radcliffe. Nickname, "Red Head." F. O., having a good time.

Here's the girl who was born with a blush, which will not wash or wear off and not even die a natural death.

Lynch, Mary G., 70 Brookline avenue.
Nickname, "Reddy."

Another strawberry blonde.

Basketball, '07. Girls' Debating Club.

McCarty, Frances, 76 Pleasant place.
Nickname, "Minus."

Wonder how long it takes Frances to make those curls in the morning. I love the ocean ripple, but, oh, you marcel wave.

McDonald, Vera S., 81 Harvard avenue, Allston.
Emerson College (probably—not). Nickname, "Pete—V." F. O., tripping the light fantastic.

Our class secretary! And such a sweet voice. Has a weakness for red hair and big "hands"—but that's a chestnut.

Class Secretary, '10. Debating Club, '10. Ω. Σ. Sorority. Λ. K. T. Sorority.

McLaughlin, Anna, Bridgewater, Mass., P. O.
Nickname, "A," "Little one" or just "Anna." F. O., making eyes, eyes, eyes.

Here you have her. Sportiest girl in school. Class there, kid! Keeps you guessing.

Basketball, '05, '06. Lilac Day Usher. Class Day Marshal. Girls' Debating Club, '10.

McLaughlin Helen, 112 Davis avenue,
F. O., sailing.

Another "Mac". Smart little one, too. Bet she can give Anna points on some things if not others.

Basketball, '06. Field Hockey, '07.

Monroe, Hilda I., 113 Washington street, Brighton.

College, Wellesley.

Let x = the unknown quantity, man. Hilda is in training to be a suffragette, also a housekeeper.

Cercle Gaulois. Wm. H. Lincoln medal for Junior Mathematics, 1909.

Nordell, Katharine E., 29 Thayer street.

College, Wellesley. Nickname, "Kitti-Kat." F. O., working, someone else.

Some pianist and composer. Did you hear our class song? Well, she did it with her little finger.

Cercle Gaulois. Girls' Glee Club. Class Song, '10.

Paige, Mildred A., Wellesley, Mass.

College, Wellesley. Nickname, "Milly." F. O., physics computations.

Our friend Mildred is one of the quiet, steady kind who is always "there with the goods" when the time comes.

Cercle Gaulois.

Parker, Marjorie Chandler, 19 Kilsyth road.

Nickname, "Marj." F. O., reflecting on the dangers of overwork.

Pretty accomplished person, this Parker girl. She can beat the box, dance, draw and spoil Liz Wyman's interest in Chemistry.

T. B. B. Field Hockey, '08. Played for Senior Social, '08, '10. Sagamore Board, '09.

Perin, Mary M., 23 Naples road.

Nickname, "Kid." F. O., hustling.

I suppose you've seen the green sweater. Peach, ain't it? It would walk home alone, so strong is the hue.

Prize Speaking, '09. Debating Club.

Perry, Edna Elizabeth, 14 East Milton road.

College, Radcliffe. Nickname, "The littlest girl." F. O., reading.

It must be awful to have so much knowledge packed in such a small place.

Phillips, Rebecca E., 77 Brooks street.

Nickname, "Beck," "Rita."

She's such a quiet young lady that you wouldn't believe she could knock. Oh, yes! She takes copper work and delights in hammering copper past all recognition.

A. K. T. Senior Dance Committee, '10. Class Day Committee, '10. Basketball, '06, '07. Hockey, '08. Field Marshal Class Day, '09.

Pike, Elsie, 41 Naples road.

Nickname, "Piker." F. O., dancing and, as the prophet said, "Working the same old 'gag.'"

Elsie is first sub. on the fat girls' marble team. She weighs 95 lbs. in the shade.

Basketball, '06, '07. Hockey, '07, '08.

Sparrow, Marjorie, 1140 Boylston street.

College, Radcliffe. Nickname, "Marjorim." F. O., giving advice.

Funny that a Sparrow should be such a book worm. I should think she'd eat herself.

Cercle Gaulois.

Studley, Queenie Mae, 1122 Commonwealth avenue.

Nickname, "Queen." F. O., attending Miss Liden's afternoon teas.

"Queenie was there with her hair in a braid."

Basketball and Field Hockey.

Van Ott, Carmelita.

Nickname, "Kay."

She's right in the van with her aut-o. Forgive us this time, it's our last chance.

Waterhouse, Irma, North Hall, Vassar College

College, Vassar. F. O., bitter sarcasm.

Yes, Miss Firehouse has held a bunch of offices. She's our hustling girl. Some knocker as Exchange Editor.

Girls' Glee Club, '06, '07, '08. Sagamore Reporter, '07, '08. Exchange Editor, '08, '09, '10. Sophomore Reception Committee, '07. Chairman Senior Social Committee, '09. Senior Social Farce, '09. Chairman Rhetorical Committee. Girls' Debating Club, '09, '10. Prize Speaking, '09, '10.

Webb, Katherine, 158 Harvard street.

College, South Framingham Normal. Nickname, "Katey." F. O., entertaining.

Katherine is suspiciously fond of Harvard and sewing. Query: Is it a trousseau?

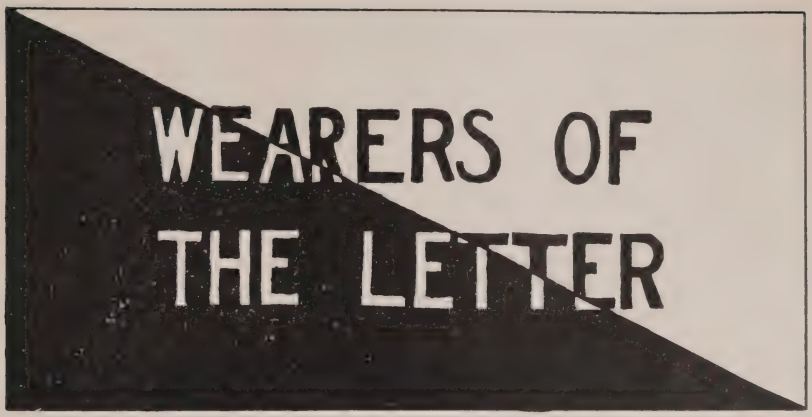
Basketball, '06. Hockey, '07. B. H. S. Dramatics, '10.

Winchester, Rosaland, Marion terrace.

College, Bryn Mawr. Nickname, "Buzz."

Last but not least we have our friend "Buzzy." Well, it's a good ending.

Sophomore Reception Committee, '07. Senior Social Committee, '10. Vice-President "Cercle Gaulois." Class Day Marshal.



FOOTBALL.

Francis J. O'Hearn
Robert L. Emerson
William Johnson
John Metcalf
Alexander Hammer
Allen Dexter
Arthur Jacobs
Harry Collins

BASEBALL.

James McGrath
Henry O'Neil
Francis J. O'Hearn

TRACK.

Alfred D. Chandler, Jr.
Francis A. Wyman
James McGrath

CREW.

Alan Hay
Harry Collins
Harold Cooley

HOCKEY.

William Kennedy
Harry Collins
Harold Cooley
Francis J. O'Hearn
Allen Dexter

CREW

INTERSCHOLASTIC Champions 1910! Hip! Hip! Hurrah! On Thursday, June 2, the Brookline crew captured the schoolboy rowing title on the Charles over a gruelling mile against Cambridge Latin, Noble and Greenough, and Rindge M. T. S. It was a wonderful race and—but let's to details.

The trial heats on May 31 brought Brookline to the line with Noble, Volkmann and Boston Latin. The weather conditions were perfect, a light southwest breeze and a smooth surface of water. Brookline and Noble caught water together at the gun and immediately pulled away from the other two boats. Brookline rowed a high stroke while the heavier Noble aggregation pulled a long, swinging beat. To the half mile Brookline had a few feet over their husky opponents while Volkmann and Boston Latin were not in the running at all. It was not long, however, before Noble took a sneak and pulled up and slightly passed Brookline and led them by three-quarters of a length across the line. But Brookline had qualified! The Brookline second crew were a distinct disappointment. Getting a poor start they could not pull up on Rindge and Volkmann, and failed to get placed. This was a great surprise, because before the event they had shown race

form and were a snappy set of oarsmen and were favorites in their race.

The day for the finals found a strong southwest breeze ruffling the water, but by four o'clock the crews were sent to the line. Cambridge Latin had the best course furthest out from the wall. Inside them were Brookline, Rindge and Noble. After one false start the four crews got under way. As on Tuesday, Brookline's start was a fine one, but Cambridge, using their good course to advantage, lead the field at the bridge. Brookline was second and once through the arch they set out at a high snappy stroke to overhaul Cambridge. At the half mile Cooley raised the beat a little, and soon the Brookline boat lapped Cambridge. Here the latter threw their last reserve power into their work and the boats remained as they were until about 150 yards from the finish. Then an accident happened. Cambridge, trying hard to hold their slight lead, were beginning to row raggedly. Suddenly Stroke Baker caught a crab and in the excitement Hannigan, No. 2, let go of his oar. Instantly the Brookline boat jumped abreast and almost the same time Cambridge recovered, and together they sprinted for the line, while the black mass of people on the esplanade shouted with excitement. It was all over in a minute. Brookline, with a final effort, shot their shell across the line three-quarters of a length in the lead and the starter's pistol rang out three times in honor of the Interscholastic Champions of 1910.

The line up: first crew, Cooley, stroke; Kraft, 3; Collins, Capt., 2; Rowan, 1; Hay, cox.

Second crew, Dexter, stroke; Pelton, 3; Hammer, 2; Bentley, 1; Murphy, cox.

B. H. S. *vs.* WALTHAM

On April 23d, in one of the fastest games of the season, Brookline succeeded in lowering Waltham's colors at Waltham. Brookline started off with a bang. Hit followed hit from the very start, and before the first inning closed, Barry, Waltham's star boxman, had been driven out of the diamond and three Brookline men had crossed the plate. Cobb, who replaced Barry, was better; but

before the close of the game three more tallies for Brookline had been registered. Waltham scored three runs, but even with the greatest efforts, was unable to cut down Brookline's lead any more, and the game closed with the score board reading: Brookline, 6; Waltham, 3. Denning, who is so well filling Peter Carr's position, played a fine game and was well supported.

B. H. S. *vs.* NOBLE AND GREENOUGH

On April 27th, Brookline's opponent was Noble and Greenough. Our boys had expected rather an easy time of it, but a hard struggle developed, in which Brookline triumphed only by two runs. The play was wretched during the first part of the game. Brookline scored two men, and Noble one on misplays in the first inning; but after that, both teams settled down to work and no further scoring was done until the eighth inning, when Brookline sent another man across the plate. In the ninth, both teams scored once more, leaving the final score 4 to 2 in favor of Brookline. Denning pitched a remarkably good game, fanning twelve men and passing but four; and Jimmie McGrath gave everyone a thrill by a splendid one-handed catch high over second. The hitting was hard, and it was whispered after the game that "moose" tracks had been seen in the forest back of left field.

B. H. S. *vs.* DORCHESTER

Owing to unfavorable weather conditions the game which had been scheduled for April 30th at Pomfret had to be cancelled, and a practice game was held instead. On May 4th, the day for the for the Dorchester game, Dame Nature was again in one of her ugly moods, but in spite of the cold and wet, it was decided to play. The game resulted in a defeat for Brookline, but it was really a present to Dorchester. Errors abounded, the ball being wet and slippery, and the footing uncertain. Denning pitched his usual fine game, allowing but two hits. The final score was 2 to 0, which was the result of combined errors and hits.

B. H. S. *vs.* HARVARD 2nd

For eight innings on Saturday, May 7th, at Soldier's Field, Brookline's ball tossers had the strong Harvard second nine just where they wanted them; and then something happened. Just what the cause was we do not know. Perhaps it was the crowd which came just then on its way home from the Stadium. Perhaps it was—anyway, something happened; and when the smoke cleared, five little Harvard boys had gleefully crossed the plate. Brookline started in well; Kelleher took first; two hits following, and an error by the Crimson catcher sent two Red and Blue men around the circuit. Another run came home in the third, and all looked well until the eighth, but then—! It was a shame, but Denning was once more in the lime light, fanning fourteen men, and losing the game, 6 to 3, only after a hard fight.

B. H. S. *vs.* ENGLISH HIGH

The game that was scheduled with Dedham on May 10th had to be cancelled, and a scrub team was played; but on Friday, May 13th, Brookline tackled English at the Locust Street Grounds in South Boston. One more defeat was registered against our boys, this time with the band playing 5 to 0. English got to Denning early in the game and soon piled up five runs, while Brookline did not bring one man over the plate. The loss was hard, but some consolation may be found in the fact that English High is represented by a very fast team, and Brookline made a very plucky fight for honors.

B. H. S. *vs.* NATICK

On May 17th, the boys journeyed to Natick and there defeated the local team to the tune of 3 to 1 in ten innings of fast play. Up to the end of the ninth, the score stood 1 to 1; then Brookline got busy, and, making good use of two misplays by the local third baseman, put two men over the pan in the tenth and then held the locals safe. Mahan of the losers was the star of the game, with

eighteen strike outs, three put outs, four assists and a hit to his credit. For Brookline, McGuire and Walizer played a fine game, the former getting two of the total of four hits. In this game while Denning took a well deserved rest, Dexter bore the brunt of the work and acquitted himself very well indeed. From our two boxmen, Natick got six safeties which included a double by Murray, the second baseman.

B. H. S. *vs.* COMMERCIAL

On May 20th, Brookline's team of ball tossers met Commercial High and certainly found them a tough proposition, as the score of 10 to 2 testifies. Commercial started in early by taking advantage of Brookline's errors to put man after man over the plate. Not only did they take advantage of our errors, but they also hit the ball some—sixteen hits off Denning; while their slab artist had Brookline eating from his hand practically the entire game. He allowed but four hits. Of these Jim McGrath got a two bagger, and Stewart hit the ball for three bases with two down and one out in the ninth. This game was rather one-sided, but many good plays were pulled off, chiefly by Commercial.

LEAGUE GAMES

On May 25th B. H. S. met Cambridge Latin at the Cypress Street Playground.

Perhaps it was that defeat by Commercial or perhaps it was the comet—but anyway, what Brookline did to those youths from the classic shades of old Cambridge was a shame. Fifteen to 2 was what the score board read, and it was a league game at that. Brookline started off with a bang, and ere Cambridge woke up and disposed of three men, six runs had flitted across the pan. Three more were added in the second inning, and four in the fourth. Denning, in the six innings he pitched, was in fine form, getting six strike outs and two hits, one of which was good for three sacks. Walizer was again in the lime light, with four safe hits, one of which was a homer. McGuire played an errorless game and pulled

off two fine singles. Dexter, who relieved Denning during the last three innings, also pitched a good game. Between the two the visitors got only four hits, while our boys poled out twelve safeties.

Most of the errors were pardonable because of a poor field, and Brookline's exhibition was encouraging. This was the first time in four years that a league game has been played at Brookline, and this time it was caused by failure to secure either the American or National League Grounds for that date. The summary:—

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
B. H. S.	6	3	0	4	1	0	1	0	—	15
C. L. S.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	2

Batteries, B. H. S., Denning, Dexter and Anderson. C. L. S., Dorgan, Reece. Umpires, Barry and Cotting. Time, 1 hour, 50 minutes.

BROOKLINE *vs.* NEWTON

Once again has Newton been forced to bow in defeat to a faster team of ball players. Surely never was a game so fiercely fought, and never such a finish as came in the ninth inning with the score 3 to 1 in Newton's favor. In that inning Brookline drove home two runs, tying the score, and in the tenth inning, who was it that brought in that winning run? Why, Jimmie McGrath. Excitement abounded, and among other features, should not be omitted Gaw's home run hit over the canvas back of right field, and Walizer's wonderful one-handed catch in centre field. Then how about Denning, ever steady and reliable, and always filling in when wanted? But why priase one and not all? Every man played a fine game, and Brookline should be proud of them.

Brookline's men were soon retired in the first inning; while Newton, on the other hand, started out at once and Fripp scored first. No runs were made in the second; but in the third, Newton brought one more player across the pan. Gaw drove the sphere over the right field fence for a home run. Again in the fourth a Newton man, this time Nash, crossed the plate, while Newton

stands could not get breath for cheering. The game went on without further score until the sixth inning, when Kite connected with the ball and it went far out to centre field, seemingly far over Walizer's head and out of reach. Brookline groaned, for it looked like another homer, but up in the air leaped the Brookline man, and reaching with his gloved hand stopped the ball and held it.

The seventh then opened, and our boys began to settle down to some run getting. With two men out, McGrath hit safely, reached second, stole third, and brought in our first run on O'Neil's safe hit. No further scoring was done until the ninth, and things looked pretty black for old Brookline; then things started again. Kelleher led off with a good hit and was safe on first. Anderson followed with another safety and Kelleher scored, Anderson going to third. Our next man was out on a fly to Osborne, Anderson scoring. Then McGrath knocked out a two bagger, reached third on Newton's error and started home. It was very close, but the umpire said out, and it was Newton's turn. Gallagher led off, reaching first, and stole second. The next two batters died at first. With Osborne at bat, Gallagher dived for third; it was Brookline's turn to shout, for he never reached his goal and Newton's chance was lost. The next man was out on first, and the inning ended with the score tied, 3-3. The tenth began, and Gaw went in from right field to pitch for Wood who was being hit freely by Mr. Carrell's "Speed Boys." What is the use of detailing that last inning? McGrath brought in the winning run, and then Denning held Newton safe. It was a great game, and one which will not soon be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The summary:—

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
B. H. S.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	1
N. H. S.	1	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0

Batteries, N. H. S., Wood, Gaw, Osborne. B. H. S., Denning and Anderson. Umpires, Hayes and Woodlock. Time, 1 hour, 58 minutes.

GOLF

The season of the Greater Boston Interscholastic Golf Series opened on Saturday, May 7, in a game between Brookline and Worcester High School. The Brookline team was composed of Ouimet, Mahan, Russell, McPhail and Cullen. Ouimet was defeated by Knight, 4 and 3; Mahan beat Coes, 3 and 1; Russell beat Batchelder, 3 and 1; McPhail beat Miller, 4 and 2; and Cullen beat Goodwin, 7 and 6. Ouimet turned in the best card of the afternoon, with a gross score of 84, made up of two 42's. Knight of Worcester was second.

TENNIS

As soon as the weather man furnished suitable conditions this spring, a general call for tennis players was issued by Captain Nordell. A surprisingly large number of fellows reported, and a tournament was at once begun to determine who should represent the school in outside matches. Great interest was manifested, and close fights were abundant. At last all had been defeated but Nordell, Guimeraes and Howe, three Sophomores. Guimaraes was then defeated, and Nordell and Howe were left to fight for the championship. This match has not yet been played, but there is sure to be some fine playing, and every set should be close.

B. H. S. *vs.* BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

On May 26th, at Jarvis Field, the first interschool tennis match was played with Boston Latin, and Brookline triumphed, 4-1. In the singles, Nordell defeated his opponent, R. White, to the tune of 7-6, and 6-0. Gifford followed, winning over Arthur Knudson, an old Brookline boy, by 6-4, 6-4. Howe then set himself to the task of lowering Mr. Fleming's colors, but was defeated 5-7, 6-4 and 5-7. In the doubles, Brookline, represented by Nordell and Gifford, was again victorious, this time 6-4, 6-0. The team hopes to play more matches before the close of school, and great success should attend its efforts.

THE BROWN INTERSCHOLASTIC

Again in an interscholastic meet we have won second place against strong teams, and this time Worcester Academy was our successful rival with 65½ points. Brookline secured 21 points, and Worcester South landed third with 19½. The meet was a great success in every way, and six new records were made. The broad jump was the event in which Brookline scored the most, Taylor winning it with 21 feet, 1 inch; Chandler second, with 20 feet, ½ inch, and Johnstone third, with 19 feet, 9 inches. The high jump went to Johnstone at 5 feet, 8 inches, with Chandler second, one inch lower. Stone got fourth in the mile, which was won in 4 minutes, 34 2-5 seconds; and Capper landed third in the half, thus bringing our total up to 21 points. Most of the fellows left for Providence early on the morning of the 30th, and on their return reported a fine time.

The following men have been awarded their "B" in track this year: A. D. Chandler, Jr., F. W. Capper, J. O. Johnston, E. P. Stone, W. M. Shedden, J. McGrath, W. G. Taylor and F. A. Wyman. Congratulations, fellows!

THE AMHERST INTERSCHOLASTIC MEET

Who says that Brookline has no track "champeens"? If there is any such person, just ask him about the Amherst Meet and watch him wilt. On Friday, May 13th, at the close of school, eight of our track squad set sail, or rather took train, for Amherst, and about 5 o'clock reached their destination, just in time to see the last few innings of the Amherst-Cornell baseball game. The fellows passed that night worrying poor "Dutch" Elliot, Eddie Wesner and George Treadwell; and bright and early the next morning went out for the trials in their respective events. Every man of them qualified, and after lunch went forth for the finals, bent on victory. Shedden led off with a splendid win in the high hurdles. Until the last three barriers, he was behind, but exerting all his strength he cut down the lead, and in the final dash breasted the tape a winner. The mile followed, and Stone, running

a fine race, landed third place, losing by but a few yards. The event was close, and was run in very fast time, Eric's opponents having a little more strength at the finish. Capper added to the point total by securing second place in the quarter, and third in the half mile, two very creditable performances; and Chandler and Johnstone had an easy time in the high jump, tying for first and second places. In the 220-yard low hurdles, we were again represented by Shedden, who this time got placed second, and lost the event on account of losing his step while running around the curve in the outside position. The broad jump went to Johnstone, and Nordell, following him very closely, won second place. Hotchkiss won the meet, but it took thirty men to do it.

After the meet the fellows returned, and while on the train, someone shouted, "Dinner in the dining-car!" There was a wild rush, and we don't know about Stone and Wyman, but a little bird said that there were records broken on the railroad track as well as on the cinders.

THE HARVARD INTERSCHOLASTIC MEET

The twenty-first of May was cold and wet,—not at all the day for good performances; and it had its effect on our men at the Harvard Interscholastic Meet. Taylor and Johnstone were the only men to score, the former winning second place in the broad jump with a leap of 21 feet, 3 inches, a remarkable performance when one takes into consideration the soft track; and the latter securing second place in the high jump, being beaten only by his old rival, Bartlett of Worcester. The rest of our men failed to get placed, but all made plucky fights and certainly deserved the fine dinner given them after the meet at the Harvard Union.

JUNIOR–SOPHOMORE MEET

By only one point! Oh, you lucky Juniors! Probably the most closely contested track meet ever held at Brookline took place on Tuesday, May 24th, between the Junior and Sophomore classes.

Prior to the broad jump, the "Sophs" led 37 to 53 points; but in this, the last event, the Juniors captured first and third places, and incidentally won the meet. Close contests featured almost every event, and only after the meet could the Juniors afford to breathe freely. The summary:—

	1911	1912
100 yards	5	4
220 yards	3	6
440 yards	5	4
Half mile	5	4
Mile	5	4
High jump	6	3
Broad jump	6	3
Pole vault	5	4
Shot put	1	8
Totals	41	40

Popular Boy

Of course it would be Alan Hay, our class president and general high and mighty about the place. "Barney" O'Hearn gobbled up what votes Hay missed and pulled off second honors.

Popular Girl

It seems only right that the vice-president should be the popular young lady in the class. Carolyn Burdett holds the honor, while Vera McDonald is a close second.

Boy Who has Done Most for B. H. S.

Again we tip our hats to Alan Hay, and again we proudly proclaim him our prize package. Johnny Metcalf trips gaily at his O'Sullivans.

Girl Who has Done Most for B. H. S.

Encore! Carolyn Burdett appears in the leading role. Sylvia Goulston finished a good second, while the multitude cheered.

Class Sport

Francis Wyman wins handily over Robert Emerson. "Rube" did his worst but "Liz" put one over him at the tape.

Prettiest Girl

Bonnets doffed to Margaret Dow! She was all the biscuits in this race. Carolyn Burdett again figures second.

Class Loafer

Bill Kennedy, president of the Sons of Rest of America. Cooley was second, but he has a good excuse. Any one who can stay in High School six whole years ought to be allowed to rest.

Class Grind

It was "Lady" Gifford until the last lap, and then Ursel Harris picked up her skirts and finished strong. Ursel wins by a head!

Biggest Talker

Well, why shouldn't Katy Webb have it on Allen Blackhall in the gas generating event? Look at the room she has for storage while Blackhall—why the poor guy never had a show.

Biggest Fusser

It isn't often that "Liz" Wyman can get the best of a team like "Rube" Emerson and "Trunka" McGrath; but this is when he gets the tin medal. Mighty close race, though,—only one point lead at the finish—while "Rube" and "Trunka" were tied for second crack.

Favorite Study

Hoch der Kaiser! The Dutch gets it. John Bull's language was next choice, while Human Nature and Gym were worthy opponents.

Weight

The battle for light weight honors will have to be divided up between Alan Hay and Fred Hunter at 115 pounds. Elsie Pike won the title from Edna Perry by one pound at 95 in the shade.

"Barney" O'Hearn, the old husky, was the masculine heavy weight of the class at 175 pounds. Cooley tipped the scales at 168 before the crew races and gets second palm. Katharine Nordell

made the pace a heavy one in her heat and won at 160 pounds. Marion Brooks will have to eat eight pounds of mother's bread before she can get a look in. The total weight of the boys is 4,062 pounds and the girls weigh 5,731 pounds. Thus, if the entire class of 1910 should fall on you at once, you would be hit by a grand slam of 9,793 pounds. Wow!

Height

Of course we know who is the longest in the bunch. Cooley's coffin will have to be 6 feet, 2½ inches long to accommodate him, with his old shoes on and his hair brushed. The tallest girl is Adelaide Breck who can hit her head on a beam 5 feet, 2½ inches from "terra cotta." Our Ivy Orator, Fred Hunter, is the class midget, after a short dispute with Jimmie Kelley; 5 feet, 4 inches is his best stretch. Mildred Paige and Annie Atwood go under the wire a tie at 5 feet, ½ inch. If the class was laid out head to feet it would reach 423 feet.

Age

The grand old men of the class are Collins and "Bill" Johnson. These two have lost their best "teen" and will vote next year. Johnnie Metcalf claims to be twelve years old, and hanged if he doesn't act it at times. But hush,—Queenie Studley will kill me for giving it away, but she's twenty years old. Sylvia Goulston is a pretty capable kid for sixteen. Are you sure you counted right, Sylvia? The total age of the boys is 516 years and the girls, 798. The grand total is 1314 years. Pretty old class!

And now, last, but far from least,—the Class of 1910 is the greatest and best aggregation that ever slid down the boulevard. Readers—good night!

BASEBALL TEAM

1910 NEWS NOTES 1910

At the meeting of the Girls' Debating Club on March 29th, the question read, "*Resolved*: That co-education for secondary schools is advisable," a subject which naturally touches some of us very closely.

Louise Roberts, the first speaker for the affirmative, discussed the rapid growth of co-education as proof of its advisability, saying that it is the only natural arrangement, and the only method of giving boys and girls equal rights. Since they must be together in after life, why not in their school years as a preparation?

Helen Brooks, for the negative, replied with the arguments that co-education does not train boys and girls equally as their requirements are so different, and that beyond the precincts of the school there is plenty of time for social intercourse.

Helen Heard, the second speaker for the affirmative, asserted that co-education is the only economical method, and that the competition arising between boys and girls gives impetus, and improves the work.

Frances Hall replied for the negative, that competition of this sort is not beneficial to either, and that the antagonism sometimes occasioned is often detrimental, both mentally and morally.

In this situation, the question was laid before the house. The

speaking from the floor was animated and convincing on the part of a large number of girls: Carolyn Burdett, Mary Morris, Anne Page, Mildred Southwick, Hilda Vallandigham, Marion Brooks, Jean Christie, Elsie Pike, Rachel Albee, Madeline Crandell, Mary Perin, and Esther Bacon.

In the rebuttal Louise Roberts collected the points in a systematic way for the affirmative; but Helen Brooks pronounced her conclusions with such conviction, that, by the vote of the house, the negative received a majority, with which vote Miss Wiswell, as judge, seemed to agree.

This year the Brookline High School saw the organization of a new society, that of the "Girls' Debating Club." As it was such an innovation there was some speculation as to its future. We are happy to be able to say that it has been a success and promises to be an even greater one in succeeding years. Tuesday, May 10th, it held its last meeting for this season.

The question was "*Resolved*, That the ancient languages, Latin and Greek, should be required for admission to college." The question was hotly contested. Edith Faxon and Sarah Snell, taking the affirmative, chose and handled well their points. Irma Waterhouse and Mary Morris advanced excellent arguments for the negative. As a result, when the subject was open to the house, the speaking was enthusiastic. The rebuttal was cleverly and concisely taken up by Edith Faxon, affirmative, and Irma Waterhouse, negative.

The house was almost evenly divided as to the meritorious side, the affirmative receiving the decision by four or five votes. Mr. Case gave his decision, however, to the negative. Mr. Hitchcock, in criticizing, commended the excellence of the points, the delivery and poise of the speakers, and the almost entire absence of notes which added much to the debate.

Friday evening, April 22d, the Runkle Grammar School gave an entertainment for the benefit of the picture fund. The program consisted of a series of tableaux illustrating scenes from the literature studied in the various grades, and some folk dances. Some

of the alumni, now in B. H. S., took part in the latter. Cyril Jones, '10, Dick Pierce, '10, Junior Stuart, '10, Mart Shedden, '10, Theodore Rice, '13, and Theodore Stuart, '13, danced the "Morris," an English dance popular in Shakespeare's time. Later in the evening the first four boys mentioned rendered most spiritedly, in the student's costume, the "Oxdansen," a Danish dance, representing a fight, which made a decided "hit." The last number was a Russian dance by Marjorie Parker, '09, and Edith Faxon, '12. This was certainly the most finished dance of the evening and worthy of much praise.

On Friday, May 6th, a new series of Morning Talks was commenced by Mr. T. H. Murnane, President of the New England Baseball League, who converted his audience into an enthusiastic bunch of fans after five minutes good slugging, in other words, talking. He showed the good baseball has done, and is doing, its superiority over the national games of other countries, its all round value as a trainer of brain, morals, and muscles, and its comparatively insignificant cost as regards outfit. He explained, logically, how the most advanced and influential countries of today are those which are most interested in athletics, because the athletes of all countries from times immemorial down to the present have invariably conquered the warriors of barbaric countries where clean, healthy sport was unknown. His talk, convincing and enthusiastic throughout, certainly showed Mr. Murnane to be an authority on baseball.

The evening of Friday, May 6th, at the Riverdale Casino, the Sigma Delta Psi Fraternity gave to a large number of friends an enjoyable dance, which was the most successful in the history of the organization. Everybody worked with a will for a good time, and from all accounts succeeded admirably. The patronesses were Mrs. Frederick Reid Estes, Mrs. Edward Feeley, Mrs. George P. Hitchcock, and Mrs. John C. Sawyer; the ushers were Stewart Chaffee, Shailer Dow, Edward Feeley, Philip Nordell, Willard Robinson and Emerson Wood, Jr.

The English divisions of Classes I and II were regaled on Thursday,

May 5th, by lectures on Wordsworth, Byron, and Browning given them by Mrs. Mae Durell Frazer, author and traveler. Mrs. Frazer told of the characteristics of these poets, their works, and the inspirations given them for their various masterpieces, her discriptions of Browning and his "Ring and the Book" being particularly interesting.

As a special meeting the Girls' Debating Club in Shailer Hall at recess, on Tuesday, May 17th, the following officers for the ensuing year were elected: President, Rachel M. Albee; Vice-President, Edith Faxon; Secretary-Treasurer, Mary Morris; Rhetorical Committee, Hilda Vallandigham, Frances Hall, and Madeline Hunt. Miss Goulston, on resigning the office of president for the past year, presented the club with a gavel as a token of her appreciation of its great success.

The Senior dance went off just as everybody expected it would,—splendidly. Under a lively and enthusiastic committee, consisting of Carolyn Burdett, chairman; Elsie Pike, "Brick" Collins, Alec Hammer, and John Metcalf, manager, the long line of dances was disposed of in a manner rivalled in its disappearing act only by the ice cream. All went so smoothly that it seemed to each of the happy dancers as if something had been left out of the program. About two hundred couples enjoyed the entertainment, which was completed by a novel feature during the last dance, a great number of paper streamers, of the class colors, being thrown into the air with an effect not before witnessed in Shailer Hall. All hands, returning homewards in the small hours of Saturday morning, were unanimous in the declaration that the dance of the Class '10, was the best yet.

Another very enjoyable Friday morning entertainment was provided by Mr. Morris Roberts, B. H. S., '06, when he played to the school for half an hour on May 20th. His selections, from Chopin, Schumann, and other famous composers, were an agreeable change from the strains of the now very much worn-out "Old Gray Bonnet," and the school joined heartily with Mr. Hitchcock in extending Mr. Roberts an invitation to come again soon.

A number of High School boys participated in the exhibition of school gymnastics arranged by Mr. Nissen for the Grammar Schools some little time ago. Under the direction of Mr. Carrell they did various wand drill exercises. What would have been a feature of the exhibition was the elephant-jumping of the boys of the senior class, but through some little mistake the audience was dismissed before the act could be presented.

Shedden is cramming at Dr. Sanford's School, Connecticut.

Arnault Edgerly has left school. He showed promise of playing quarter on our next year's football team.

"BY THE WAY."

Remember the new way we have decided to enlist next year's Sagamore board. Most of our readers are going to begin a two months' sleep in a few days; why not wake up once a week, every one of you, and write some pithy little sketch for next year's volume? By so doing you will accomplish a double purpose,—you will help us make the Sagamore the biggest and best ever, and secure for yourself a coveted place mid "the seats of the mighty."

The final regular meeting of the Aeronautic Society was held on May 11th Wright as Vice-president took the chair in place of the president, Nordell, who was absent. Though little was done in the way of actual business, some heated discussions had noisy sway, the stump speeches by Stone and Chandler excelling in this respect. It was resolved to have an aeroplane meet in the near future at some convenient place so that the work of the organization might give an account of itself.

Hard luck again for Robinson; he thought he had a record number of those delectable condition slips, just then Hirshberg's mail came in.

A considerable deputation of our undergraduates contemplate visiting the "land of Evangeline" this summer, Cyril Jones and "Cy" Reynolds will lead the happy emigrants.

There was a young freshman named Cole
Who attempted to mortgage his soul;
But before he could try
To find someone who'd buy,
Old Nick had made off with the whole!

May 27th the specially appointed Decoration Day speaker was Colonel Augustus S. Lovett of Chandler Post, G. A. R., and 45th Massachusetts Volunteers. His address was on the Civil War, and dwelt principally on his experiences there. His anecdotes were thrilling and well illustrated by various poses and motions. Colonel Lovett foretold the advent of universal peace and arbitration as the settler of all international disputes, a condition of affairs which will no longer necessitate the men of this country going to war as they have done in times past. For this reason we should think the more of the Grand Army, as it held the Union together for us in a way which it is likely we shall never be forced to resort to again.

The words of the Senior Class Song were composed by Miss Sylvia Goulston, and it is equal to the standard of other masterpieces composed by her. The most striking compliment was paid her skill by the other contestants, who, as soon as they heard she was competing, resigned from the competition.

Frederick Crory of Class '13, became interested in the Rifle Club with the result that he could soon kill things, and since last fall has shot a large number of specimens, mounting them himself very creditably. This is another instance where Manual Training shows its value in an unusual way.

A little while since, an observer saw one of our High School girls stop on the street and fix the feed bag of a horse, which had become loosened and fallen where the animal could not reach it. Somehow the kindly action made him think better of the School as a whole. Wasn't the deed worth while?

WHERE THE FACULTY WILL PASS THE SUMMER.

Owing to the necessarily early date on which material for the Sagamore had to go to press, it was impossible to ascertain definitely

where all the members of the faculty were to spend the next two months, as several had not made any plans at that time. Below is a list as nearly perfect as possible under the circumstances:—

High School

Mr. Hitchcock,	Chebeague Island,	Casco Bay, Maine.
Mr. Packard,	Hope Valley,	Rhode Island.
Dr. Roberts,	Falmouth Heights,	Massachusetts.
Mr. Snow,	Danbury,	New Hampshire.
Mr. Case,	Collinsville,	Connecticut.
Mr. Colton,	indefinite.	
Mr. Chisholm,		
Mr. Carrell,	indefinite.	
Mr. Brooks,	Hancock,	New Hampshire.
Miss Gambrill,	Europe.	
Miss Marshall,	Europe.	
Miss Pease,	Europe.	
Miss Ross,	Europe.	
Miss Bailey,	Methuen,	Massachusetts.
Miss Barnes,	Casco Bay,	Maine.
Miss Davidson,		
Miss Fisher,	Brookline and Maine.	
Miss Knowles,		New Hampshire.
Miss Liden,	Out West.	
Miss Lewis,	Martha's Vineyard.	
Miss Russell,	Westfield,	Massachusetts.
Miss Smith,	Scituate,	Massachusetts.
Miss Spaulding,	probably Brookline.	
Miss Stone,		
Miss Waldo,	Plainfield,	New Jersey.
Miss Wiswell,	probably Brookline.	
Miss Wier,	Bar Harbor,	Maine.
Miss Young,	indefinite.	

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Mr. Bridgeham,	Out West.	
Mr. Hutchinson,	Hampton Beach,	New Hampshire.
Mr. Miller,	Falmouth,	Massachusetts.
Miss Dormon,	Harvard Summer School,	Massachusetts.
Miss Schwindt,	indefinite.	

The eighteenth annual contest for the J. Murray Kay Prizes was held in Shailer Hall on the evening of Friday, May 20th, and was without question the most closely contested and successful event of its kind held within recent years. There were four boys and four girls who took part in the contest, though five boys qualified in the preliminary competition, Cooley being the fifth. The boys who spoke were Pollard, Russell, Clarke, and Wyman; the girls, Ruth Damon, Mildred Southwick, Florence Eisenhardt, and Irma Waterhouse. Speculation, always rife on such occasions, was doubly rampant, and nobody envied the judges their task, so excellent was the work of all. Finally, without the customary harrowing preamble, Mr. MacGregor Jenkins announced that Ruth Damon had won the girl's prize; Thurston Clarke the boy's. Those who spoke and were unsuccessful as far as winning was concerned, as well as the audience as a whole, expressed themselves as perfectly satisfied with the decision, which was saying a good deal, both as to the merits of the winners and the ability of the judges. The winning selections were, "How the La Rue Stakes were Lost," by L. N. Hood, splendidly rendered by Miss Damon; and Kipling's "Tommy Atkins" delivered with force and spirit by Clarke. Great credit is due the unsuccessful candidates for their universally brilliant showing, and to Mr. Brooks and Mr. Snow, as well as to other members of the faculty who spent gladly so many hours and efforts in coaching them.

During the intervals between selections the Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs kept things lively with several songs, well sung and skillfully piloted as usual by indefatigable Mr. Cole. Miss Feeley was soloist and sang beautifully, and to quote various enthusiastic listeners, had Mme. Tetrazzini beaten to a frazzle.

On Friday the 22d of April the Rifle Club held a meet with the Boston Union Rifle and Revolver Club at the latter's range on Atlantic avenue. The match was shot at 20 yards' range, each man firing 50 shots on bull's-eye one half inch in diameter, with a possible score per man of 1,250, per team of 6,250. The Brookline aggregation as in the previous match proved themselves too strong for the opponents who won the prize for first man, the team prize, and second, third, fourth and fifth places going to Brookline. The shooting on Brookline's part was consistent and up to standard, and developed more or less into a fight for place between the first few men. The second victory for Brookline makes shooting a third to finish the series, unnecessary.

BROOKLINE.		UNION CLUB.	
Capper	1,159	Hoffman	1,182
Schwarz	1,156	Gibbins	1,129
Haslam	1,151	Randlett	1,062
Fessenden	1,147	Monk	961
Van Bibber	1,112	Roche	951
	5,725		5,285

At a special meeting of the Debating Club for the election of officers for next year the following were elected: Eric Stone, President; Thurston Clark, Vice-President; Albert Pollard, Secretary-Treasurer.

With such wide-awake governors the society ought to do some fine work next year. As is customary, the election of the Rhetorical Committee was left over till next year. A vote of thanks was unanimously accorded Mr. Snow for his kind interest and support.

The Rifle Club put a team in for the National Indoor Championship open to all the schools in the states not conferring degrees; and all things considered, the boys did splendidly. While it was out of the question to expect them to win the event they would have come exceedingly near it if several members had not been replaced by substitutes at the last minute on account of scholarship require-

ments. To mitigate the hard luck story, the fact that the match was shot in the First Corps Armory, where none of the men had ever shot before, will prove that the team is one of the best, being able to acquit itself creditably under any conditions.

The conditions of the match were: Each school was represented by a team of ten men, each man firing twenty shots at 50 feet range on a bull's eye one half inch in diameter counting ten. Fifty schools entered teams, some sending two. There were schools all the way from Bangor, Maine, to Los Angeles, Cal., and fifteen were military schools in which rifle practice is part of the curriculum. Brookline High came out seventh with score of 1,684 out of a 2,000 possible, the winner, De Witt Clinton High, of New York, having 1,821, a record better than last year's crack shooting.

Brookline's "lineup" was as follows:—

Haslam	182	Schwarz	179
Briggs	171	Chandler	160
Crory	163	Fessenden	165
Van Bibber	169	Pond	161
Lyons	161	Crafts	161

Major John Portal was judge, Capt. Wise coached and scored.

IT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF

The following schedule of the Rifle Club, with the number of men shooting in each event, and the winning team and high man, speaks perhaps better than a volume of details. Though the men are in it for the sport and not for what they get out of it, an occasional prize may be picked up by the sharpshooters, as is witnessed by those attained this year, viz.: 20 Junior Marksman's buttons, one silver cup, one first man's badge, one second man's badge, two third man's badges, and two team badges, while more decorations are in prospect.

BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL RIFLE CLUB

VS.		WON BY.	HIGH MAN.
Alumni,	4-man team,	B. H. S.,	Capper
Deering High,	5-man team,	B. H. S., tied,	Capper, Haslam
Harvard Military,	10-man team,	B. H. S.,	Haslam
Deering High,	10-man team,	tie,	Fessenden
Deering High,	10-man team,	tie,	Fessenden
Deering High,	10-man team,	B. H. S.,	Capper, Haslam
Harvard Military,	10-man team,	Harvard,	Capper
Union Club,	5-man team,	B. H. S.,	Haslam
Union Club,	5-man team,	B. H. S.,	Capper
U. S. Championship,	10-man team,	B. H. S., $\frac{7\text{th out}}{\text{of } 50}$	Haslam
Woburn High,	5-man team,	B. H. S.,	Haslam

This clean slate undoubtedly renews their title of Schoolboy Champions of New England, as the Harvard Military School is in California. The Deering team has repeatedly defeated the various Maine teams, among them the Portland High team, Champions two years ago. The Brookline Club owes its very being to the support of Mr. Hitchcock, and to the very great kindness of Mrs. E. P. Carver who gave the club, for the second year, the use of the excellent range in the basement of her residence.

The election of officers of the Rifle Club resulted as follows: Capper, re-elected captain; Haslam, re-elected manager; Fessenden, elected treasurer. The office of president was dispensed with.

Just a word or two about our Manual Training Department. That very important part of our school is second to almost none in the country from any standpoint; the work done there, the equipment, the instruction are of the best, and, as such, deserve considerably greater attention and credit than they have been accustomed to receive. This year has been one of exceptional activity and some extremely good work has resulted that is worthy the pride of any teacher or scholar. The first and second years' work consists mostly of furniture and cabinet making, and almost every boy of those classes has perfected one or more pieces. Of

some forty different completed articles the following are the most striking:—

First Year

Dexter ..... morris chair.
Shugg ..... oak chair (made for school).

Second Year

Crowell ..... mahogany crowfoot centre table.
Bickford ..... " " " "
Van Ness ..... " " " "
Haven ..... quartered oak sideboard.
Nordell ..... mahogany book case (stained glass doors).
Dean ..... morris chair.
Becker ..... oak writing table.
Berkowitz ..... plain oak drawing table.

Mr. Bridgeham is in charge of all the wood working department and is to be highly complimented on the quality of his productions.

The third and fourth years' work, under the charge of Mr. Hutchinson, consists in forging and machine work. Van Bibber sets the pace for the third class boys, who make a tolerably good "Anvil Chorus" when all are hustling. Their work is totally in iron and steel, so they make nothing in the furniture line. Almost everyone has made a lamp, either electric or gas, with a stained glass shade; some have made two. Other interesting and useful exercises made by this division are lanterns, toasting forks, hunting knives, fire sets, pokers, brackets, and hammock hooks.

The fourth year men are makers of candlesticks, machine parts, lathe parts, small engines, paper weights, etc. The candlesticks are cast towards the end of the second year, and finished by machine the fourth year, while the lathe tools, with which most of the work is done, are forged the third year.

For the benefit of the uninitiated, it might be well to add that though few schools have anything like the equipment we have, there are still fewer which offer any forging or machine work at all. Coupled with the Manual Training, and part of it for the first

three years of the Technical Course, we have a very excellent Mechanical Drawing course. The first year the work is mostly with pencil, simple projections and working drawings for the greater part. The second year more projections and developments are made, then a series of architectural sheets, illustrating the distinctive features of the five orders. During this year a great deal of work is done at home by the boys, not a part of the course, but extra work, architectural in character, from which they make blue prints. Such desirable traits in the scholars are fostered to the greatest extent by the loan to them of instruments and the work they turn in is certainly enough reward.

The third and last years' drawings are of machine parts and developments, though a certain margin of choice is left to the pupil who is thus able to develop a particular bent. For instance, this year several boys have made drawings of the Manual Training Building from dimensions taken direct from their model. The zeal for extra work attests the popularity of this subject.

The 1910 Class Day exercises went off in a whirl of triumphs, a fitting finish to the career of an illustrious class. All hands in school turned out in shimmering white to do the graduating class substantial honor, and the result was past all anticipations. Notwithstanding rather indifferent response in the various little preliminary practices they had, the boys marched, when the proper time came, like veterans; and the girls tripped around the manifold figures of their end of the program as "to the manor born." All spirited readers are too familiar with the phases of the exercises for us to enter into detail regarding them, but a short sketch for the benefit of the uninitiated might not be misplaced.

The march from the school building began sharply at 1.30 on Friday, June 3d, and the procession passed to the campus, where figure marching and wand drills were done by the boys, while the Senior girls decorated the class numerals and school initials. Then the boys had some exercises in a prostrate position, which were a totally new feature, as unexpected by the performers as by the onlookers. Then a living horseshoe was formed by the

students, inside which the sailor's hornpipe, tugs-of-war and basketball competition took place. The Juniors won the tug-of-war, while (shame, boys!) the girls won the basketball passing competition. Next, forming by classes, the small army circled the school, frequent cheers being given by the different classes for their fellow organizations, as well as for members of the faculty, who worked hard for the success of the day. Fred Hunter then gave his oration, while the Seniors planted their ivy. Everybody, adjourning to Shailer Hall, heard the Class History read by Smith, the Prophecy by Madeline Crandall, the Poem by Sylvia Goulston, the Oration by Phillip Russell, and lastly the song, sung with vim by the whole class.

New details and successful ones, were the massing of the scholars on the school steps in the figure X, while the paper streamers of 1910's colors were shot from the windows overhead; the different classes each carrying a banner with its colors; and the new policing scheme whereby Seniors were distributed the entire length of the line, one result of which was the prevention of a recurrence of our old familiar friend, the lock step.

Well, it's all over now but the cheering; but we must not forget to thank Dr. Roberts, Mr. Carrell, Miss Barnes, Mr. Bridgham, and others who stepped into the breach and did the heavy work, also to commend the band for the pleasurable selections it played.

MANDOLIN CLUB

Alumni Notes

Dana Sylvester was in the cast of "Bachelor Hall," recently given by the Paint and Powder Club.

'01. Mrs. William Warner (formerly Miss Adith Tracy Bouvé) is receiving congratulations upon the birth of a son.

'02. Frances Gleason Manning, Smith, '06, is engaged to James Stuart Bent, Jr., of Allston. She is the daughter of Mr. Joseph Manning of Brookline.

'03. Charles Floyd also took part in "Bachelor Hall." He was an official in the Harvard-Yale track meet.

'04. Charles Soule is now cruising with the Atlantic Squadron on the "Dakota."

'04. Miss Mary McGrath led the dancing in a recent exhibition given by the Brookline Gymnasium. She has recently been offered a position in Los Angeles as physical instructor in the high school there.

'05. "Will" Babcock has been appointed to a new and better district in the Philippines.

'05. Miss Helen Dunbar, who has been taking Miss Bailey's place as German teacher, has left High School because of other engagements.

'05. "Will" Pettis took part in "Jack Straw," recently presented by The Amateurs.

'05. Ray Potter is now in business with the Asbestos and Magnesia Products Co.

'05. Emile Erhard is with the American Loom Co.

'05. "Dick" Floyd was clerk of course in the Harvard-Dartmouth meet. At the Harvard Interscholastic meet dinner he was toastmaster.

'06. "Bob" Andrews is now Congressional Secretary to Hon. A. J. Peters of Massachusetts.

'06. Ralph Marshall has been playing regularly on the Harvard varsity nine.

'06. "Sully" Sargent, in the Senior class at Harvard and at present number 2 on the varsity crew, has had a very successful college rowing career. In three years he has rowed only one losing race, that against Cornell last year, while he has five wins to his credit. He was selected for his Freshman crew early in the season, and in that crew rowed No. 2. The next year he stroked the 1908 varsity, which so overwhelmingly defeated Yale at New London and last spring stroked the winning four oar. He is a member of the best clubs at Harvard, and is very popular in his class.

'07. Gladys Wells, Radcliffe, '11, is to have an important part in "Love's Labor Lost," to be presented by the Radcliffe English Club in June.

'07. "Don" Stevens is editor-in-chief of the Annual book at Technology.

'07. "Buster" Clune is playing on the Brookline Gymnasium nine.

'07. Grace Allen, Radcliffe, '11, was in a play at Radcliffe given on the thirteenth of May.

'07. Lloyd Cooley is athletics editor on the Technique, published by Technology.

'07. Marguerite Turner, Radcliffe, '11, who is studying vocal music, sang in a reception at Boston on May twentieth.

'07. Beatrice Babcock is to be married at the Philippines to George C. Templeton.

'08. George Hann tied for third place in the high jump in the Harvard-Yale Freshman meet.

'08. In the Harvard-Yale meet, Francis Boyd won the 220-yard dash for Yale and incidentally his "Y."

Ex-'08. "Bug" Brown is pitching on the University of Virginia nine. In the game with Harvard he held the visitors down to one run in a fourteen-inning game.

Ex-'11. Frank Halfenstine won second in the Cathedral A. A. ten-mile run and finished 10th in the road race of the Acme A. A.

Ex-'11. Burnelle Hawkins has been playing at third on the Brown and Nichols team.

Ex-'11. Forester Ainsworth has been playing on the Stone's nine.

The Brookline Gymnasium gave an entertainment recently in which quite a number of our alumni took part. Among them were Charles Floyd, '03, the secretary and Dana Sylvester. Also the famous "Prickly Heat Quartet." all of whom are graduates of Brookline.

The Brookline High School Club of M. I. T. has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: president, Donald Read Stevens, '07; secretary, Lloyd Cartwright Cooley, '07; chairman of the Literary Committee, William Rhoads Mattson, '09; Chairman of the Log Committee, Alfred Franklin Kenrick, '08. The Club has now about twenty members.

If the necessary money can be raised, a scholarship will be offered at the end of the school year by the Brookline Technology Association to a worthy candidate from Brookline High.

Acknowledgment

The Sagamore is indebted to Greville Haslam, '11, for the numerous new cuts which appear in this issue. The cover design, of which we are especially proud, was also drawn by him.

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